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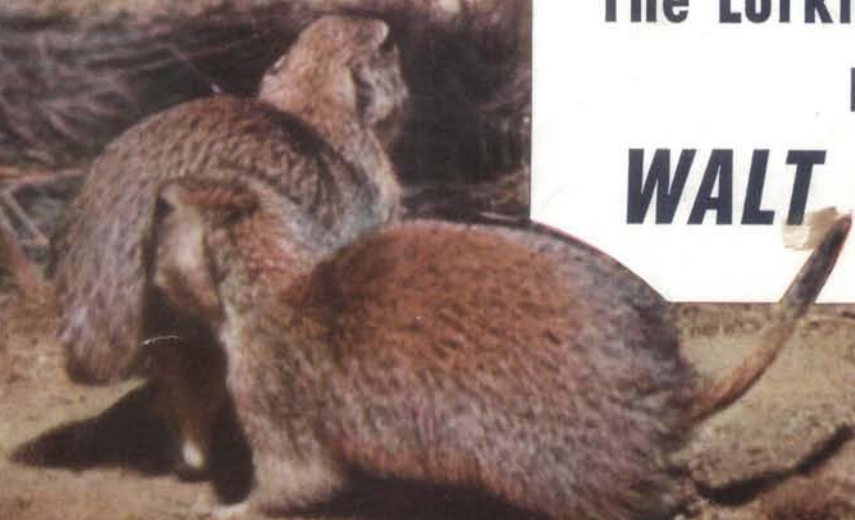
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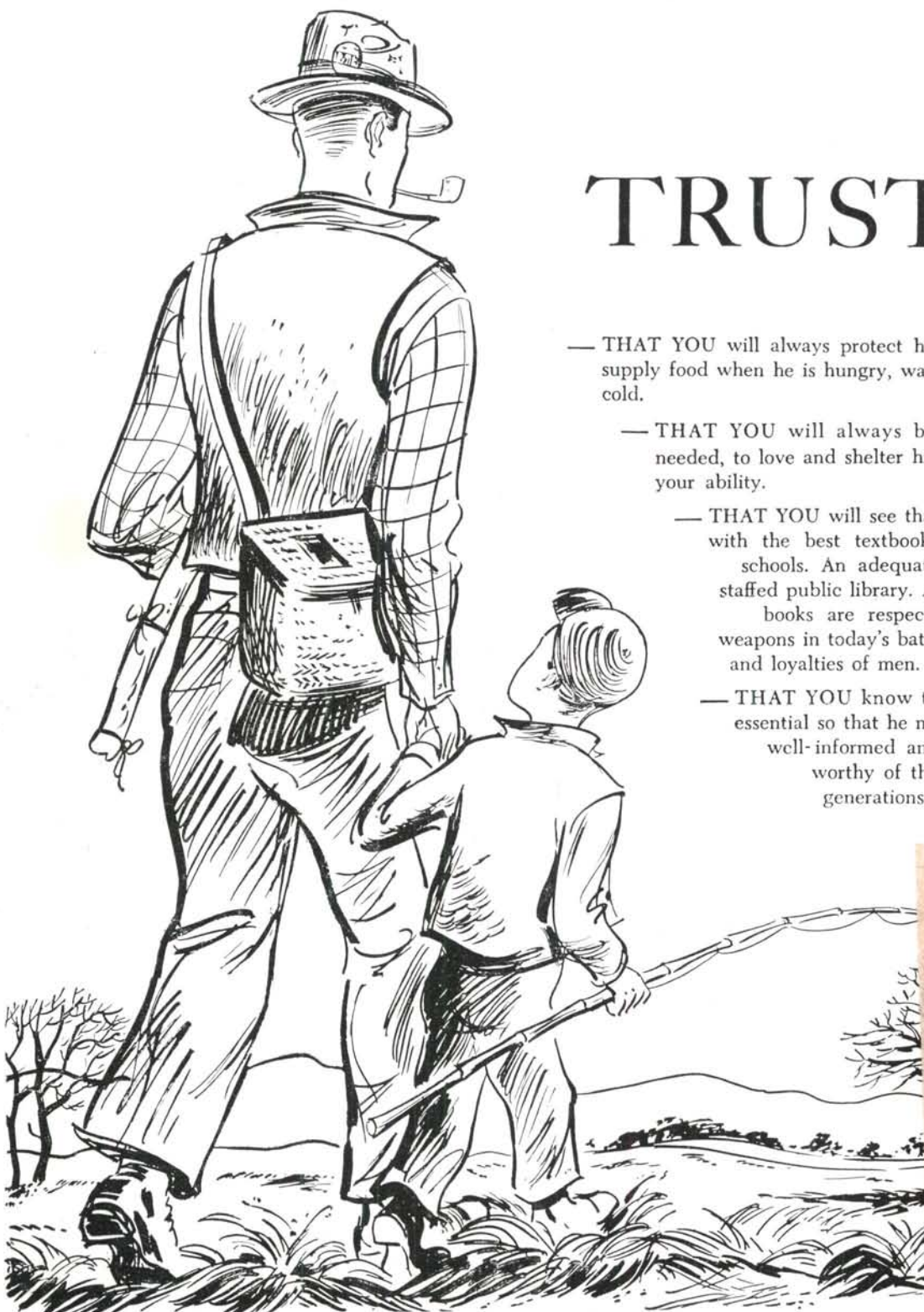
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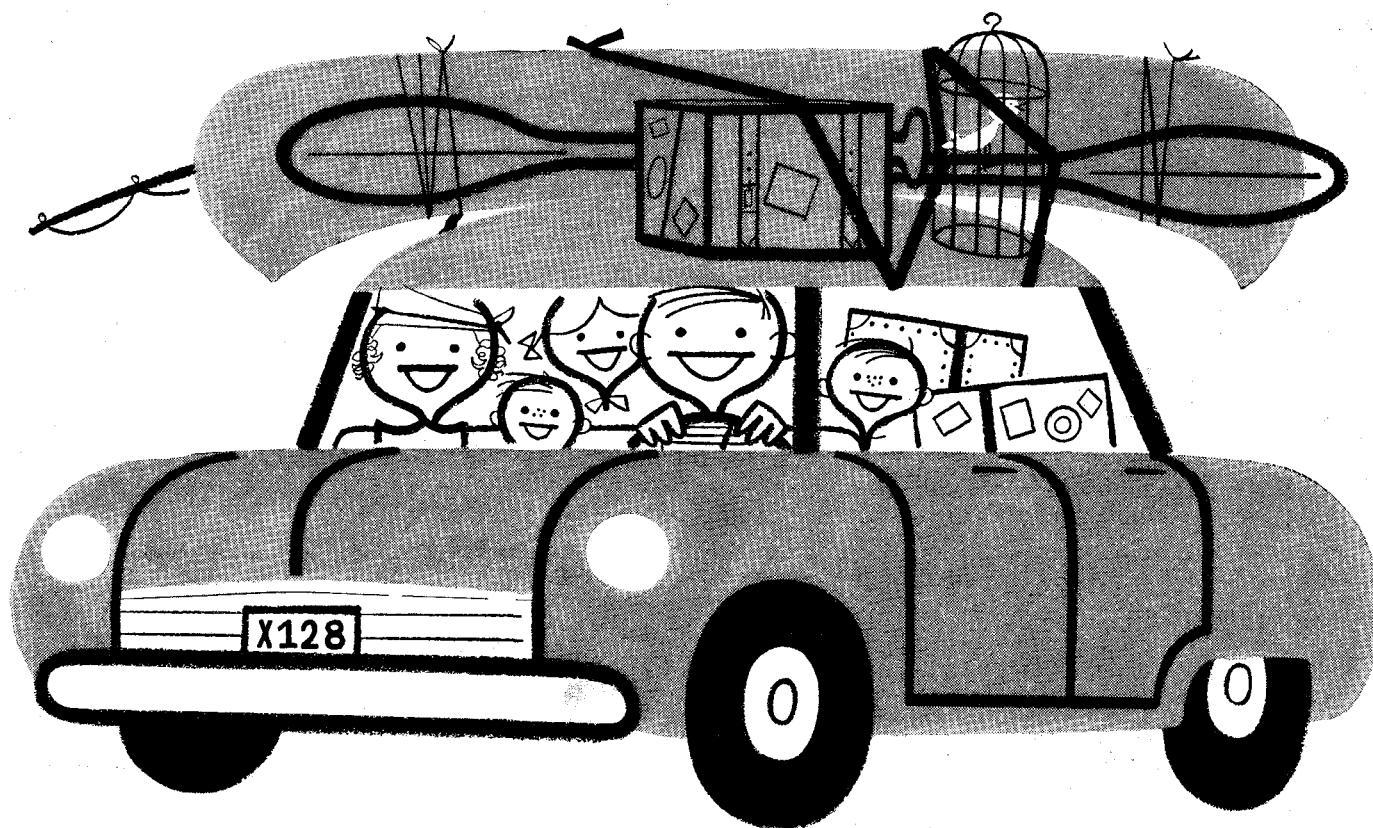
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Atlantic Reports: Washington — Israel — Soviet Trade

The Lurking Camera	WALT DISNEY	23
August Bank Holiday	DYLAN THOMAS	28
The Illusion of Security	GEORGE F. KENNAN	31
The Candle. <i>A Poem</i>	WALTER DE LA MARE	34
My Father As a Dealer	WOLF MANKOWITZ	35
Psychiatry and Spiritual Healing	ANONYMOUS	39
A Nice Cool Drink on the Porch. <i>A Story</i>	RICHARD BISSELL	44
The Rooster. <i>A Poem</i>	JOHN HAY	45
Refilling Our Wells	GRANT CANNON	46
The Gangsters of the Appian Way	NICCOLO TUCCI	50
The Young Poets		55
Americans as Students	PIERRE EMMANUEL	59
Race off Gloucester	LLEWELLYN HOWLAND	63
John Sloan	WALTER PACH	68
Breaking the Star Barrier	LLOYD MALLAN	73
Man-made Fires	WILLIAM B. GREELEY	78

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	81
Books the Editors Like		83
Reader's Choice	CHARLES J. ROLO	83

ACCENT ON LIVING

Charles W. Morton — Edwin Newman — Marion Hargrove — Elinor Goulding Smith — Winona McClintic — Peg Bracken — Francis W. Hatch		87
Record Reviews	JOHN M. CONLY	90
Meals in Motion. <i>Pleasures and Places</i>	H. F. ELLIS	93

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Washington

DISAGREEMENTS in the Joint Chiefs of Staff have a deeper significance than some of the news stories have indicated. Divergent views are normal among military leaders representing different services. But before the military staff conferences late in June the arguments within the JCS took a personal turn because of the domination of the chairman, Admiral Arthur W. Radford. As one Navy man put it, Radford acted as if he were still commander of the Pacific Fleet instead of first among equals on a strategic planning staff.

Seldom in American history has a military adventure been seriously proposed against the unanimous opposition of the service chiefs who would have to implement it. Yet that was the case in the plan advocated by Radford for a carrier air strike to save the beleaguered French garrison at Dien-bienphu — a plan that very nearly became national policy. In a private appearance before Congressional leaders, Radford was forced to acknowledge that his JCS colleagues did not agree with him.

The genial, outspoken Radford has made no secret of his belief that the Communist regime in China must be unseated even if it requires a fifty-year war to do it. He has not favored the use of American ground forces in Indochina, but his colleagues fear that his proposals for employing air and sea power would lead to involvement on the ground. At various times Radford has expressed confidence in the capability of Chiang Kai-shek's armies to make a strong showing on the Chinese mainland, as well as in the power of a naval blockade to cripple China's strategic supplies.

The split arose not over Radford's advocacy of these views, but over his disregard for the views of

the other JCS members. Unlike the former JCS chairman, General Omar Bradley, Radford is an "operator." In this connection some of his critics hark back to his *sub rosa* activities in the 1949 squabble between the Navy and the Air Force over the B-36 bomber. Radford has the ear of Defense Secretary Wilson as well as an entry to the National Security Council, and is in a position to make his recommendations felt.

Strongest opposition to intervention in Indochina came from the Army Chief of Staff, General Matthew B. Ridgway. He argued that involvement in a land war in Asia would be "asinine," and that the use of sea and air forces inevitably would lead to a demand for troops which the Army is not prepared to send. This opinion was largely shared by General Nathan F. Twining, the quiet and balanced Chief of Staff of the Air Force. Twining believes that air power would not be decisive in Indochina, and he opposed a peripheral engagement that might impair the ability of the Air Force to cope with a major threat from the Soviet Union.

Soviet war potential

The Radford lone-wolf performance has more disquieting implications in the increasing discussion in Washington of preventive war against Russia. There is no indication that Radford or his associates favor such a move, but the continuing frustrations in Asia have given new currency to the idea.

Present concern stems from the new intelligence estimates of the Soviet war potential. The assumption is that Russia does not want war now; but she is rapidly increasing her atomic stockpile. American military men were alarmed at the appearance

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



of the prototype of a jet bomber similar to our B-47 in the May Day Moscow air show, three to four years ahead of schedule. The advent of the Soviet hydrogen bomb contributed to the reappraisal.

Secretary of State Dulles, on the other hand, rejects any idea that war is inevitable. He argues that assessments based on military grounds alone leave out the moral and other imponderable factors that actually govern the rivalry with the Soviet Union, and he believes that these factors eventually will tip the balance of power against the Communists. There is every reason to think that the President and most responsible members of the Administration agree with this analysis.

McCarthy vs. Army

Washington was as relieved as the rest of the country at the end of the McCarthy-Army hearings, even though the major issues remained unresolved. Three principal reasons account for the unsatisfactory outcome of the hearings that disrupted Congress and the country for thirty-six days:—

1. *The Army had a poor case.* It proved beyond any doubt that McCarthy and his counsel, Roy Cohn, had intervened repeatedly and flagrantly to obtain favors for Private David Schine. Furthermore, McCarthy's charges that the Army had coddled Communists turned out to be the usual sham. But the record was so riddled with instances of appeasement, complaisance, and cajolery by Secretary Stevens and Counsel John Adams that the Army's protests were ineffectual. Stevens, despite his gentlemanly conduct, made a bad witness because of his inability to answer questions precisely.

The transcripts of the monitored telephone calls, introduced after so much argument, reacted against the Army because they showed that Stevens had played along with McCarthy, not only in the Schine affair, but also in the cruel hoax at Fort Monmouth. Special Counsel Joseph N. Welch, witty and urbane though he was in presenting the Army's side, was not tough enough to make his points successfully against the bludgeoning by McCarthy and Cohn.

2. *The committee was stacked.* Chairman Mundt, who made little pretense of hiding his sympathies for McCarthy, displayed a great inability to keep the hearings focused on the subject. Most decisions were taken by straight party vote, with the four Republicans lining up against the three Democrats. Committee Counsel Ray Jenkins was nota-

bly sharp in his questioning of Secretary Stevens, but deferential in his treatment of McCarthy. The Democrats on the committee made a number of valiant tries to bring out the facts, but allowed themselves to be sidetracked and diverted into inconsequential issues. And the Democrats were not above playing party politics on occasion.

3. *There were no firm rules of evidence.* McCarthy's committee was obviously not the proper body to hear the case, but it complicated its own troubles by allowing procedures that never would have been permitted in a court. There was almost no attempt to rule out the extraneous charges at which McCarthy is a master. Questioning seemingly was interminable. Secretary Stevens was compelled to answer the same question, in one form or another, 152 separate times. Virtually all the participants in the hearings played to the television cameras.

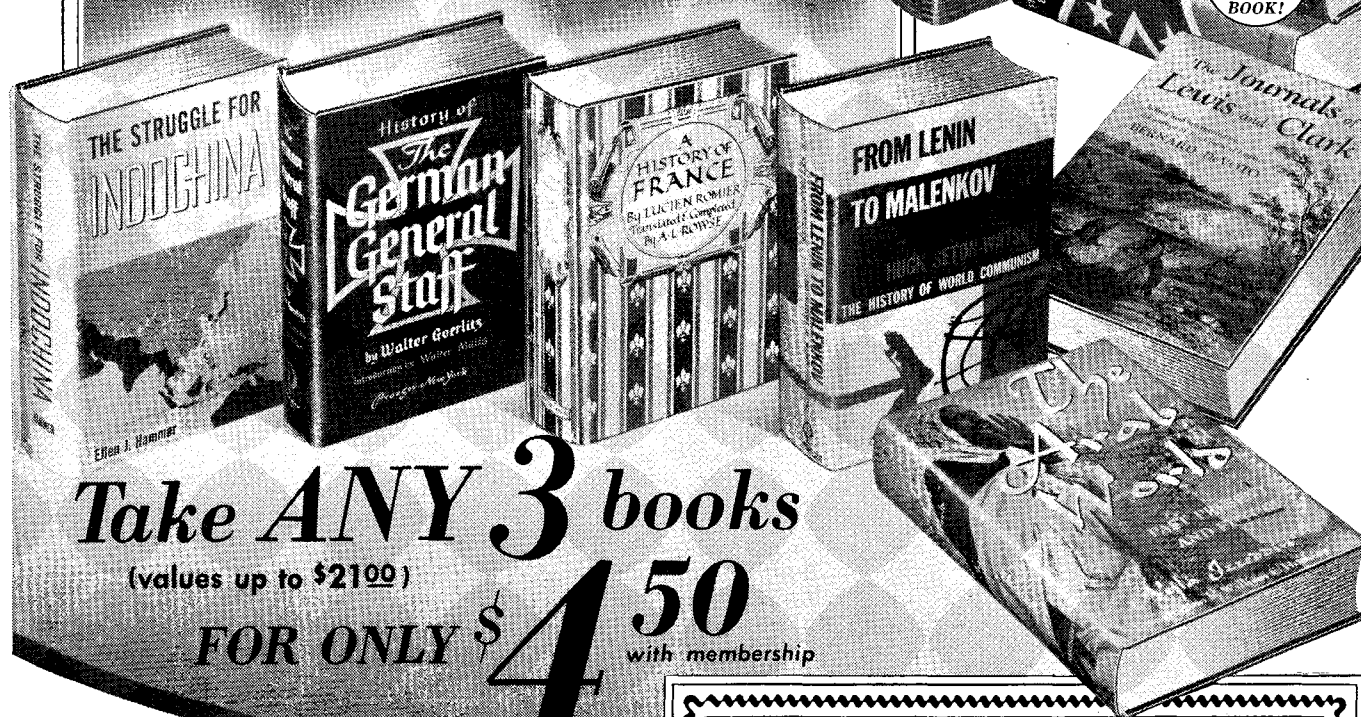
Nevertheless, the hearings had two salient effects. First, they dramatized the nature of McCarthy's attempted invasion of executive prerogatives. President Eisenhower was forced to take the same stand almost every other President has taken to protect the privacy of executive conferences. McCarthy's introduction of the doctored FBI letter, as well as his appeal to government employees to bring him confidential papers, backfired badly. The latter effort plainly was an attempted violation of the Espionage Act. As a result of McCarthy's performance the Republican National Committee has concluded that McCarthy cannot be used in the fall campaign. Also as a result of his performance, the executive responsibility to resist legislative encroachments on executive departments is a lot more clearly established than it was before the hearings.

Second, millions of television viewers had an intimate picture of McCarthy and his methods. The hearings probably did little to change the views of persons who were ardently pro- or anti-McCarthy, but there is good reason to think that they had a considerable effect in swaying uncommitted opinion against McCarthy. It is impossible to measure this result precisely, but polls taken during the hearings indicate that the drop in McCarthy's prestige has been substantial.

The Oppenheimer case

Ramifications of the Oppenheimer case continue to echo through the Capital. Scientists were enraged at the construction placed by the Gray Board on Oppenheimer's attitude toward the hydrogen bomb. No one defended Oppenheimer's past

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



naïveté and Communist associations; but the security board found that these were not controlling factors. It adjudged Dr. Oppenheimer to be both loyal and discreet. Instead of taking the intermediate and non-punitive course of recommending merely that his contract as an atomic consultant not be renewed, the board majority made a positive finding that he was a security risk.

What seemed to loom largest in the board majority's decision was Oppenheimer's lack of enthusiasm *before* and after the determination to go ahead with the H-bomb project. Actually, the record showed, Oppenheimer's opposition took place before there was any knowledge of the new process perfected by Dr. Edward Teller that led to the final realization of the H-bomb. Dr. Teller himself acknowledged a statement by Oppenheimer to the effect that if knowledge of the new process had been available at the time, he never would have opposed the H-bomb.

The fundamental question raised by the Oppenheimer case, quite apart from the ruling by the Atomic Energy Commission, is whether the security system is flexible enough really to serve the broad national interest. In this instance it has worked to deprive the country of the services of a man of towering scientific genius who contributed more than anyone else to the utilization of atomic energy. No one can ever be sure of the subjective processes that influence a man's thoughts; and the search for absolute security in this respect, as a number of scientists have pointed out, could instead produce absolute sterility.

Strauss loses out

Chairman Lewis Strauss of the AEC has been having his troubles with the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Other members of the Commission complained that Strauss had withheld essential information and was attempting to dominate the Commission. These complaints figured in the decision of the Congressional committee to strike out the language in the amendment to the Atomic Energy Act that would have designated the chairman as the "principal officer" of the Commission. Strauss himself protested in a letter to the committee that he was being persecuted by the same people who had gone after James Forrestal.

The person primarily responsible for the insertion of language emphasizing the equal status and authority of all five atomic energy commissioners is Representative Chet Holifield, a Democrat from California.

Holifield also helped focus attention on the Republican efforts to hamper the Tennessee Valley Authority. He cited an order from President Eisenhower directing the Atomic Energy Commission to enter into a twenty-five-year contract with a private utility to build a new plant and furnish power to the area now served by TVA. The AEC entered the picture only because it has authority to let twenty-five-year contracts; and Holifield charged that the scheme was an abuse of authority that over the period of the contract would cost taxpayers \$90 million more than if TVA had been allowed to produce the same power in its own plants. The serious, hard-working Holifield has rapidly become one of the most effective watchdogs in Congress.

Mood of the Capital

Washington is adjusting calmly to the Supreme Court decision ending racial segregation in public schools. Despite an initial flurry over the redrawing of local school districts, the process of integration here is expected to be well advanced by the end of the year. Actually the racial patterns in this traditionally Southern city have shifted markedly within the last few years. A few months ago another court decision outlawed segregation in public restaurants, and before that the downtown theaters quietly lifted their bar against the admission of Negroes. In private industry some effective though unpublicized work has been done by the President's Government Contract Committee. None of these moves has caused any disruption.

The unanimity of the Supreme Court decision was of course a great factor in the degree of acceptance it has had. All the justices believed that the decision should be unanimous, but the manner chosen for the adjustment and the clarity of the opinion reflected the leadership of Chief Justice Warren. Apart from his judicial work, Warren has become one of the most popular residents of Washington.

Within the Court, Warren has managed the rare feat of winning the praise of both the conservative and liberal wings. His practical knowledge of the law has surprised some of the justices. Most members of the Supreme Court are appointed from lower courts or from positions within the Administration, and their experience in the law is usually on the side of the national government. Warren's long experience as a county prosecutor, before he became Governor of California, thus is a refreshing addition. He has brought to the Supreme Court an incisive mind and a humane understanding that are serving the Court well.

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Israel

BECAUSE of the nature of the troubles along the borders between Israel and its neighbors, it is difficult in the current crisis to sift fact from fiction. By the time the reports of a clash go out over the press cables, the details are magnified beyond all proportion. A dispatch on the front page of the *New York Times*, for instance, told of a major assault on a Jordan village by 100 well-trained attackers. Jordan officials later admitted privately that perhaps 10 amateur raiders had been involved in what was, at most, a haphazard attack.

What is going on is essentially a propaganda war. The battlefields are the newspaper offices of the world. This is perhaps the first war in history in which each side boasts of its own casualty list and disparages that of the enemy. Condemnations by the four UN Mixed Armistice Commissions have little practical effect on the governments involved except in so far as they are totted up on the scoreboard for the world to see. A thin, scared little Arab girl wounded in the cheek by a stray Israeli bullet; a dozen pedigreed sheep, imported to Israel by air all the way from Australia and then stolen across the Egyptian border—the likes of these represent victories for the aggrieved party in the battle of the headlines.

Byroade's counsel of moderation

In editorials and reports of political speeches in the newspapers of the Middle East on both sides of the border this summer, public enemy number one has appeared to be an American, Henry Byroade, Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern Affairs. In two speeches which he delivered, one in Dayton before the Council on World Affairs, and one in Philadelphia before the American Council for Judaism, he laid down the outline of a long-range policy for America in the troubled area east of the Mediterranean. In the first place, he said, there is no hope of a quick peace between Jews and Arabs; their ideological positions are too far apart. Peace, however, must be our ultimate object, if only to prevent the entire area, with its people and its oil, from falling prey to Soviet imperialism.

Each side must be encouraged to retreat from its position, Byroade said. The Israeli must cease to

look on their country as the eventual Zionist refuge of 12 million Jews. The present borders of Israel obviously can hold no more than a fifth of that number. The prospect of such a mass immigration is a constant territorial threat to the Arab world. The Arabs, on the other hand, must eventually recognize the existence of Israel as a *fait accompli*. Talk of an Arab attack upon Israel “with the purpose of driving her into the sea,” Byroade pointed out, is completely unrealistic.

On both sides of the truce line the reaction to the speeches was immediate and intense. Israeli tub-thumpers proclaimed that their valiant little democracy was being abandoned to its fate by the oil-hungry Republicans. Arab editors assured their readers that their nations would never agree to peace on any terms. A Jordan cabinet, long overdue for a fall, picked the day after Byroade's second address to resign as “a protest against British-American imperialism.”

The burden of the refugees

On the Arab side of the fence the basic difficulty lies in the Palestinian refugees and their state of mind. Nearly a million fugitives from what is now Israel are scattered through the area. Official figures of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA) put 465,000 refugees receiving rations in Jordan; 200,000 in the Gaza Strip, the section of Palestine now under Egyptian control; 107,000 in Lebanon; and 80,000 in Syria.

Physically, the refugees have no bed of roses. Their collections of tents and mud huts resemble any of the displaced persons' camps of the last ten years. But in many cases, miserable as they are, the refugees are better off than the permanent residents of neighboring villages. The concentration camp level of 1500 calories a day isn't far out of line with the normal Middle Eastern diet. The minds of the refugees are more of a problem than their bodies.

All they want is to go home. Over and over again they give the same answer to interviewers. Their thousand-year-old tie with the soil of Palestine is their strongest motivating force. UNRWA

projects to give work to refugees have to be presented as temporary, and each refugee must be assured that accepting a job won't prejudice his right to repatriation. "Settlement schemes" were a failure among the camp dwellers until their official title was changed to "self-supporting schemes."

In Jordan, where more than half the voters are Palestinians ("West Jordanians," the official phrase has it), no politician dares to preach moderation toward Israel. Even though the Jordan government exists only by the grace of a \$30 million annual subsidy from Great Britain, every elected official is anti-British and anti-Western, at least for public consumption.

Grist for the Soviet mill

There are a number of theoretical solutions for the refugee problem. The Jordan Valley Authority, financed chiefly by the United States through a UN agency, could irrigate enough new land to resettle perhaps a third of the homeless. Iraq and Syria are underpopulated; they have good land waiting to be settled when it becomes politically expedient for the governments to permit it.

In Israel itself most of the onetime Arab villages have been occupied by Jewish immigrants, in many cases themselves refugees from the Arab countries of North Africa, from Iraq, and from Yemen. But many other villages are on steep, rocky hillsides, surrounded by the tiny terraces which Arab toil developed over the centuries. The Israeli scorn such land. It would be no loss to anyone if the Arab owners were allowed to return to their two-foot-wide wheat fields and to their ancient, gnarled olive trees.

Whatever changes are made in the lives of the refugees will have to be proposed tactfully. Out of pride, the Arab will cut off his nose to spite his face. If he thinks his moving to a fertile farm in the Jordan Valley will help the Israeli, he will insist on remaining in his refugee tent to moan before the world about the rocky half-acre of which he has been unjustly robbed by the Jews.

A solution for the problem of the refugees has seemed more urgent than ever this summer because of the new tack taken by Soviet foreign policy

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BRIEF CASE HISTORY

NAME Kim Un Suk (fem)

BIRTH DATE Oct. 1949

NATIONALITY Korean



Born Yunsan. Father killed. Mother beg in street for her two little ones. Later flee more south on second withdrawal U.N. troops. High mountain bitter cold wind. Baby strapped on mother's back freeze to death. Desperated mother lay down lamenting in snow. Torrential stream unseeing refugees pushing, pushing. Kim Un Suk swept along. On and on walk. Beg food searching for mother never find. Hands feet frozen. Saved. At once help. Character delightful. On other side she sentimental. Brain too wise. Language clever. Vocal cord good. Sing very well. Composed, sad, hardened, matured by suffering. Behavior and speech make impression of woman. I beg for her you find Foster Parent at once.

—Ha Sang Nak, Plan field worker.

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toward the Middle East. Apparently the Kremlin has decided to jettison for good its support of Jewish interests, and to shift to backing the Arabs. In the Security Council this spring Vishinsky voted against Israel on every count. This earned him a joyous, if semi-humorous, cable of thanks from the Jordan parliament.

The Jordan legislators are all landowners who would be among the first hanged if the Communists ever got in a position to stage Vishinsky-style purges in the Arab world. If these men begin to think kindly of the Soviet Union, how much more likely are the refugees to listen to the words of agents who whisper through the camps that Red troops will lead them back to their homes.

Financing Israel's imports

The morale of the Israeli is high. Border villagers take for granted that they must guard their lands and their homes from Arab infiltrators. Most Israeli accept the tension along the frontier as a semi-permanent inconvenience, but few show any basic fear of being "pushed into the sea." In the minds of its citizens Israel is a going proposition.

From the economic viewpoint, however, there is a grave question how the proposition is to keep going. After six years the country is still able to cover only one fifth of its imports with exports. Total value of its products sold abroad last year—about \$60 million—barely covered the imports of food alone.

The bulk of the remainder of the country's foreign exchange budget is made up from three sources: United States government aid (\$52.5 million for 1953-54), German reparations (\$62 million annually), and gifts and loans from Jewish organizations around the world (about \$75 million last year, two thirds of it from the United States).

Point Four aid from the American government is almost certainly going to grow smaller every year, and fade away about 1960. The Bonn government originally agreed to continue for ten years its payments of reparations for losses suffered by the German Jewish community under Hitler. Only the most optimistic Israeli today believe the payments will actually go on that long. That leaves only one

solid prop under the ailing economy: the charity of Jews around the world.

It is conceivable that Israel will eventually balance its foreign trade position. If the Arab world adopts a more friendly outlook toward its neighbor, Israel can become a sort of Switzerland of the Middle East. It would be an ideal manufacturing center for the finished goods the underdeveloped area needs so badly. But for the moment that rosy prospect is nothing but a dream.

Some improvement is in sight. This year's trade figures should be the best ever. A new sulphuric acid and fertilizer plant in Haifa, largest unit outside Europe and America, marks a major advance in industrial development. An excellent citrus crop came along at the very time when the Spanish orchards suffered from winter freezes. And the spring crop of tourists overflowed Israel's hotels.

But there's still a lot of gap to be narrowed. Economic planners have come up with no solutions for the high cost of production, caused by the Western standard of living which at least half of all Israeli insist on. Nor have they halted the inflation which has dropped the free exchange value of the Israeli pound in six years from \$2.80 to its present low estate, less than 36 cents. Nor can they control the black market, based on gift packages and "scrip dollars" from America. Nor can they persuade foreign investors to sink real money into private industrial development of the socialist-governed country.

The causes of border tension

The only solution seems to be a permanent peace with the Arab world. This leads the discussion back again to the truce line around Israel, and to the border tension. The troubled areas lie in the bulge in the center of the line where the Jordan truce line approaches to within 8 miles of the sea, and in the Gaza Strip, 50 miles south of Tel Aviv.

Who is the actual aggressor? The official Israel charge, convincing enough when examined from a vantage point in Tel Aviv, is that the Arabs want war; that Jordan is deliberately inciting infiltrators to terrorize the people of Israel; that Egypt is building up tension along the Gaza Strip to cloak its domestic crises; and that

the weak governments of Syria and Lebanon make wild accusations about Israel to distract the attention of their citizens. The Arabs, in return, charge that Israel is looking for a chance to expand; and that any day now the Israeli army may strike for the Jordan River, or even for Cairo and Damascus.

Many neutral observers who have visited both sides of the line and studied the situation from both angles hold a view somewhere in between. They consider that, while Israel wants peace in the long run, for the moment the border tension is all to its advantage. It keeps the disturbance in the Middle East before the eyes of the United Nations and of the Western powers. Someday, Israel hopes, the powers will have to step in and force the Arabs to make a permanent peace, if only to keep the area out of Russia's itching hands.

The recent difficulties along the Gaza Strip have consisted mostly in shooting affrays between rival patrols across the line. With tempers so hot it is impossible on most occasions to say who fired first or which side is putting more pressure to keep the border aflame. Neutral observers in Cairo are convinced, however, that the Egyptian government at this crucial stage in its affairs wants no trouble with Israel.

The Israeli charges against Syria and Lebanon stand up better. At least once a week the Damascus and Beirut papers scream to the heavens about "concentrations" of Israeli troops along their borders. No observer on the Israel side has yet caught a glimpse of these alleged battalions and divisions. If they are there, they must be among the best camouflaged troops in history.

There seems to be little actual danger that the border tension will build up to a point where a real war will break out. The Arab states know Israel is stronger than they. Only a minority of the Israeli think their country could get away with a "preventive" war. The genuine menace is, as Byroade pointed out, that until the constant irritation of frontier incidents is cleared up, and until the fear on both sides of the border dies away, there is little hope of even a start being made toward a stable peace in the Middle East.

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Soviet Trade

WESTERN observers have been startled by the size and character of Soviet purchases and sales in many parts of the world during the past twelve months. The Russians have sold manganese to England, oil to France, armaments to Egypt, equipment and machinery to India; they have bought butter from the Netherlands, refrigerator ships from Denmark, hides and wool from Argentina. They have offered to buy large quantities of butter and cottonseed oil from the United States, and recently have put out feelers for the purchase of sixty-five American cargo vessels.

In addition to large-scale individual transactions, the Soviets and their Eastern European satellites have entered into a dramatic series of one-year, two-year, and three-year trade agreements with more than twenty West European, South American, and Asiatic countries. These agreements, if fulfilled, would result in a 10 to 25 per cent increase of East-West trade in 1954 as against 1953.

The Soviet-Argentine agreement of last August, to cite one of the most striking examples, calls for an exchange of goods to the value of \$200 million, apart from \$30 million worth of industrial goods to be purchased by Argentina with Soviet financing. Prior to 1953, Soviet-Argentine trade had been practically nonexistent. Why is the Soviet Union increasing its activity in world markets, including the markets of countries such as West Germany, Yugoslavia, and England, which are committed to a strong anti-Soviet foreign policy?

Soviet "trade offensive"

The Kremlin has never had moral scruples about trading with hostile countries. True, it has by way of reprisal occasionally cut off trade relations—as in the case of Britain in 1927, after the British police raided the Soviet trade headquarters in London—or withheld certain commodities—as in the case of the United States in 1949, when Soviet manganese and chrome shipments were held up because of our government's refusal to issue export licenses for certain goods, chiefly locomotives, which the Russians had ordered. In general, however, the Soviet government has sought to soften foreign antagonism by the

offer of mutually advantageous exchanges of goods—often at the same time that it stiffened that antagonism by political recalcitrance.

A prime example of this double policy of economic appeasement and political toughness may be seen in Soviet relations with Germany from 1939 to 1941, when the Russians sold large quantities of grain, timber, and other commodities to the Nazis in a deliberate effort to appease Hitler's increasing appetite for expansion eastward, but at the same time adopted strong political and military measures of preparation against the impending attack.

Ever since the inauguration of the Marshall Plan and the insistence by the United States that strategic exports to Communist countries be prohibited by governments receiving aid from us, the Soviets have been campaigning for East-West trade. Also they have been stressing, at least since 1950, their desire to import consumer goods from Western countries and their willingness to export some industrial products in exchange.

The political purpose of such trade, from the Soviet viewpoint, is a much subtler kind of appeasement than that which lay behind the Russian shipments to the Nazis prior to June, 1941. The Soviet leadership seeks to demonstrate the economic interdependence of the Communist and non-Communist worlds, thereby to weaken Western restrictive trade policies against the Soviet bloc and thus, indirectly, to soften Western political and military defenses against the spread of Communist influence.

Quid pro quo

Soviet foreign trade policy does not place the same emphasis that we do on the distinction between strategic and non-strategic goods. To the Soviet leadership, butter may be no less strategic than locomotives. The Soviet leadership does not seem to consider it significant that its exports may be increasing the strength of potential enemies, so long as the buyer pays and the money may be used for purchases of goods of equal importance.

This is not to say that the Soviets do not attempt to use bilateral trade exchanges as a means of

acquiring strategic raw materials and machinery. Soviet import policy in Western Europe is to seek industrial goods first, and if these are not available, to be content with consumer goods. At the same time, however, Soviet policy toward many Asian and South American countries is to provide those countries with "hard" goods in return for agricultural raw materials and consumer goods.

Thus the trade agreement between the Soviet Union and India, signed December 2, 1953, provides for Soviet exports of oil and oil products, iron and steel products, industrial equipment, bulldozers, electrical equipment, tractors, and many other similar items, in return for Indian exports of jute, wool, tea, coffee, tobacco, shellac, and so forth.

A drop in the bucket

To see the Soviet "trade offensive" of the past year in proper perspective, it is necessary to recognize, first, that foreign trade plays a far smaller role in the Soviet economy than in the capitalist economies of the West. The entire foreign trade of the Soviet Union, including trade with other Communist countries, amounts to less than one per cent of world trade. If one adds to the Soviet Union its European satellites and China, the combined Communist foreign trade with non-Communist countries amounted to less than \$3 billion in 1953. (United States exports and imports in 1953 amounted to more than \$22 billion.) Even if this amount were increased by 25 per cent in 1954, the over-all impact on world trade would be slight.

Secondly, despite the flurry of Soviet trade activity in the last six months of 1953, Soviet trade with non-Communist countries for the entire year declined slightly, as did the combined trade of the Soviet bloc with the non-Communist world.

Thirdly, the Soviet campaign for increased trade in the latter half of 1953 and the first half of 1954 coincided with a decline in United States imports from and exports to Western Europe, and especially with the decline of American foreign aid. American retrenchment left a small vacuum which the Soviets rushed in to fill.

The additional billion dollars of non-Communist trade which the So-



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Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

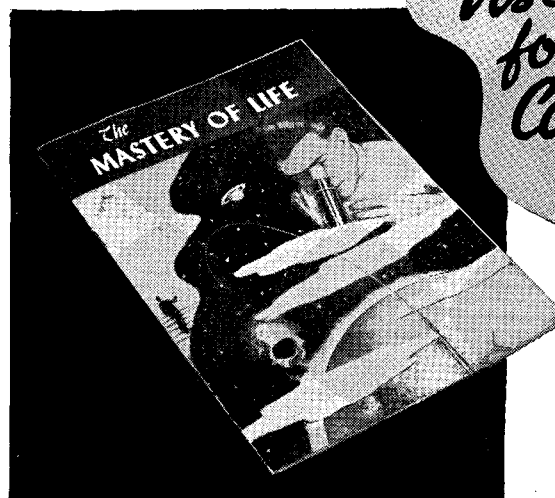
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viet bloc seeks for 1954 — judiciously allocated among a host of countries and commodities — represents a slight shift in the center of world economic gravity from the United States to the Soviet Union. The shift is important not in itself but in what it portends. It suggests the possibility that over a period of ten or twenty years many nations now under our economic influence may come under Soviet economic influence, or may at least play off one influence against the other. Certainly in countries like India and Argentina, the Soviet Union is seeking to usurp the economic role hitherto played by England and the United States.

Whether this portent has any lasting significance depends primarily on the inherent economic strength of the Soviet Union, which in turn depends primarily on the soundness of the Soviet economic system and the extent to which it can free its resources from military production.

Russia's need for imports

Prior to World War II, the Soviet economy was directed toward progressive withdrawal from the world economy. Exports were kept to the minimum required to pay for imports; the import policy in turn was explicitly aimed at acquiring foreign machinery in order to effect "the speediest liberation from the need to import." By 1938, the volume of Russian exports and imports was 43 and 39 per cent, respectively, of that of 1931.

The pre-war policy of progressive economic isolation, which helped to prepare Russia industrially and militarily for the Nazi invasion, would have been ineffective, however, to meet post-war needs. The cost of forced industrialization in the thirties was borne by the Russian people, whose standard of living fell drastically. To have adopted a similar policy after the terrible suffering of World War II would have made a mockery of the Soviet victory. The pressing demand in 1946 and 1947 was for houses, food, building materials, and, in general, reconstruction. In this situation imports were almost a necessity.

Fortunately for Russia, such imports were available largely in the form of German and East European reparations, which with other imports,

including UNRRA and Lend-Lease aid as well as some other United States exports, enabled the Soviet Union to achieve a level of imports in 1947 perhaps 30 per cent higher than the previous peak in 1931.

The cessation of reparations coincided with the emergence of a European recovery plan directed toward the United States and away from the Soviet bloc. Now the Russians could not withdraw into self-sufficiency, even if they had wanted to, without seriously injuring Poland, Czechoslovakia, and other satellite countries, who depended for their economic well-being on substantial foreign trade and who because of Soviet policy were prevented from joining the Marshall Plan.

The Molotov Plan

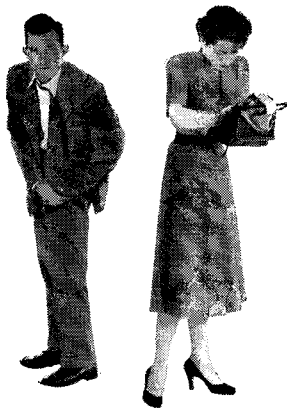
The obvious alternative, which the Soviets adopted, was a "Molotov Plan" for expansion of commerce among the countries of the Soviet orbit. While trade between the U.S.S.R. and non-Communist countries dropped from about \$1 billion in 1948 to about \$500 million in 1950, trade between the U.S.S.R. and Communist countries approximately doubled during the same period.

This does not mean that Soviet trade with the satellite countries is motivated by a desire to solve the economic problems of those countries. Undoubtedly, however, the Soviet leadership is extremely eager to maintain the economic strength of the bloc as a whole.

Inter-Communist trade cannot satisfy all the pressing needs either of the Soviet Union or of its satellites. Just as Western Europe needs Soviet grain and timber, Polish coal, Czech textiles, and the like, so the Russians and Poles and Czechs need Western equipment, manufactured goods, chemicals, and so forth. The economic law of comparative advantage, which underlies all international trade, cannot be abolished by the Soviet State Planning Committee; it can be defied only at a price which the Soviet leadership is no longer eager to impose on its subjects.

Trade with Britain

The Soviet leaders both before and after Stalin's death continually reasserted their desire for large-scale expansion of East-West trade. In



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April, 1952, the Russians told British industrialists and traders at a foreign trade conference in Moscow that the Soviet Union was willing to buy more than \$1 billion worth of British goods. The impression was left with many that the main reason for the failure of such offers to materialize is the restrictive policy of the British government, acting under American pressure.

The fact is, however, that the Soviet government could not afford to buy \$1 billion worth of British goods, and was not willing to do so — unless it could have exactly the goods it wanted, including goods which Britain for economic and military reasons could not afford to sell. The Soviet offer to Britain was a "programmed" offer: "We will buy A, B, and C, if you will also sell us D, E, and F."

The British refused that offer. Nevertheless the Russians have been able to conclude many individual deals with British businessmen in the past twelve months. In the first three months of 1954 they placed orders for \$140 million worth of British goods, including trawlers, electrical equipment, milk-bottling machinery, and many other commodities. They sold Britain 10,000 tons of manganese in January. They shipped about \$200 million worth of gold to London last winter.

These facts testify to increasing Soviet economic strength and a rising Soviet standard of living. But they do not indicate any sudden emergence of the Soviet Union as grand master of the world's markets. As long as the Soviet Union is committed to intensive production for military purposes, it cannot engage in foreign trade on anything like the scale it talks about, unless it can get the West to reverse its policy of withholding military exports from Communist countries.

Recognizing this, the Soviet leadership has in general made its foreign trade practice conform to economic as well as political realities. The fact that Soviet foreign trade is increasing, however small may be its proportion to total world trade, and the type of trade which the Soviet Union is undertaking especially in Asia and South America, are therefore matters which in the long run may be at least as important as the competition for production of atomic weapons.



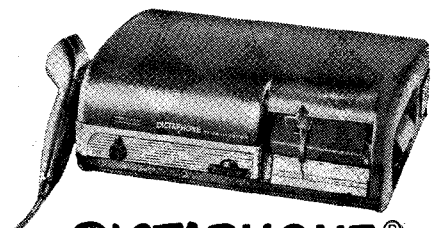
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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Pensions Could Be Better"

SIR:

I have read with great interest R. Minturn Sedgwick's article, "Pensions Could Be Better," in the June *Atlantic*.

I have for a long time given considerable thought to the preservation of the purchasing power of annuities for old age, and I have come to the conclusion that pension funds should be invested in production of commodities required by the pensioners or beneficiaries, and benefits should be provided in the form of food, shelter, clothing, hospitalization, and even transportation and amusements.

EDMUND KALMAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR:

R. Minturn Sedgwick's views will surely appeal to all pensionaries. I drew a salary from 1910 to 1952, when I retired at the age of sixty-six. At the time of retirement, I was a GS-15 in the government, receiving \$11,800. My combined pension from my former university and the government is \$4228, or about 35 per cent of my salary.

Mr. Sedgwick would increase future pensions by investing in common stocks instead of in fixed-income-bearing securities. Happily for me, I have for years been investing my savings in common stocks; and while I have made some mistakes, I now derive an income from my stocks which very nicely supplements my pension. If one individual can do so well, why not the pension funds also?

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT
Alexandria, Va.

I Personally —

SIR:

I think T. S. Eliot's article, "The Three Voices of Poetry," published in the April *Atlantic*, is a notable contribution towards an understanding of the creative process; but his discussion of the "first voice" somewhat substantiates a dismal theory about the direction of poetry in this century.

Our age is admittedly not a poetic one, and the factors involved in producing this state are educational and scientific. Our schools have sacrificed the classics to meet the demand for scientists, while our scientists have developed such devices as radio and television, which are anything but conducive to the contemplation necessary to the enjoyment of poetry. It is no wonder that the first voice has flourished of late, for often the poet has no ear but his own to speak to.

A/2c ROBERT M. RYLEY
APO 970, % Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR:

I write you about a *dreadful* error that appeared in "Roadless Area" by Paul Brooks in the June *Atlantic*.

On page 49, column 2, Mr. Brooks tells about landing a fine walleyed pike. His wife remarked, "Oh . . . pike . . . aren't they very bony?"

This sounds very natural and very wifely. But Mr. Brooks's comment is a travesty on the walleye. He said, "They are. And it was."

Now the true pike, either the pickerel or the northern pike, *is* bony. Pike have a lot of little Y-shaped bones in the side flesh, and

they are troublesome. (I might say, however, that when cooked in a camp-style chowder, these Y-bones soften up like canned salmon bones, and you never notice them.)

But a walleyed pike is not a true pike. He is a close relative of a perch. You can cut excellent fillets out of walleye, with not a single bone.

I liked "Roadless Area" very much, and 99.99 per cent of it was accurate.

LAUREN K. SOTH
Des Moines Register and Tribune
Des Moines, Iowa

"The Shortage in Education"

SIR:

It was with a distinct sense of gratitude that I read the Editor's note appended to Walter Lippmann's article, "The Shortage in Education," in the May *Atlantic*.

Mr. Lippmann's article cut through the fog of the progressive versus the three R's argument as no other thing I've read. Still better, he has bypassed that argument and left it where it should be — on a side road. I hope your series helps to illuminate the fact that though our whole educational character cries desperately to be revitalized, precious time is being lost while we twitter away at the trappings.

MRS. H. J. JOHNS
Tenino, Wash.

SIR:

In view of the barrage of material which has recently been printed in many magazines throughout the nation destructively criticizing the American public schools, we feel that the *Atlantic* has set an outstanding example in carrying the thoughts of

Walter Lippmann, who points out the direction which should be followed.

CHARLES H. WOOD
Field Service Secretary
New Mexico Education Association
Santa Fe, N.Mex.

SIR:

My reactions to Walter Lippmann's excellent article still persist.

We are not using the money expended at present for education in a way which produces citizens who can assume the burden of living in America today. Beginning with the lower grades and carrying through to graduate schools, the emphasis is upon skills in isolated tasks in contrast to gaining perspective on the whole of life.

If our purpose were to prepare a generation which can be manipulated by demagogues and dictators, we would set up an educational system in which skills are emphasized above everything else, and our teachers colleges would train candidates principally in the skills of pedagogy, and our universities would be dominated by technical schools.

I hope that Mr. Lippmann is heeded when he asserts that "we must now learn that we are quite rich enough to educate ourselves as we need to be educated." The emphasis, however, should be on the last five words. More support for education should be used with discrimination, for there are almost overpowering forces which would direct our educational institutions toward an educational process that is little more than training in skills for the demands of particular vocations.

If one had to choose, I believe it would be preferable to give every child twelve years of education under men and women of true culture who are aware of the dynamic society in which they live, than sixteen years of quasi-education under the well-intentioned but unoriented teachers who are in the majority in our public and private educational institutions.

BRYANT DRAKE
La Grange, Ill.

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From across the world, Dien-Bien-Phu brought tragedy to the brave little Ronelle family, bringing the horror of war to a home in a quiet Orleans village. Nicole is too young to know why her father will never return to play with her, nor to take her for bicycle rides in the country.

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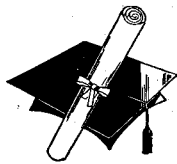
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for 1955

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ATLANTIC NOVEL CONTEST for 1955

8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 16, MASS., U. S. A.



More than any other person of this day, WALT DISNEY has inspired new interest in the facts of living nature. With his True-Life Adventures he and a score of America's leading scientist-photographers have reported nature in action in a way never before brought to the screen. In the following article, the foremost fantasist of our time, who now has added a factual presentation of the natural world to his showman's repertoire, tells how these authentic wild-life dramas are conceived, organized, and carried out in field and studio.

THE LURKING CAMERA

by WALT DISNEY

WILD-LIFE cinematography is a special art, and its experts are a very special breed. First of all they are naturalists. That is, they are familiar by study, experience, and close observation with living nature in one or more of its many grand orders. They are as much at home in the animal kingdom as the animals, birds, reptiles, insects, and other subjects they photograph. They work with acquired knowledge and animal intuition.

I am talking about the successful ones — the men and women whose motion-picture recording of wild-life drama affords us a fresh, new, exciting look at the world we share with an infinitude of creatures.

Their implement is the *lurking camera*. They eavesdrop on their quarry in its free, wild state. Usually they are themselves unseen, working from camouflaged blinds and cunning ambushade.

Dealing with facts and events of the natural world, they approach their job much as the alert newspaper reporter covers a front-page occurrence; they must learn and state the "imperative five" of accurate reporting — the who, what, when, where, and why involved in the story. They seek out and depict nature's *motivations*, as well as her fascinating *behavior* and raw *realities*.

These are the elements which guide us in approaching and producing our True-Life Adventure series. These features, now in their sixth year of

expansion, always present some phase of nature as living drama. The emphasis is on dramatic coherence and progression so that they can be readily comprehended by theater audiences, for they are made primarily for mass entertainment — although they are also automatically informative.

All this has to do very directly with the camera techniques of the wild-life photographer. And if our nature pictures and our field operations are to be understood by the legions of amateur photographers whose interest in nature subjects we seem to have aroused, the human angles must be stressed along with any pointers on craftsmanship.

Before I cite specific incident and anecdote of field operation, I want to say how greatly I have come to respect the naturalist-photographers who are associated with us, both as scientists and as craftsmen. To observe them in action is an exhilarating lesson in resourcefulness, in patience, in knowledge applied to a particular problem, and in that devotion which few except the insatiably curious naturalist ever bring to a calling.

The Living Desert, first full-length feature in the wild-life series, produced many striking examples of what the nature reporter with the lurking camera may capture — things out of the very heart of perpetual creation. This feature, too, prompted a volume of inquiries as to how the True-Life dramas are made, how the camera operators actually work.

No scene in all the series has caused more com-

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ment and sustained curiosity than the spectacular flight of the red-tailed hawk and the rattlesnake.

Paul Kenworthy, Jr., and Robert H. Crandall share the camera credit. Each is thoroughly familiar with the desert and its peculiar animal life, through years of close study. From their forays into the wastelands, they thought they could record an actual contest between the two killers. They organized their project very carefully. Basically, they depended on the fact that the desert falcon hunts small snakes as well as lizards, mice, and other little creatures for food. But would a red-tailed hawk attack a rattlesnake large enough to give him formidable battle?

Their venture represented an experimental zone in wild-life photography. If successful it would pay off in spectacular fashion. For these are precisely the scenes which audiences of True-Life Adventures seem to appreciate most — the strange and unusual, the moments of decision, in nature's great melee of passions.

The problem for Crandall and Kenworthy was to get their cameras set up in a place and under conditions which would practically ensure contact between bird and reptile. An ensuing fight, of course, would be in the lap of nature, since wild things are never completely predictable. What happened during the next few summer months in tactic and achievement came to us piecemeal from this photographic front in Arizona — a succession of waits and thrills and surprises, culminating in the outstanding scene of our desert drama.

The watchtower of the hawk in the picture was a giant saguaro cactus. From there he could spot anything that moved across the strip of sand on which the cameras were focused. Soon he was accustomed to the presence of the photographers. None of his natural actions were inhibited. A number of times he pounced on small reptiles which he easily dispatched. This not only gave him confidence but whetted his appetite as well. Here was a dependable food supply. And all this time — a period of weeks — Kenworthy and Crandall were recording every action on film.

But it was not until the end of summer, in a temperature well over 110° in the shade, that the thing occurred for which the patient lensers had been hopefully waiting. Then the hawk struck a rattler big enough for fatal battle.

As the photographers recounted it to us, the red-tail was surprised at the size and power of the reptile. But, as is the nature of the fighting bird, once having been committed, he was compelled to carry it through. This now was a feud, not food.

It was strike and parry. Beak and claw against fang and strangling coil. The cameras looked at it very closely. The lenses brought the action to a seeming distance of a few yards, so that every shift in the desperate rhythms was sharp and clear.

The bird's breast feathers and sparring wings

protected it time and again from the striking fangs. And the snake's evasive reactions likewise kept the vulnerable head with its thin skull from the clasp of the penetrating talons and the neck-breaking twist of the beak.

Just when the hawk was delivering the decisive attack, the big snake threw a swift coil around his body and began to apply a crushing pressure. Slowly the talons began to lose their grip. But not before they had inflicted the death wound. The hawk had won the fight, but even after the head was powerless, the snake's constricting coils by pure reflex could also have killed the spent bird. So the cameramen, feeling some responsibility for the red-tail, freed him after the scene had been shot.

Two Cine Specials, modified 16 mm. models, were used with Commercial Kodachrome film. The numerous scenes showing the hawk in action, along with the final climactic action, consumed many thousand feet of color film in the total of more than 200,000 feet shot for the entire feature.

2

DESERT life by its very nature — elusive, swift, expert at concealment, and largely nocturnal — offers exceptionally difficult challenges to the wild-life cinematographer. It is more fiercely competitive than life elsewhere. It requires a closer approach to the individual subject than most of the other True-Life Adventure films.

One thing the naturalist-photographer can, however, depend on: nature casts her characters to type. A tortoise is always a recognizable tortoise; a bobcat plays a bobcat's role in the great theme; a kangaroo rat always behaves more or less like all others of his clan. Traits of a species are fixed for ages.

Thus Kenworthy and Crandall, operating as a team again, were able to get those revealing scenes of the kangaroo rats defying the lethal sidewinder and their frantic dance of momentary relief from all perils.

With such small creatures as these, the observing camera reporter patiently makes himself a familiar part of the landscape until all fear of his presence is gone.

The little kangaroo rat was one of the most beguiling characters in *The Living Desert*. One in particular stood out in the picture — the one that kicked sand into the intruding viper's eyes, then hastened home to save the babies from another snake. She was photographed at a distance of not over 15 feet in these successive scenes.

The little mother and her fellow rodents completely ignored the cameramen. In the urge of elemental animal concerns, the greater fears transcend the lesser. And in this case the human beings were regarded as comparatively harmless.

The cutaway section of the tunnels, through which the courageous mother carried her week-old babies in flight, was made of two separable sections. One was faced with glass. It was a natural tunnel and was kept dark and undisturbed while the young were born. When the king snake entered the far entrance, the removable section was lifted aside and the action was photographed at close range through the glass to show the exciting escape. Although this was of necessity a controlled scene, the action itself was according to nature's own dictates, revealing a thrilling example of maternal devotion.

In the kangaroo rat colony, we discovered a highly personalized individual: the one who kicked sand into the sidewinder's eyes. Not only was she a resourceful sand-flinger; she was a precision artist who turned often to see if she was hitting the mark. No other member of the colony showed these same traits. In many of our True-Life ventures the camera teams come upon such individuals. Often they are natural comedians — in our eyes at least. They intrigue the photographers and contribute color to the action.

Intelligent anticipation paid off again in the extraordinary sequence depicting the fight of the burly tarantula and the swift pepsis wasp in *The Living Desert*. Here too, the photographers knew that any confrontation of these feudal creatures would result in decisive violence. Either the wasp would sting her shaggy adversary into a comatose state as host for her larva, or she would lose her own life in the turn of destiny.

Through all these ambushes of wild life, nature remains the director. You can often set up your spying camera within a few yards of expected action. But only instinctive promptings, elemental urges, goad wild things to do what comes naturally. The cameraman must be ready for the moment of revelation; often he has to depend on luck as well as advance preparation.

To recognize and be alert to nature's playful moods and surprising comicalities is an essential for photographers contributing to the True-Life series. This hilarious quality, as the human sees it, may often reside in what to the creature involved is far from funny. But in nature's balance — in her whole living ferment of passions, strivings, adjustments — everything has its place. And for our nature series we try to recognize these various elements both for their entertainment and for their informative value.

The apparent surprise of the newly married male beaver who found himself suddenly burdened with a dependent stepson, along with his charming bride, in *Beaver Valley*, appealed to audiences in that way. So did the weebegone yammering of the onetime arrogant bull seals driven from their harems by younger monarchs in *Seal Island*.

Another laugh innocently provided by nature

is the wedding dance of the scorpions in *The Living Desert*, so comically suggestive that it could be perfectly set to the rhythms of a hillbilly square dance. For such scenes the informed wild-life reporter is constantly alert.

All the interesting animal anecdotes have human parallels. They are easily understood out of common human experience and observation — even the greedy toad who gets stung by one of his most inoffensive victims in the desert picture.

3

SO FAR, I have dwelt mainly on the functions and personal reactions of the men and women who supply the raw material for our projects. They are masters of their craft. Alfred and Elma Milotte are directly assigned from the studio. Others are independent, submitting material to suggest or fit a theme. Sometimes half a dozen will earn top credits with outstanding sequences on a single feature — as in *Nature's Half Acre*, *Beaver Valley*, *The Living Desert*, and in the forthcoming *Vanishing Prairie* and *The Arctic Wilderness*. There were sixteen photographers on *Water Birds*.

While the camera experts supply the spectacular elements on the screen, the True-Life Adventures are a team operation. Many creative minds have a share in their production.

Before any expedition sets out, near or far, there are studio conferences which may take weeks of study and decisions. Here we and our staff evaluate the proposed subject. Themes are suggested from preliminary research on the animal life of a given region. Time elements must be considered in line with production costs and exhibition dates. We exchange views and prospects with the naturalists. Science authorities are consulted.

Organization of a project may start with just a broad idea. Such was the case when the Milottes went on the African safari to film the accurate, comprehensive life story of the African lion and the African elephant in equatorial Kenya and Tanganyika. They have now been at it for almost three years. We knew their capabilities as one of America's foremost teams of wild-life photographers and their resourcefulness in the wilds, for they had filmed the Alaska fur seal on the lonely Pribilof reefs for our initial True-Life Adventure, *Seal Island*, and had repeated effectively in *Beaver Valley* and *Prowlers of the Everglades*. In the Dark Continent they work alone; no porters or couriers on this camera safari; no luxury camp; no hunting with guns. At intervals they come into Nairobi to replenish food and fuel and to air-express their film trophies to the studio.

Generally no more than two lensers work together — usually man and wife. On the bleak Falklands off the tip of South America the Olin Sewell Pettingills have been practically living on

the beach in the great penguin colonies for half a year.

In the Arctic, from the slopes of Mount McKinley to the desolate Brooks Range and icy Point Barrow, Herb and Lois Crisler have for two full seasons stalked grizzly bear, caribou, wolves, and lesser animals for *The Arctic Wilderness*. The Crislens photographed the great elk migration and life cycle for *The Olympic Elk* and followed the bighorn sheep to the heights of the Rockies for *The Vanishing Prairie*.

On the Galápagos Islands, off the Ecuador shore, Jack Couffer and Conrad Hall are photographing the huge primitive sea elephants and giant sea turtles — holdovers from ancient times.

Stuart V. Jewell, who made the beautiful floral time-lapse footage and the cracking mud flats for *The Living Desert*, is just back from an expedition to the breeding lagoons of the gray whale in Mexico's Baja California. He is also finishing a comprehensive pictorial study of the bees for our forthcoming *Secrets of Life*.

The time-lapse scenes of floral beauty contributed to *The Living Desert* by Jewell are to my mind among the most remarkable displays of nature photography. These scenes are a sequence of single exposures spaced at time intervals to capture the unfolding of plant or flower from bud to full bloom. The camera is set in fixed position, with sharp focus on the subject with a lens just wide-angle enough to catch any slight movement of wind or pull of the sun. The timing mechanism is automatic, ranging from exposure intervals of a few seconds to an hour or more apart. The gorgeous scene of the heart of a flower, as it was described, required several hours of successive exposures. The camera was a Cine Special, considerably rebuilt for these subjects.

The delicate beauty of the night-blooming cereus, much admired, needed artificial light to augment the desert twilight in which it started to open. A small light, not too hot to scald the delicate membranes, was operated in synchronization from a storage battery. Between dusk and dawn the cereus had completed its swift cycle from bud to pollination by the night moths. Exposures ten seconds apart for ten hours produced two minutes of consecutive showing on the screen.

For the cracked mud flat scene, Jewell watched this section of drying earth with his time-lapse camera for five days.

For *Secrets of Life*, Robert Crandall is photographing the social life of ants. He is an authority on these fascinating insects. They offer one of the most difficult subjects in all nature to film. Crandall has spent years studying the many kinds of ants. Among some of the species there is relentless warfare. Magnifying cameras must be able to probe closely into their microcosm to record significant action. This in turn demands technical skill of

high order as well as a naturalist's specialized knowledge. Most of Crandall's filming of ants is done with telephoto lenses outdoors with no disturbance of the insect colonies. Occasionally he exposes sections of the anthills to show the tunnels and underground activities. And for some of the extreme close-ups and bridging of scenes, individuals and groups are photographed on a specially built indoor table which is part of a fixed camera mount. The problem here is to keep the ants within range and focal depth. Sometimes close-ups are so huge that a head or a leg may fill the entire screen when projected in Technicolor on the theater screen.

A special lighting device is used to illumine indoor scenes. Crandall uses a stock camera — a Cine Special No. 2 — largely rebuilt and amplified with devices to meet his special requirements.

In photographing some species of ants, notably the harvester tribe, the wild-life cameraman's colossal patience often needs added endurance. Crandall wryly tells of lying on his stomach for hours with his recording camera beside an anthill while the angry guardians nipped and stung him unmercifully.

Mrs. Crandall — Francine — shares all his camera adventures, and they operate as a very effective team.

John Ott, Jr., who has no superior in the time-lapse field, and whose camera laboratory is the most elaborately equipped in the world, will show his wizardry in the microscopic realm in *Secrets of Life*. He uses more than a score of cameras in his intriguing work.

4

SOME of these leading nature photographers learned their craft in scientific schooling. Some, graduates from the amateur ranks, acquired their working knowledge entirely in the field. Others began photography as a hobby in which they might seek a way out of the trials and tribulations of their daily business grind. All have brought something new and fresh and exciting and meaningful from the haunts of living nature for mass enjoyment as well as educational usefulness.

For convenience and facility in the often difficult terrain they all use 16 mm. Kodachrome cameras. The original negative is then processed to the standard 35 mm. for Technicolor projection in the theater.

Almost all camera equipment has been modified in line with individual experience. So much so, in fact, that we are now considering making our own cameras for the particular needs of our True-Life photographers. A quick focus-adjustment mechanism, and lenses and emulsions adapted to meet variable conditions of natural light and range and fast enough to catch wild life on hoof and wing, are the essentials.

Many of nature's finest and most exciting moments of action come with almost no warning. Wilderness creatures don't pose for their portraits. They cannot be directed. Human presence, especially among the larger ones, is just one more menace in their fear-haunted lives. So the telescopic lens is a necessity in filming the more cautious, shy, or dangerous animals.

In Africa, operating from their specially built armored truck, the Milottes use the Arriflex camera with a 16-inch scope to bring the more savage quarry within safe range. The lioness who stalks and kills the wildebeest for a hungry family, seemingly only a few feet beyond the camera, was actually photographed some 300 yards away. Approached down-wind across the grassy plain by Al Milotte, the great cat with her cubs and stalking aides never suspected a human observer.

The telephoto lens also brings to startling close-up the great African elephants in their family life around wilderness water holes and in the thornbush pastures. The same lenses also serve for rhinos, hippos, giraffes, baboons, zebra, and other African quarry.

Tom McHugh used a modified Cine Special in approaching the wild buffalo herd in *The Vanishing Prairie*. He operated in the old Indian fashion by concealing himself and his camera under a buffalo robe and crawling on hands and knees. In that way he got within a few yards of the shaggy beasts for close shots.

For the prairie feature Dick Borden, using a Bell and Howell on a gunstock mount, shot — at the rate of 128 exposures per second — fine slow-motion scenes of wild fowl in flight and landing. Jim Simon and Lloyd Beebe catch the lithe grace of a leaping, running puma in another excellent example of slow motion, while Tom McHugh records the running antelope in the same technique.

The Crislers, like the Milottes, favor the Arriflex with the 16-inch telephoto scope. In the Alaskan wilds they had moved their camera equipment to within less than 100 yards of a grizzly bear family group — the huge mother and triplet yearlings. The bears were feeding on a fresh caribou kill just below a ridge on which Herb had cautiously started his filming. The Crislers were down-wind of the

brutes, and the animals hadn't sensed them until Crisler stood up boldly to get a better focus.

Swiftly then, the mother began climbing toward the ledge, the cubs following at a trot. Soon they were on the same level, coming on determinedly. Crisler kept on operating his camera steadily, the image of the bears looming large in the finder. Mrs. Crisler stood by anxiously — sharing another of many adventures with her husband.

As the grizzlies disappeared momentarily above and behind them on the ledge, the Crislers decided it was time to get out of there — and to move fast. But it was too late. In an instant the huge savage mother, in the rage that comes with alarm, came out right in front of them around a projection. Her neck was arched; her ears were flattened back. The chill wind lifted her hair. She seemed incredibly enormous.

Crisler, who had been filming right up to this last moment, now snatched up his tripod as the only weapon. His wife thumped a camera slide and a lens cover together in a futile gesture to make a frightening noise. At that instant the bear got the human scent full in the face, stood a moment in seeming surprise, then whirled to retreat. In her haste she knocked over one of the cubs and bit it in the belly, as if to say, "You clumsy oaf — get out of my way!" They all fled in shambling haste. The Crislers, suddenly spent, sat down weakly. "It was the nearest thing we ever had," Mrs. Crisler said.

The wild-life photographer who sets out for the unusual, especially among the larger beasts, accepts these self-imposed risks as one of the normal hazards of the profession. Cleveland Grant and his wife Ruth are going deep into the Yukon territory of Canada to film bighorn sheep and other large game.

Few novices may ever be so venturesome or have the means to go so far afield in search of camera trophies. But even short ventures into neighboring regions can provide exciting happenings. Approaching his task with an open mind, alert senses, and proper respect for all of nature, the wild-life photographer is assured not only of interesting exhibits but of exhilarating, enriching personal experience.





Like our Labor Day weekend, August Bank Holiday for the British is celebrated with a universal exodus from city and village; by car, bicycle, motorcycle, and bus they make their way to the seacoast, there to disport themselves in family picnics. The occasion was recaptured by DYLAN THOMAS in a boyhood recollection heard once over BBC. It is a little gem of an essay, and the Atlantic is proud to publish it in more permanent form.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY

by DYLAN THOMAS

I

AUGUST Bank Holiday. — A tune on an ice-cream cornet. A slap of sea and a tickle of sand. A fanfare of sunshades opening. A wince and whinny of bathers dancing into deceptive water. A tuck of dresses. A rolling of trousers. A compromise of paddlers. A sunburn of girls and a lark of boys. A silent hullabaloo of balloons.

I remember the sea telling lies in a shell held to my ear for a whole harmonious, hollow minute by a small, wet girl in an enormous bathing suit marked Corporation Property.

I remember sharing the last of my moist buns with a boy and a lion. Tawny and savage, with cruel nails and capacious mouth, the little boy tore and devoured. Wild as seedcake, ferocious as a hearthrug, the depressed and verminous lion nibbled like a mouse at his half a bun and hiccupped in the sad dusk of his cage.

I remember a man like an alderman or a bailiff, bowlered and collarless, with a bag of monkeynuts in his hand, crying "Ride 'em, cowboy!" time and again as he whirled in his chairplane giddily above the upturned laughing faces of the town girls bold as brass and the boys with padded shoulders and shoes sharp as knives; and the monkeynuts flew through the air like salty hail.

Children all day capered or squealed by the glazed or bashing sea, and the steam-organ wheezed its waltzes in the threadbare playground and the waste lot, where the dodgems dodged, behind the pickle factory.

And mothers loudly warned their proud pink daughters or sons to put that jellyfish down; and fathers spread newspapers over their faces; and sandfleas hopped on the picnic lettuce; and someone had forgotten the salt.

In those always radiant, rainless, lazily rowdy and skyblue summers departed, I remember August Monday from the rising of the sun over the stained and royal town to the husky hushing of the

roundabout music and the dowsing of the naphtha jets in the seaside fair. From bubble-and-squeak to the last of the sandy sandwiches.

There was no need, that holiday morning, for the sluggardly boys to be shouted down to breakfast; out of their jumbled beds they tumbled, and scrambled into their rumpled clothes; quickly at the bathroom basin they catlicked their hands and faces, but never forgot to run the water loud and long as though they washed like colliers; in front of the cracked looking-glass, bordered with cigarette cards, in their treasure-trove bedrooms, they whisked a gap-tooth comb through their surly hair; and with shining cheeks and noses and tidemarked necks, they took the stairs three at a time.

But for all their scramble and scamper, clamour on the landing, catlick and toothbrush flick, hair-whisk and stair-jump, their sisters were always there before them. Up with the lady lark, they had pinked and frizzed and hot-ironed; and smug in their blossoming dresses, ribboned for the sun, in gymshoes white as the blanco'd snow, neat and silly with doilies and tomatoes they helped in the higgledy kitchen. They were calm; they were virtuous; they had washed their necks; they did not romp, or fidget; and only the smallest sister put out her tongue at the noisy boys.

And the woman who lived next door came into the kitchen and said that her mother, an ancient uncertain body who wore a hat with cherries, was having one of her days and had insisted, that very holiday morning, in carrying, all the way to the tram-stop, a photograph album and the cutglass fruit-bowl from the front room.

This was the morning when father, mending one hole in the thermos-flask, made three; when the sun declared war on the butter, and the butter ran; when dogs, with all the sweet-binned backyards to wag and sniff and bicker in, chased their tails in the jostling kitchen, worried sandshoes, snapped

at flies, writhed between legs, scratched among towels, sat smiling on hampers.

And if you could have listened at some of the open doors of some of the houses in the street you might have heard:—

“Uncle Owen says he can’t find the bottle-opener —”

“Has he looked under the hallstand?”

“Willy’s cut his finger —”

“Got your spade?”

“If somebody doesn’t kill that dog —”

“Uncle Owen says why should the bottle-opener be under the hallstand?”

“Never again, never again —”

“I know I put the pepper somewhere —”

“Willy’s bleeding —”

“Look, there’s a bootlace in my bucket —”

“Oh come on, come on —”

“Let’s have a look at the bootlace in your bucket —”

“If I lay my hands on that dog —”

“Uncle Owen’s found the bottle-opener —”

“Willy’s bleeding over the cheese —”

And the trams that hissed like ganders took us all to the beautiful beach.

There was cricket on the sand, and sand in the spongecake, sandflies in the watercress, and foolish, mulish, religious donkeys on the unwilling trot. Girls undressed in slipping tents of propriety; under invisible umbrellas, stout ladies dressed for the male and immoral sea. Little naked navvies dug canals; children with spades and no ambition built fleeting castles; wispy young men, outside the bathing-huts, whistled at substantial young women and dogs who desired thrown stones more than the bones of elephants. Recalcitrant uncles huddled, over luke ale, in the tiger-striped marquees. Mothers in black, like wobbling mountains, gasped under the discarded dresses of daughters who shrilly braved the gobbling waves. And fathers, in the once-a-year sun, took fifty winks. Oh, think of all the fifty winks along the paper-bagged sand.

Liquorice allsorts, and Welsh hearts, were melting. And the sticks of rock, that we all sucked, were like barbers’ poles made of rhubarb.

In the distance, surrounded by disappointed theoreticians and an ironmonger with a drum, a cross man on an orange-box shouted that holidays were wrong. And the waves rolled in, with rubber ducks and clerks upon them.

I remember the patient, laborious, and enamouring hobby, or profession, of burying relatives in sand.

I remember the princely pastime of pouring sand, from cupped hands or bucket, down collars of tops of dresses; the shriek, the shake, the slap.

I can remember the boy by himself, the beach-combing lone-wolf, hungrily waiting at the edge of family cricket; the friendless fielder, the boy uninvited to bat or to tea.

I remember the smell of sea and seaweed, wet flesh, wet hair, wet bathing-dresses, the warm smell as of a rabbit field after rain, the smell of pop and splashed sunshades and toffee, the stable-and-straw smell of hot, tossed, tumbled, dug and trodden sand, the swill-and-gaslamp smell of Saturday night, though the sun shone strong, from the bellying beer-tents, and smell of the vinegar on shelled cockles, winkles, shrimps, the dripping-oily backstreet winter-smell of chips in newspapers, the smell of ships from the sundazed docks round the corner of the sandhills, the smell of the known and paddled-in sea moving, full of the drowned and herrings, out and away and beyond and further still towards the antipodes that hung their koala-bears and maoris, kangaroos and boomerangs, upside down over the backs of the stars.

And the noise of pummelling Punch and Judy falling, and a clock tolling or telling no time in the tenantless town, now and again a bell from a lost tower or a train on the lines behind us clearing its throat, and always the hopeless, ravenous swearing and pleading of the gulls, donkey-bray and hawker-cry, harmonicas and toy-trumpets, shouting and laughing and singing, hooting of tugs and tramps, the clip of the chair-attendant’s puncher, the motorboat coughing in the bay, and the same hymn and washing of the sea that was heard in the Bible.

“If it could only just, if it could only just?” your lips said again and again as you scooped, in the hob-hot sand, dungeons, garages, torture-chambers, train tunnels, arsenals, hangars for zeppelins, witches’ kitchens, vampires’ parlours, smugglers’ cellars, trolls’ grog-shops, sewers, under the ponderous and cracking castle, “If it could only just be like this for ever and ever amen.” August Monday all over the earth, from Mumbles where the aunties grew like ladies on a seaside tree to brown, bear-hugging Henty-land and the turtled Ballantyne Islands.

“Could donkeys go on the ice?”

“Only if they got snowshoes.”

We snowshoed a meek, complaining donkey and galloped him off in the wake of the ten-foot-tall and Atlas-muscled Mounties, rifled and pemmicaned, who always, in the white Gold Rush wastes, got their black-oathed-and-bearded Man.

“Are there donkeys on desert islands?”

“Only sort-of donkeys.”

“What d’you mean, sort-of donkeys?”

“Native donkeys. They hunt things on them!”

“Sort-of walruses and seals and things?”

“Donkeys can’t swim!”

“These donkeys can. They swim like whales, they swim like anything, they swim like —”

“Liar.”

“Liar yourself.”

And two small boys fought fiercely and silently in

the sand, rolling together in a ball of legs and bottoms.

Then they went and saw the pierrots, or bought vanilla ices.

Lolling or larriking that unsoiled, boiling beauty of a common day, great gods with their braces over their vests sang, spat pipes, puffed smoke at wasps, gulped and ogled, forgot the rent, embraced, posed for the dicky-bird, were coarse, had rainbow-coloured armpits, winked, belched, blamed the radishes, played hymns on paper and comb, peeled bananas, found seaweed in their panamas, blew up paper-bags and banged them, wished for nothing.

But over all the beautiful beach I remember most the children playing, boys and girls tumbling, moving jewels, who might never be happy again. And "happy as a sandboy" is true as the heat of the sun.

Dusk came down; or grew up out of the sands and the sea; or curled around us from the calling docks and the bloodily smoking sun. The day was done, the sand brushed and ruffled suddenly with a sea-broom of cold wind.

And we gathered together all the spades and buckets and towels, empty hampers and bottles, umbrellas and fishfrails, bats and balls and knitting, and went — oh, listen, Dad! — to the Fair in the dusk on the bald seaside field.

2

FAIRS were no good in the day; then they were shoddy and tired; the voices of hoopla girls were crimped as elocutionists; no cannonball could shake the roosting coconuts; the gondolas mechanically repeated their sober lurch; the Wall of Death was safe as a governess-cart; the wooden animals were waiting for the night.

But in the night, the hoopla girls, like operatic crows, croaked at the coming moon; whizz, whirl, and ten for a tanner, the coconuts rained from their sawdust like grouse from the Highland sky; tipsy the griffon-prowed gondolas weaved on dizzy rails and the Wall of Death was a spinning rim of ruin, and the neighing wooden horses took, to a haunting hunting tune, a thousand Beecher's Brooks as easily and breezily as hooved swallows.

Approaching, at dusk, the Fair-field from the beach, we scorched and gritty boys heard above the belabouring of the batherless sea the siren voices of the raucous, horsey barkers. Roll up, roll up! In her tent and her rolls of flesh the Fattest Woman in the World sat sewing her winter frock, another tent, and fixed her little eyes, blackcurrants in blanmange, on the skeletons who filed and sniggered by. Roll up, roll up, roll to see the Largest Rat on the Earth. Here scampered the smallest pony, like a Shetland shrew. And here the Most Intelligent Fleas, trained, reined, bridled, and bitted, minutely cavorted in their glass corral.

Round galleries and shies and stalls, pennies were burning holes in a hundred pockets.

Pale young men with larded hair and Valentino-black sidewhiskers, fags stuck to their lower lips, squinted along their swivel-sighted rifles and aimed at ping-pong balls dancing on fountains.

In knife-creased, silver-grey, skirt-like Oxford bags, and a sleeveless, scarlet, zip-fastened shirt with yellow horizontal stripes, a collier at the strength-machine spat on his hands, raised the hammer, and brought it, Thor-ing down. The bell rang for Blaina.

Outside his booth stood a bitten-eared and barn-door-chested pug with a nose like a twisted swede and hair that startled from his eyebrows and three teeth yellow as a camel's, inviting any sportsman to a sudden and sickening basting in the sandy ring or a quid if he lasted a round: and, wiry, cocky, bow-legged, coal-scarred, boozed, sportsmen by the dozen strutted in and reeled out; and still those three teeth remained, chipped and camel-yellow in the bored, teak face.

Draggled and stout-wanting mothers, with haphazard hats, hostile hatpins, buns awry, bursting bags, and children at their skirts like pop-filled and jam-smeared limpets, screamed, before distorting mirrors, at their suddenly tapering or tubular bodies and huge ballooning heads, and the children gayly bellowed at their own reflected bogies withering and bulging in the glass.

Old men, smelling of Milford Haven in the rain, shuffled, badgering and cadging, round the edges of the swaggering crowd, their only wares a handful of damp confetti.

A daring dash of schoolboys, safely, shoulder to shoulder, with their fathers' trilbies cocked at a desperate angle over one eye, winked at and whistled after the procession past the swings of two girls arm-in-arm: always one pert and pretty, and always one with glasses.

Girls in skulled and cross-boned tunnels shrieked, and were comforted.

Young men, heroic after pints, stood up on the flying chairplanes, tousled, crimson, and against the rules.

Jaunty girls gave sailors sauce.

All the Fun of the Fair in the hot, bubbling night. The Man in the sandyellow Moon over the hurdy of gurdies. The swingboats swimming to and fro like slices of the moon. Dragons and hippogriffs and the prows of the gondolas breathing fire and Sousa. Midnight roundabout riders tantivyng under the fairy lights, huntsmen on billygoats and zebras halooing under a circle of glow-worms.

And as we climbed home, up the gas-lit hill, to the still house over the mumbling bay, we heard the music die and the voices drift like sand. And we saw the lights of the Fair fade. And, at the far end of the seaside field, they lit their lamps, one by one, in the caravans.



Each year the Atlantic takes its pick of the more notable commencement addresses, and this year we are proud to print the words spoken by GEORGE F. KENNAN to the seniors of Radcliffe College. A former ambassador, who spent many years in Russia, a former policy-maker of our State Department, Mr. Kennan knows full well the necessity of national security. He also knows the risks we run if we attempt to establish internal policing which parallels that of the police state.

THE ILLUSION OF SECURITY

by GEORGE F. KENNAN

1

OUR time, this morning, is brief: the occasion pleasant. I have racked my brain to think of something to say to the members of this graduating class, at such a moment, that would not involve those bitter questions of foreign and domestic policy that have been debated at such length and at the cost of so much unpleasantness in these recent months. One alternative, of course, would be to speak of personal life. But some two decades of parenthood have finally taught me something of the reality of the gap in the generations, and of my limitations as a dispenser of wisdom and advice to younger people in personal matters. That thrusts us back on the field of public affairs, where the choice is not great.

A distinguished American recently observed, on a similar occasion, that "one of the most curious and persistent myths of democratic society is that political figures have anything important or interesting to say, especially when they are out of office."

The same, goodness knows, could be said with equal aptness of retired government officials. We are, I fear, a gloomy race. Our faith in our country is there, and undiminished, but it lies deeply imbedded within us, in troubled depths. We do not fail to greet with immense inner satisfaction those things that do seem to us to be constructive and hopeful; but by and large we follow the course of public events with a sort of anxious and paternal apprehension, like a sailor who watches a strange crew sailing his craft; and if you prod us into a reaction — as anyone does who asks us to speak at Commencement ceremonies — what you get are our anxieties, for they are so much more explicit and so much closer to our tongues than our hopes.

So this morning, at the risk of speaking of matters that have perhaps been too much spoken of already, I am going to tell of one or two things that cause me anxiety and then of a common con-

clusion I derive from them that might usefully be borne in mind by people just entering the status of adult citizenship.

The first of these anxieties relates to foreign affairs. As many of you may know, I have never taken an alarmist view, and do not take one now, of the nature of our conflict with Soviet power. I have never felt, and do not feel today, that another great war could possibly serve as a useful instrument for promoting the interests of either side in this unhappy conflict. In a number of reflections about the nature of our world; in the fact that war has become so obviously self-defeating and suicidal; in the growing clarity with which the last two World Wars begin now to stand out on the landscape of history as tragic, colossal follies from which no one could be said to have gained; in the tendency of time to change all things and to erode all militant faiths — in these things I have found reason for hope and good cheer, and have spent much of my time and energy in these recent years trying to persuade others to approach what we call the East-West conflict in a similar spirit.

Yet I am bound to say that in recent weeks and months I have witnessed with increasing dismay what has seemed to me to be the progressive neglect or rejection, or disappearance for one reason or another, of the more hopeful possibilities for making progress in this problem by peaceful means. Above all, I have watched with a sinking of the heart the way in which many people in our country have, as it seems to me, been pressed relentlessly into states of mind where they can see no solution to these difficulties at all, and even no end to them, except in the horrors of atomic war. This has happened in some instances because people have been impatient of partial solutions and unable to contemplate continued uncertainty. In other cases, I suspect people have been carried by the deceiving compul-

sions of the weapons race into conclusions that neglect all the ulterior considerations, and particularly the imponderables. In still other cases, people may have been the victims of their own brave and rash slogans. But in any event, those longer and more subtle and less obvious paths by which we might reasonably hope to make progress in this situation are ones that a great many people in our country, for one reason or another, either reject or fail to understand; and with this rejection or failure of understanding, I fear I see a deterioration in the prospects for our continuing to muddle through these difficulties in the direction of a more hopeful future.

I do not mean to blame ourselves in any exclusive way for the present trend — we do live in a world where there have been released great forces of hatred and violence and vindictiveness, and we have been confronted with a great deal more in the way of provocation than we have given, over the course of these past two decades. And I do not mean to blame any party or administration among us. But I must emphasize that today it is precisely these subjective factors — factors relating to the state of mind of many of our own people — rather than the external circumstances, that seem to constitute the most alarming component of our situation. It is such things as the lack of flexibility in outlook, the stubborn complacency about ourselves and our society, the frequent compulsion to extremism, the persistent demand for absolute solutions, the unwillingness to accept the normal long-term hazards and inconveniences of great power — it is these things in the American character that give added gravity to a situation which would in any case be grave enough, and cause me for the first time to question seriously whether we are really going to be able, with our present outlooks and approaches, to avoid the complication of our international situation to a most dangerous degree.

2

THE second of the anxieties I wish to mention relates to our internal situation. It is equally well-worn and equally unstartling; but it must be mentioned nevertheless.

There has been much in our domestic life of these recent months that I am sure we should all like to forget; and I hope that we shall soon be permitted to forget a great deal of it. But there are certain overriding facts that ought not to pass too quickly out of our memories. We ought not to forget that we have witnessed in these recent months the spectacle of many millions of Americans unable to put in its place and to assess with any degree of balance and equanimity the time-honored and unexceptional phenomenon of foreign political activity, intrigue, and espionage in our midst — a phenomenon which no great power has ever been spared

throughout the course of human history, and from which surely no other great power is immune today. Millions of our people have been unable to accept this normal burden of international leadership at its true worth — have been uncertain as to the value to be assigned to it, uncertain as to what weight to give it in comparison with other problems of our national life. And this uncertainty has given them a peculiar vulnerability — a vulnerability to being taken advantage of, to having their fears exploited, and to being stampeded into panicky, ridiculous, and dangerous attitudes, unworthy of their own national tradition, unworthy of themselves.

Under the sign of this weakness we have seen things that cannot fail to bring deepest concern to any thinking American. We have seen our public life debauched; the faith of our people in great and distinguished fellow citizens systematically undermined; useful and deserving men hounded thanklessly out of honorable careers of public service; the most subtle sort of damage done to our intellectual life: our scholars encouraged to be cautious and unimaginative in order to escape being “controversial,” a pall of anxiety and discouragement thrown over our entire scientific community, our libraries and forums of knowledge placed on the defensive before the inroads of self-appointed snoopers and censors, a portion of our youth encouraged to fear ideas on the pretext of being defended from them.

We have seen the reputations of our great private philanthropic foundations, with their immense and unique records of contribution to the national life, recklessly attacked; ingratitude flung in the face of the entire institution of private benevolence. We have seen our people taught to distrust one another, to spy, to bear tales, to behave in a manner which is in sharpest conflict with the American tradition. We have seen our friends in other countries frustrated in their efforts to help and support us, reduced to an embarrassed and troubled silence before the calumnies of our enemies upon us, for they were no longer sure whether these calumnies did not contain some measure of truth. And all of this in the name of our protection from Communist subversion, and yet every bit of it agreeable to Communist purposes as almost nothing else could be; and all of it supported by people who then have the effrontery to come before us and to say, “Show us one innocent man who has suffered.”

Now it would not be hard to name such a man; but it would be possible to name something far more important: it would be possible to name a great people, no more innocent or less innocent than any of the other great peoples of this world, but nevertheless a people of an immense fundamental decency and good will and practical energy, a people in an unparalleled position to exercise a useful and hopeful influence in this tortured and threatened world community, a people to whom an

historic opportunity had been given, to whom the hopes of the world had turned; it would be possible to name such a people and to show it now, at the moment of its greatest historic responsibility, disaffected and disoriented in some of the deepest sources of its national morale, injured in its capacity to react to the challenges history has laid upon it, reduced from its natural condition of confidence and buoyancy to a state of cynicism and fearfulness and disgust with the processes of its own public life — and all of this in the name of its protection from external subversion.

I do not mean to overrate these things. I have no doubt that in its superficial aspects all of this will pass — is probably already passing. The names, the idols, the scapegoats, the stereotypes, the abused words, and the perverted symbols — I have no doubt that these will all soon disappear, to join the records of the Know-Nothing movement and the chauvinistic hysteria of 1919 in the unhappier annals of our public life.

But I think we cannot comfort ourselves too much with this reflection. These things *have* happened. We *have* reacted this way, on this occasion. There must have been a reason for our doing so. Have we found that reason and learned from it? Are we going to be better armed to understand the next danger — to resist the next attempt by the unscrupulous to mobilize us against ourselves under the banner of our fears?

3

THE causes of these phenomena have undoubtedly been many, and deep, and complex. One cannot attempt to recount them or to analyze them in the few brief moments we have at our disposal this morning. But among these possible causes there is one I should like particularly to mention as perhaps worth your attention at this time.

In the case of each of these disturbing situations I have spoken of, I wonder whether an appreciable portion of our difficulty has not been a certain philosophic error to which we twentieth-century Americans, for one reason or another, are prone. I am referring here to that peculiar form of American extremism which holds it possible that there should be such a thing as total security, and attaches overriding importance to the quest for it. A great deal of the impatience that underlies the growing despair in some quarters over the prospects for coping with world Communism by means short of large-scale violence seems to me to flow precisely from the illusion, no doubt bred by our nineteenth-century experience, that there could and should be such a thing as total military security for the United States, and that anything short of this is in the long run intolerable. And similarly, these frenzies many of us seem to have developed with respect to the problem of internal subversion — do they not reflect

a belief that it should be possible for a great power to free itself completely from the entire problem of penetration and intrigue in its life by outside forces and, again, that it is intolerable that this should not be done; so intolerable, in fact, that if it *is not* done, this must be attributed to some stubborn delinquency, if not treason, in the bowels of our public establishment?

If the evil of all this were limited to the fact that it does involve a certain philosophic error, that it causes people to bark up the wrong trees and occasions an inordinate and futile sort of effort, I would not bother to speak of it this morning. But the fact is that it bears dangers worse than any of these. Shakespeare described these dangers, in his inimitable way, in the following words: —

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark! what discord follows; . . .
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite, a universal wolf, . . .
Must make perforce a universal prey,
And last eat up himself.

There is something about this quest for absolute security that is self-defeating. It is an exercise which, like every form of perfectionism, undermines and destroys its own basic purpose. The French have their wonderful proverb: *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien* — the absolute best is the enemy of the good. Nothing truer has ever been said. A foreign policy aimed at the achievement of total security is the one thing I can think of that is entirely capable of bringing this country to a point where it will have no security at all. And a ruthless, reckless insistence on attempting to stamp out everything that could conceivably constitute a reflection of improper foreign influence in our national life, regardless of the actual damage it is doing or the cost of eliminating it, in terms of other American values, is the one thing I can think of that could reduce us all to a point where the very independence we are seeking to defend would be meaningless, for we would be doing things to ourselves as vicious and tyrannical as any that might be brought to us from outside.

This sort of extremism seems to me to hold particular danger for a democracy, because it creates a curious area between what is *held* to be possible and what *is* really possible — an area within which government can always be plausibly shown to have been most dangerously delinquent in the performance of its tasks. And this area, where government is always deficient, provides the ideal field of opportunity for every sort of demagoguery and mischief-making. It constitutes a terrible breach in the dike of our national morale, through which forces of doubt and suspicion never cease to find entry. The heart of our problem, here, lies in our assessment of the relative importance of the various

dangers among which we move; and until many of our people can be brought to understand that what we have to do is not to secure a total absence of danger but to balance peril against peril and to find the tolerable degree of each, we shall not wholly emerge from these confusions.

Now I renounced, at the outset of these remarks, any intention of peddling personal advice. But perhaps I may be permitted, in conclusion, to observe that these reflections are not without their relevance to the problems of the human individual.

In this personal existence of ours, bounded as it is at both ends by suffering and uncertainty, and constantly attended by the possibility of illness and accident and tragedy, total security is likewise a myth. Here, too, an anxious perfectionism can operate to destroy those real underpinnings of existence, founded in faith, modesty, humor, and a sense of relativity, on which alone a tolerable human existence can be built. The first criterion of a healthy spirit is the ability to walk cheerfully and sensibly amid the congenital uncertainties of exist-

ence, to recognize as natural the inevitable precariousness of the human condition, to accept this without being disoriented by it, and to live effectively and usefully in its shadow.

In welcoming you, then — as it is my privilege this morning to do — into the fellowship and responsibility of maturity, let me express the hope that in each of your lives, as individuals and as citizens, *le bien* may be permitted to triumph over its ancient and implacable enemy *le mieux*. And if any of your friends come to you with the message that the problems of public life have become intolerable and require some immediate and total solution, I think you might do well to bear in mind the reply which a distinguished European statesman, Bismarck, once gave to certain of his more impatient and perfectionist contemporaries, who wanted him to solve all his country's problems right away, and entirely. "Let us leave just a few tasks," Bismarck suggested, "for our children to perform; they might be so bored in this world, if they had nothing to do."



THE CANDLE

by WALTER DE LA MARE

DAY onto day
Life wastes and wanes,
Like a candle
Burning its wax away,
Till nought but charred wick
Remains.

Well, content would I be,
With a flame as still,
Some glint to have given
Whereby one who can see
Might work his inscrutable
Will:

If, perchance, long eternities
Hence, that strange mind
Might in trance
Of far-brooding memory turn,
To light me one instant — else
Blind.



A Londoner who cherishes every vestige of the cockney, WOLF MANKOWITZ graduated from Cambridge University and in a six-year period has established himself as one of the leading dealers in Wedgwood. Now in his late twenties, he writes as he pleases, dividing his time between authoritative studies of the Portland vase, plays for the London theatre, and fiction. His two latest novels, Make Me an Offer and A Kid for Two Farthings, were chosen by the Atlantic Monthly Book Club and are now in process of being filmed, the second under the direction of Sir Carol Reed. This is the first of a series of contributions from Mr. Mankowitz.

MY FATHER AS A DEALER

by WOLF MANKOWITZ

1

ON THURSDAYS, my father always went to an auction in Lillie Road, Fulham. The auction room led into a yard stacked with furniture no one ever bought. It stood there in the rain and the sleet, and now in the cold spring sunshine, quietly rotting. At the other end of the yard, steep wooden steps led down to a basement. Down there, round a stove, the auction porters ate their dinners off thick white plates brought over by a cross-eyed teaboy from a café down the road.

One Thursday, there was nothing in the auction cheap enough for my father to buy. He crossed the yard to the basement and sent the cross-eyed boy out for a cheese roll and a mug of tea. Then, as he slowly chewed the hard crust of the roll and listened to an old porter named Bert tell how they protected themselves against mustard gas poisoning at Ypres, he suddenly stopped worrying; which was anyway something he could usually do at the drop of an auctioneer's hammer.

With a cavalier gesture, he threw the remains of the cheese roll into the furnace, congratulated Bert on his anti-gas precautions, and went over to a pyramid of tea chests which all this time had tortured his curiosity. They contained a large quantity of lace edging — "cabbage," Bert told him, which the porters had "found."

When the foreman porter came back, he said, "I have seen in my time (and who hasn't) some dead lousy sales, but this sale is so dead lousy even the lice dropped dead waiting for something to happen." Then, on behalf of himself and his colleagues, he sold my father the lace for ten shillings a case, plus five bob for a pint all round. He even unpadlocked his tool chest and threw in a quantity of valuable brown paper and string. My father was expert in making parcels. The two enormous ones he made out of the lace were so heavy that

getting them onto the Underground train would have ruptured a horse. But man, said my father, has his unconquerable soul, and so he doesn't rupture so easily.

At that time, my father worked a lockup stall in East Ham Shopping Hall, a kind of semi-enclosed market, where the green shutters of the shops come down onto trestles to make stalls. Thursday was early-closing day, and when he rattled the gates of the market to call the boilerman to open up, there was no one around except a mangy dog, which, like the other stall-holders, somehow made a living.

"What you got there, Guv?" the boilerman asked.

My father, rubbing the weals the string had cut in his hands, said, "With luck, meat and potatoes for five for one month. Give us a hand, Charlie."

That Friday he passed happily sorting the lace. My mother held lengths of it round her sleeves, her neck, and the hem of her dress, because at one time she had worked as a trimmer in a clothing factory. In lace trimming she was, she kept pointing out (though she shouldn't say it herself), something of a connoisseur.

"Look at this, Solly," she said, putting a length of fine black lace round her hair. "Lace like this when I was a girl you couldn't buy for a pound a yard."

"And in those days," my father remembered, "a pound was real money. Not that it mattered, because who had it?"

Saturday was a big day in the market. This Saturday, my father's stall was eight inches deep in lace trimming, all at fourpence a yard.

The next few weeks, there wasn't a petticoat within five miles my father hadn't put lace trim-

ming on. He reckoned he had saved a lot of marriages and helped more than a few engagements.

"Come on, girls!" he shouted. "Three yards of black lace for a bob makes you a new woman!"

For a few weeks the tin biscuit box we threw the money into was half-full of sixpences and shillings and pennies. About half past ten in the evening, when business slacked off, I went to the Ocean Fish Bar with everybody's orders for chips with plenty of salt and vinegar. I ran back, my hands warm and damp from the vinegar soaking through the newspaper, the acrid smell of oiled newsprint making my mouth water. While we ate the chips we counted the money in the biscuit box, and I knew my father was at last rich because there were so many small piles of coins along the back edge of the stall.

As he tipped the coins into two bags — a gray one for silver and a blue one for copper — I said to him, "When I have my own stall I'll sell things like you do for pennies and sixpences, because that way you can see how rich you are." Then my father told me of the meaning of objects like lace and money and chips with plenty of vinegar.

Supposing you are starving, my father asked, what is the value of two pennyworth of chips? It saves your life. But is your life worth no more than twopence?

"Take three yards of this lace," he said, holding it out at arm's length. "A woman is miserable because there are too many children, the house has to be cleaned every day only to get dirty, the fire has to be made only to burn out. She feels old, older and older, every day the beat of a hammer nailing up the coffin of her life, daily. What's a piece of lace to such a woman? I'll tell you. On such a thing she can build a new life. It is frivolous as she has not been frivolous for years — extravagant as she thought she had forgotten how to be. From these things (and to be honest, there is no new life to be built) at least some sort of hope — for a short time, some touch of something. If you ask what difference will it make in the end, the answer is simple. No difference at all. But for the time being, it helps. How much is that help worth?"

Quick as a needle, I pointed out that three yards of lace at the present market price was one shilling. My father agreed, "The lace is worth a shilling, or more, or less. But what is the unthought-of moment in the time of such a woman's life worth?"

Then he concluded the lesson. "In all accounts, you must keep a margin for error. In life, there is a margin, a narrow margin, for vain errors like lace, and they have no value. They are consequently beyond value, valueless, priceless. As for these —" (and with quick movements he scooped the piles of coins into their proper bags) "as for these — these three are for the man who lent me the money to buy the lace; and these two pay the rent so that

the lace may be sold. And this one is for your mother to buy food; and these two are for me, so that I may buy some other error next week to sell again so that it will all go on and on."

2

For my father, no story ever had an end. When the lace was finished, he discovered wallpaper; and when the wallpaper had been pasted to a thousand walls, he bought fancy buttons, six on a card for three ha'pence. And when East Ham had enough fancy buttons on its coat, it was something else, and so (as he said) on, and on.

Because of this feeling he had for objects, that they were valuable for what they meant to people and for no other reason, my father found himself buying at the Lillie Road auction one Thursday morning several mixed lots of china and glass, and a basket containing a quantity of Egyptian antiquities. So easily can a dealer become an antique dealer, if he has this sense of value, not objective value.

RULE ONE: To be an antique dealer, you must know about subjective values — that is to say, what objects mean to people at the level of feeling. To be able to appraise an object at its current market value is not enough. You must be able to communicate to your clients the meaning of the object to you. If the operation is successful, your meaning communicates with his meaning; he suddenly wants to possess the object and a deal can be negotiated. Of course, at this point you must remember current market values.

My father's method of appraisal for a mixed lot was to look through it, decide how much someone might pay for the most exciting thing in it, and try to buy the lot for about that price. Sometimes no one came along who agreed with him about that particular object and he, as he put it, "fell in." The stall was always cluttered with strange junk which excited my father but no one else. But this, he said, is the way in which an antique dealer builds his stock. It took about a year, but in the end we had enough stock to reckon ourselves qualified junk dealers.

The junk is raw material, but if you can buy fresh merchandise every week, it will freshen up the junk, and perhaps sell it. More often the junk is a dead-weight background; it remains after the interesting things are sold. But when business or credit is not good enough, and he can't freshen up his stock, it is purely raw material for the dealer's free and enterprising imagination.

In East Ham Shopping Hall marble-topped washstands were always good basic merchandise, because although no one wanted them for washstands, they could be sold as washable kitchen tables, the marble might be taken off and sold for crazy-paving, and the frames converted into usable

dressing tables. But, for my father, marble-topped washstands were not a difficult enough test. They were a tedious concession to necessity, dull against the useless, fascinating lace trimming of life. To sell a lacquered image of the Chinese god of plenty to a customer who combined an exotic taste with an eye for a bargain was more uncertain and artistic. "Otherwise," my father said, "I might as well sell tinned onion soup." One week, as a matter of fact, he did sell three cases of tinned onion soup which had been in a fire. But it was with relief he returned to the Chinese god.

RULE TWO: *An antique dealer is a dealer like any other, except that he is not merely interested in exchanging goods against money. If he were, he would handle all merchandise with the same disinterest. It is because he has a characteristic prejudice in favor of Chinese gods that a dealer becomes an antique dealer rather than a chronic purveyor of canned onion soup.*

My father, like all natural-born dealers, suffered from buying compulsion associated with deflated credit—an occupational disease of the dealing classes. When I was not at school I went to the auctions with him. He always stood near the auctioneer's rostrum, his mouth turned down, his face expressionless, bidding with short jabs of his catalogue. When he stopped bidding and the auctioneer looked at him inquiringly, he shook his head and said quietly, "No more, thank you, sir." Sometimes he impulsively decided to continue bidding. Then he would say in a gentle voice, "Make it guineas, sir," and the price would go up to two pounds, two shillings.

Occasionally, carried away by the credit which regular buying at a particular auction room creates for a dealer, my father would discover that he had spent more than he had. Then, whistling the aria "Softly Awakes My Heart" from *Samson and Delilah* tunelessly through his teeth, he went back to the market to speak to one of three friends he had there who operated more regular businesses than he did.

One of these was a grocer, a short, round-faced man in a white coat who, on a Saturday night, auctioned off cut-price groceries with an explosive stutter. Another was a butcher, greatly respected as the most solvent man in the market. He wore a straw hat all the year round, changing the colored band on it to indicate which season was which. The third was an uncle of mine who had a fruit and vegetable stall where he did a fair business. Being a gambler on dog races, he was easy enough to borrow from if he happened to have won recently.

My father borrowed a check for the amount he needed, giving in return his own postdated check for the end of the next week. The system had its complex variations; but then, as my father pointed

out to my mother (who worried about money): "Finance is always the problem of an expanding economy; credit was invented by men who believe they will still be alive and working next week. Both of which I fully intend. Furthermore, how can I sell goods if I don't buy them first?"

RULE THREE: *You can sell goods best if you buy them first. If you have capital, things are much more straightforward; but a real dealer will deal even without capital. To be an antique dealer you must have an absolute conviction that what you buy today you will be here next week to sell at a profit. What my father did not at this time realize was that in dealing at the highest levels goods are frequently sold first and paid for afterwards. But this is just a more sophisticated version of the same basic credit system.*

My father had his own system. If he bought something at one pound and sold it at ten, he considered that he was working on a mere 10 per cent, meaning that 10 per cent of the total sum realized was the money that he worked with. On the other hand, if he bought something for five pounds and it kicked around for months until he finally sold it for two, he considered he had done very well. He would point out that keeping the item any longer could send him bankrupt paying rent to house it.

Another aspect of my father's system was his refusal to sell in bulk to other dealers, because he resented their assumption that they could sell his goods. He liked to believe that his goods were so eccentric that only he could ever sell them. If even he failed, he put them on one side. The market, he said, was not yet fit to accommodate these goods. Soon they would come into their own. Meanwhile the shelves at the back of the shop were choked with goods packed tight into boxes which my father labeled in chalk. The chalk rubbed off, and he forgot what was in the boxes. But by now he was too busy negotiating the future to be bothered with the debris of the past.

His system caused my father's business to expand until he had four shops in the same market, all choked with goods. One Sunday he and I were in the market unpacking a quantity of Bohemian colored glass vases we had unearthed recently in one of the remoter shops. I noticed that his expression was distracted; he was whistling "Softly Awakes My Heart," a certain sign of pending developments. Then he suddenly announced his intention of becoming a wholesaler. "All the time," he said, "I have been a wholesaler, and I only just realized it; but so impossible is it to go against one's own nature that here" (and he indicated the stuffed shelves in the background) "I have accumulated a wholesaler's stock without knowing it."

It was a magnificent theory, delivered with superb confidence in the hidden forces of a dealer's life. There was only one thing wrong with it. No

one wanted to buy the rubber soles and heels, the pepperpot lids, the tea cosies, and the leather bootlaces which the forgotten boxes contained.

RULE FOUR: *There is a difference in genus between retailing dealers and wholesalers. The general dealer (like my father) who pits his imagination against the intractability of unlikely merchandise is essentially a retailer. He operates best with a variety of different objects, about each of which he can build a different story. Your wholesaler is a man capable of calculating in a moment the difference between 12½ per cent less carriage, and 10 per cent plus carriage.*

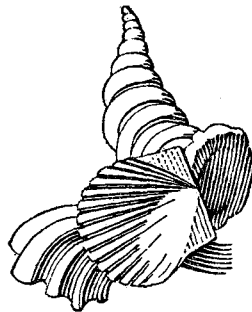
Alas, you can't wholesale against your nature. Useful goods in quantity are sold in a highly competitive market; once you have supplied your retail public with useful goods at cut prices, you may as well throw the balance of your stock away. "Or," my father said, unbowed, "why not take it to another market?"

He at once bought a small lorry for twelve pounds. Loaded with the excess, it visited the markets in such provincial places as Romford, Catford, and Lewisham. At one time or another I went to all of them, but I remember Romford best because when we had eggs on chips there, they were goose eggs. Maybe geese did well in Romford. My father didn't. The van drank oil with an alcoholic's unconcern for wear and tear on the financial system. On a good stretch of road it made about fifteen miles to the gallon, complaining constantly. The radiator leaked, steaming like a boiled pudding; something called the big end knocked; the gear change ground. It was a secondhand van special for secondhand dealers. It broke down, always in the middle of traffic. When we arrived at the market, the best pitches were gone.

Travel didn't broaden my father's turnover, but it brought him into touch with people who had junk to sell. He kept himself busy during the trade recessions calling at private houses in the locality — on "the knocker," as we called it. Traveling markets and buying junk led inevitably to a pitch on the stones in the Caledonian Market, a vast bazaar of bric-a-brac which bombs and the shortage of goods destroyed soon after my father started to use it. If he had started five years earlier, he might have become a successful antique dealer. As it was, he remained an unsuccessful antique dealer. In the first few months of the war, the four pounds a week a professional air raid warden was paid began to look like a good living to him. The market was empty — trade was a post-war credit, and the war had barely started. But it had already been there long enough to show that prices for things which you couldn't eat, or drink, or hide in were fictitious. Consequently antique dealers of all sizes found themselves in difficulties. The great trade secret was out.

RULE FIVE: *The great secret of the antique trade is simply that all values other than aesthetic are approximate. That is to say, they are approximated as nearly as a dealer can guess to what the buyer with an aesthetic inclination towards a particular nonuseful object can pay for it.*

My father had always poetically comprehended the facts of dealing life, and I started as an antique dealer aware of them in the same vague way — as in a relay race, the baton is snatched by a fresh man from one who has already covered the toughest section of the course; but it's the same baton. The war, however, stopped play for the time being. When we got back to the game a few years later, it was faster, but the rules hadn't changed.





In the July Atlantic we published a challenging paper, "A Psychiatrist's Choice," written by one of England's most distinguished psychiatrists, the author of standard works in his field and a man who has won recognition as a teacher. Now, in his second paper, he discusses the relationship between physical methods of psychiatric treatment and some of the valuable techniques of spiritual healing. The name of the writer is withheld for reasons of medical ethics. It cannot be disclosed to inquirers, nor can personal questions of a professional nature be passed on to the author; but we shall be glad to publish the more pertinent comments in the Atlantic Repartee.

PSYCHIATRY AND SPIRITUAL HEALING

ANONYMOUS

I

WE HAVE recently seen the emergence of varied forms of physical treatment of the mind which can, among their other uses, change those tortured by feelings of guilt about past actions, the prey of endless moral scruples and pre-occupied perhaps day and night with feelings of inadequacy in regard to their social and religious behavior, into happy people again, able to practice their true religion and carry out their everyday social obligations in a much more normal way. Philosophical problems of a tremendous magnitude have been created, and I shall try to avoid most of these. I shall only take it as an assumption that no truly great religion in history has despised physical means to the attainment of spiritual grace — rather it has generally incorporated such means into its various disciplines. Fasting, exercises in breathing, the deliberate production of states of intense emotional and physiological excitement, and in more primitive religions the use of drugs, have all been put to religious uses to make people more amenable to the reception of better attitudes to life, or to fix more firmly in the mind certain basic truths imported by those in religious authority over them.

I want to examine first of all the physical aspects of some of these religious healing methods. For I believe that the churches have lost much of their old power to change men's lives because of their present neglect of the way in which Wesley, for instance, was able to change the face of a large part of England by the use of what I think were physiological as well as psychological aids to the attainment of spiritual grace. In some of the sudden and abrupt conversion phenomena produced, one may see, perhaps, a vital connecting link between our present physical methods of treatment in psychiatry and some of the really effective methods of mental

healing which have been practiced down the centuries by certain men of God.

My main qualification to speak on such matters lies in my own personal awareness of, and interest in, the possibilities of both the religious and the physical approaches to the prevention and cure of psychiatric disorders, and the possible interrelation of some of these. I witnessed in my own father the personal acquirement of a firm spiritual faith which enabled him to rise above business troubles which he would only have surmounted with great difficulty without this faith. I have seen what amounted to a conversion experience occur in one of my own brothers, which has left him years later perhaps the most levelheaded and socially constructive member of my own family. He is working now as a bishop of one of the churches of our Commonwealth. On my mother's side, many eminent preachers, and one president of the Methodist Conference, contributed to both my heredity and my early upbringing.

As a child I also met those who had been truly rescued by the old revival services from the depths of alcoholic despair and evil living, and given a new Christian faith that had kept them mentally stable and well for years after. In America, after the last war, I was therefore specially interested to study some of the religious revival methods, sometimes carried to that vast country from England and still practiced there, though almost totally neglected now in this country by the very churches which originally became so powerful because of their use. Their obvious power to help some of the mentally and spiritually ill should again make them specially important today to those who feel that their own present preaching methods are often achieving so very little.

My own professional life as a doctor, however,

has been spent more in studying those physical and psychological methods of treatment which can often produce similar mental miracles, if they can be designated as such, while still continuing the search for common physical and psychological factors which I believe to be at work in many varied disciplines of mental healing. John Wesley himself speculated on such matters. He certainly often produced, consciously or unconsciously, older versions of psychological and physiological shock therapies to religious ends. He even commented on the part possibly played by physical factors in genuine spiritual conversion experiences. "How easy it is to suppose," he wrote, "that strong, lively and sudden apprehension of the hideousness of sin and the wrath of God and the bitter pains of eternal death should affect the body as well as the soul, suspending the present laws of vital union and interrupting or disturbing the ordinary circulation and putting nature out of its course."

Only one great religious leader has, in fact, discovered the secret of altering the face of England in a generation in the last three centuries, and this was John Wesley. We should therefore study afresh some of the forceful methods he employed. He often brought about physical effects by his preaching, which are now laughed at and scorned by his successors, but seem extremely pertinent in view of the recent successes of shock treatments in psychiatry. The eighteenth century has been called the Age of Reason, but paradoxically it needed Wesley, with his special techniques aimed at the emotions, to produce the really dramatic changes in outlook on life of so many of the ordinary people of Great Britain. I venture to predict that in this new era of attempted appeal to man's religious reason rather than his emotions, it will again be only with a return to somewhat similar methods in modernized form that a true revival of the art of spiritual healing and conversion will occur. The real danger is that such methods can be so overwhelmingly powerful in their effects and that they can be used to assist the forces of evil as well as of good. For modern medical research is showing that alterations in a person's emotional and physiological state can, in fact, alter the whole functioning of mind and body, and also alter profoundly intellectual judgment and balance.

2

WHEN I entered psychiatry, for instance, I was taught, among other theories, that schizophrenia or "split mind" was a subconsciously motivated withdrawal from reality on the individual's part because he wished to evade life's problems. This attractive theoretical concept was very rudely shattered for me and many others when, after repeated periods of induced mental confusion and excitement leading on to deep unconsciousness, and

brought about by a temporary lowering of the blood sugar with large doses of insulin, the patient might suddenly emerge from his fantasy world of delusion and horror, and seem very much pleased to be well again and to be able to set about the daily task of living. Insulin coma treatment has now been shown to be perhaps the most effective way of obtaining the maximum number of remissions in early cases of schizophrenia of all of the methods of treatment in use at the present time. The time factor in treatment is also of supreme importance. While up to 70 per cent of patients may be brought into remission in the first few weeks or months of the illness by insulin treatment, combined if necessary with electrical shock treatment, at the end of two years of continued illness the percentage of recoveries sinks to a much lower figure. These facts in regard to insulin are now reasonably well established; therefore, a special burden is placed on all who use spiritual healing methods to recognize such illnesses and to help get them to a hospital for insulin coma therapy as early as possible.

In schizophrenia, one sometimes comes very near to some of the ecstatic states reported by the saints of old. The individual not only may see the outside world through a distorting mirror, but becomes intensely preoccupied with his own internal feelings and thoughts. It is not strange, therefore, that some of the finest poetry, some of the eternal verities, and some of the great contributions to art, science, religion, and philosophy have been contributed by those who have had such illnesses, or in whom a few of the symptoms have been present without the full development of the disease. But to most ordinary sufferers it may mean a life in which they seem finally at the mercy of apparently uncontrollable impulses or sinister influences from without or within themselves. Voices talk to them day or night which may seem to be good or evil. God perhaps seems to be damning them, or the devil has taken them for his own. Much more rarely does a patient experience delusions and hallucinations of a consistently pleasant type, so that happiness is achieved where it was absent before illness. Hell on earth is much too frequently their undeserved fate for up to thirty years or more.

Because of the commonness of symptoms of mental depression — including the sudden or gradual onset of guilt feelings, preoccupation with past sins, exaggerated feelings of unworthiness, mental rumination on worries in the past or possible disasters in the future — electric shock treatment is much more talked about by the public than is the insulin treatment of schizophrenia. I spent some years in psychiatry before the introduction of this treatment. I remember having to watch people whose lives had been spent in helping others, who were the most conscientious of persons, whose good works were obvious to all who knew them, but who,

nevertheless, had developed an attack of severe mental depression. They would start to torture themselves with past remembrances of minor sins, and be filled with the most terrible forebodings about the future. Their suffering was often so unbearable that many attempted to destroy themselves after a time, in full realization that this might mean eternal damnation, which they now often felt they more than fully deserved. The cardinal feature of the illness — and many may have seen its occurrence in friends and relatives — is that it is completely unamenable to intellectual reasoning or spiritual consolation. Whether the environment remains bad or good, the depressive ideas also persist. Now the introduction of electric shock therapy has meant that many such patients can be got well in as little as a month from the commencement of the treatment.

The success of convulsion therapy in selected states of depression has led to its frequent and often unsuccessful use in other states of neurosis and psychosis. Religion, like psychiatry, makes similar mistakes in thinking that a method helpful to one special group can be applied liberally to all and sundry. Why is it that an illness in which ideas of guilt and past sins figure so largely can now be so easily dispersed by a purely physical method of treatment, while proving so resistant to all other treatments provided by religion or psychotherapy; and why does the same treatment so often fail where anxiety rather than depression is more prominent in the total picture, and the sleep rhythm and mood show a different pattern of abnormality, even though some of the thought content may be similar?

We are on very difficult philosophic ground here. We certainly do not yet know all the answers. John Wesley, however, sometimes produced what amounted to shock phenomena for the relief of spiritual depressions that had not reached the stage of melancholia, and I can also assure you that in the southern states of America some revivalist methods can even produce physical shock and convulsive phenomena coming fairly near to what is achieved by passing an electrical current through the brain and producing a fit, which is the essence of the modern electric shock treatment of depression. While in the United States, I saw a patient who reported cure of two attacks of milder depression by such revival meetings, but who needed electrical shock treatment for a third more severe attack. Her faith was not destroyed, because she knew that God had made this alternative method available to her.

3

I now come to another physical treatment that has aroused much more controversy: namely, the brain operation of leucotomy. Its introduction and

use have proved an uphill struggle in England in the last twelve years. It has had to bear with periodic attack from some religious bodies and philosophical theorists alike. But there has always been the constant encouragement of numerous patients whose whole lives have been altered for the better by it and from their relatives. Around 10,000 operations have now been performed in England, and wherever it has been used, either here or abroad, about a third of hitherto incurable patients have been able to leave mental hospitals. Even better results are obtained in less ill patients. It must also be emphasized that the patients who do best are those who are undergoing the greatest mental anxiety and suffering. The presence of what has been called unremitting "tortured self-concern" has been picked out by one American writer as the supreme indication for this operation. Self-concern and self-examination are good for the soul, but when this becomes so severe, prolonged, and intolerable that the individual is completely incapacitated by it, it ceases to serve any useful purpose except to make him pray for the afterlife even if he is very uncertain what it will be like for him.

Some severe criticisms have been made about the results of this operation. It has even been said that the soul can be destroyed. But one can say definitely from long experience that normal religious beliefs and attitudes are not usually destroyed, especially with the new modified forms of operations now being increasingly used in such patients. On the contrary, many patients have had their religious faith heightened by their cure. The capacity to develop a religious fanaticism is often reduced by leucotomy. More normal attitudes to religion may be adopted, since the individual does tend to become rather more matter-of-fact in most things.

The operation is certainly never done lightly, and is used only when all other methods hold out little hope and the patient's suffering has become intolerable and apparently endless. A price has sometimes to be paid in the adoption of more practical and concrete attitudes, and in living more in the present and less in constant preoccupation with past sins and future punishments. Religion, however, also sets out to help people to obtain *just this sort of relief* from their overwhelming anxieties by its own particular methods. Furthermore, we know that the intellectual faculties of the average mind are not altered, especially by the newer forms of operation, and the improvements occur mostly in the crippling emotional accompaniments of the patient's illness.

Leucotomy helps some patients with schizophrenia resistant to all other methods; it may relieve the tortures of continued depression that has not responded to convulsive therapy; and it is interesting from a religious angle in its effects on patients subject to excessive scruples, obsessional

rituals, and chronic pathological anxiety. These persons are often plagued by habits needing constant useless repetition, or tortured by obsessive thoughts which cannot be cast out of the mind. We all know how some of these patients are absolutely resistant to all psychological and religious methods of healing, which should help them in theory but actually fail to do so in practice.

4

Now come, perhaps, to the most difficult problem of all: an attempt to link such treatments to some provenly effective religious practices in spiritual healing.

The three physical treatments discussed have one interesting common factor. In the mentally ill they can disperse recently acquired or deeply set patterns of thought and behavior, and either allow all patterns to return or new ones to be put in their place. Shock treatments and leucotomy, to use Wesley's own words, "suspend vital union, interrupt the circulation, and put nature out of its course," just as he felt his preaching sometimes did when he could produce "a strong, lively and sudden apprehension of the hideousness of sin and wrath of God and the bitter pains of eternal death." Leucotomy can more effectively break up very long-standing patterns of abnormal behavior or thought while insulin coma and electrical treatment work better in more recently ill patients. They are mostly used in those types of patient that we know to be resistant to ordinary psychological methods of healing.

When we understand more about psychiatric illness, we are certain to find that many mentally ill patients have at the time a more rigidly acting brain and nervous system than the normal. Normal people, so-called, in any community are generally those more easily molded to current beliefs and behavior without the need to resort to such drastic methods of displacing old patterns of thought and behavior with new. But I should like to call your attention to Wesley's repeated observation that final changes of heart and belief should generally be sudden, and overwhelming, to be effective in most instances. Perhaps he had grasped the fact that the nervous system has generally to be put into a highly charged emotional state before old habits of thought can be effectively disrupted and new conceptions of God are able to flood in and grip the person concerned. This does not mean that before a sudden change to new beliefs and behavior there may not also have to be a long preliminary period of generalized anxiety, self-questioning, and indecision, all producing a softening-up of the patient prior to his sudden acceptance of a new way of life very foreign to his previous one.

It is important to notice the similarities seen in

the technique of psychoanalysis, where for months the individual may be made to lie on a couch and be subjected to the often unpleasant rearousal of previously frightening and guilt-laden stimuli in his past life. Tension gradually mounts, the individual is emotionally thrown more and more off his normal balance, and a stage is finally reached when he will start to accept interpretations of his conduct and past life which would have been quite unacceptable to him before. He then finally gains what is called "insight." I saw this same basic guilt-creating, anxiety-creating, and softening-up process being streamlined and sometimes used with tremendous effect in American revival meetings, leading at the end to a sudden submission and quite uncritical acceptance of the new beliefs desired by those in charge of such meetings. During the war we also learned how to facilitate this process by means of drugs in treatment, and the Russians have obviously perfected it. Fasting and other debilitating procedures have been used throughout the ages for the purpose of softening up the individual and making him more sensitive to external psychological influences or to his inner spiritual conscience. Fear-provoking techniques are sometimes necessary. They can be used for wrong purposes as well as good. Human beings could never have adjusted to their changing conditions unless the "normal" brain had had these powers of final submission under great emotional stress incorporated into its basic mechanisms. Some people, however, are much more difficult to change than others, and many mentally ill persons are among these.

It was a comparison between the results of what we called drug abreactive treatments in the last war, when the so-called "truth drugs" were injected and soldiers were often greatly helped by being made to relive emotionally their horrifying battle experiences, and some of the detailed reports by John Wesley himself about the effects of his preaching that made me specially interested in the relation of modern physical treatments and some older and often most effective types of religious healing procedures. Let me give you two quotations.

Grinker and Spiegel, describing the effects of abreaction under barbiturate drugs in 1943, in the treatment of acute war neuroses, report:—

The terror exhibited . . . is electrifying to watch. The body becomes increasingly tense and rigid; the eyes widen and the pupils dilate, while the skin becomes covered with a fine perspiration. The hands move convulsively. . . . Breathing becomes incredibly rapid or shallow. The intensity of the emotion sometimes becomes more than they can bear; and frequently at the height of the reaction there is a collapse and the patient falls back in the bed and remains quiet for a few minutes. . . .

Over two hundred years ago Wesley, on April 30, 1739, reported:—

We understood that many were offended at the cries of those on whom the power of God came; among whom was a physician, who was much afraid that there might be fraud or imposture in the case. Today one whom he had known many years was the first who broke into strong cries and tears. He could hardly believe his own eyes and ears. He went and stood close to her, and observed every symptom, till great drops of sweat ran down her face and all her bones shook. He then knew not what to think, being clearly convinced it was not fraud nor yet any natural disorder. But when both her soul and body were healed in a moment, he acknowledged the finger of God.

Grinker and Spiegel, reporting their results, state:—

... The stuporous become alert, the mute can talk, the deaf can hear, the paralysed can move, and the terror stricken psychotics become well organised individuals.

Wesley, reporting his, states:—

I will show you him that was a lion till then, and is now a lamb; him that was a drunkard, and is now exemplarily sober; the whoremonger that was, who now abhors the very garment spotted by the flesh.

Grinker and Spiegel saw in their results a confirmation of Freud's theories and a "freeing of the ego." Wesley, however, was equally certain that it was "the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." Possible physiological mechanisms, also, should not be ignored.

Provided suitable methods are used, it is often possible to arouse a state of nervous excitement psychologically as well as physically, which may have the effect of temporarily causing states of increased suggestibility and transference, and can also help in the destruction of undesirable patterns of thought and behavior. This seems most easily accomplished if, as in the case of insulin coma therapy, convulsion therapy, and drug abreaction, for instance, brain excitement can be progressively stimulated to a point at which the higher brain centers reach the limit of their capacity to respond and then switch to a state of temporary inhibition. Wesley reports repeatedly that by preaching alone such results could be obtained, so that, prior to final sudden conversion, many persons might drop down as though dead and be temporarily deprived of their senses. He achieved this by not letting the audience forget the stark alternatives facing them there and then of eternal damnation or salvation by faith.

A somewhat similar phenomenon was also reported by Pavlov in his animal experiments. He, too, found that, if an animal could be excited to a

point of producing a state of temporary cortical inhibition, previously implanted conditioned behavior patterns in the nervous system might be destroyed and the ground thus more easily prepared for new ones to be put in their place. In America, I found that such states of emotional excitement and collapse were, in fact, being quite deliberately induced at some revival meetings and were even referred to as "wiping the slate clean" prior to the acceptance of the new beliefs desired. Brain-washing behind the iron curtain also seems to include these basic physiological mechanisms.

In physical treatments, psychotherapy, and religious healing, techniques, which I believe overlap each other to some extent, can be applied slowly or more speedily, and in greater or lesser amounts as patients require; while there are other types of person only helped by a calm intellectual approach. The results obtained will often depend on the selection of the right patient for the right method of handling.

One other point I would specially emphasize is the absolute necessity of carefully reconditioning and supporting an emotionally disturbed and re-directed patient till new stability is gained. Wesley succeeded where so many others have failed, using similar methods, because of the great importance he attached to organizing and making his recent converts attend small weekly "class meetings." Here, if his original instructions are reread, his converts were indoctrinated, their personal problems repeatedly discussed, and unsatisfactory persons discovered and weeded out after their initial conversion experience. Physical treatments in psychiatry also need follow-up psychotherapy and environmental support to be most helpful in many instances.

Psychiatry, however, often lacks what spiritual healing may have; this is something that is really positive and satisfying to put in place of old and faulty patterns of behavior and thoughts displaced. It is the parable of the seven devils all over again. I therefore feel I need make no apology for discussing these recent advances in physical methods of treatment in psychiatry in the way I have because I believe they may have a most important bearing on current problems in spiritual healing, and both may overlap at times. Psychiatrists and those interested in spiritual healing have much to learn from one another, and we must realize that because there are so many varieties and conditions of mankind, and many varied types of illness, quite different methods, or combinations of methods, will always have to be employed in actual practice to provide spiritual peace for the great numbers of persons needing it today.



An Atlantic Story



A graduate of Exeter and Harvard, RICHARD BISSELL knows our inland waterways — the Ohio, the Missouri, and the Mississippi (on all of which he holds a pilot's license) — as well as Mark Twain knew them seventy-five years ago. From this river experience came the source material for his first novel, *A Stretch on the River*; his second, *7½ Cents*, the story of a strike in a pajama factory, has been converted into a highly successful musical comedy, *The Pajama Game*; and his third, *High Water*, will make its debut in September under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

A NICE COOL DRINK ON THE PORCH

by RICHARD BISSELL

HERE'S the way Aunt Roma operates. First she called up my wife Alice and said she wanted to "do something about Margie Henshaw and her children. I think it's perfectly awful about George being in Manila." Manila is what she calls Korea. "I think I'll have her and the children out on the summer porch for a cool drink. I think it would be nice if you came too. I had thought of Wednesday but maybe tomorrow would be better. Or would Thursday be better for you? Why don't I call Margie first and then call you back?"

"Any time but Thursday would be fine," Alice says.

Fifteen minutes later Aunt Roma calls up and says the big "cool drink on the summer porch" affair will be Thursday afternoon. Alice explains that that's the only time she can't come. Aunt Roma calls Margie back and tells her Alice can't come on Thursday and it'll be Wednesday. Then she calls Alice and tells her that she has told Margie. Then she calls Margie again and tells her that she has explained the change to Alice.

The next morning while Alice is making bread and is doused in flour Aunt Roma calls and changes the time from 4.00 P.M. to 3.30. That afternoon, just as Alice has got the boys off to school, dishes washed, wash sprinkled, small daughter installed in room with toys, baby off to afternoon land of Nod, and has lain down for a rest, the phone rings and it is Aunt Roma. She changes the hour for the colossal summer porch jamboree back to 4.00 P.M. The baby wakes up and begins to holler.

Finally the affair comes off, after two or three telephone crises on the day of the big fiesta as to who is coming in whose car. Margie tells all about Manila, and the kids each have a brownie and a glass of ginger ale and overturn something and want to go to the bathroom — it is some big social event and the Northwestern Bell Telephone system gets a couple of hours rest and ought to have a brownie also.

That evening Aunt Roma calls Margie just as she is in the midst of feeding the kids their supper and tells her how much she enjoyed the children and hearing about Manila. Then she calls Alice, who is trying to get some Pabulum into the baby while the boys tease their little sister, and tells her what a lark it was but isn't little George Junior rather peaked-looking?

The next morning our real-life drama jerks to a start again when Margie calls Alice about some baby question and in conversation says, "Georgie apparently lost the belt to his coat at Aunt Roma's yesterday."

"Oh dear," says Alice. "Well, my advice is to forget it. Buy him a new belt or throw the coat away."

"Why, whatever do you mean by that?" Margie asks.

"That's my advice is all," Alice says.

But before Margie can decide whether to telephone Aunt Roma or to drive out for the belt, the phone rings and Guess Who?

She says she has found a belt, belonging to one of the children no doubt. Margie says oh good, glad

to hear it is found and she will drop by soon to pick it up.

That seems to be satisfactory and Margie says what a lovely time she had at the summer porch party and hangs up presently.

Two days later I am sitting in my office in the factory arguing with one of the foremen when the elevator boy brings in a brown envelope and gives it to me. After the foreman goes out I look at it and it is addressed to Margie Henshaw and has one of Aunt Roma's little return-address gummed stickers up on the corner. Inside there is a small-size wool belt with a cheap nickel-plated buckle on it. There are no stamps on the envelope.

Aunt Roma had fixed it up ready to mail, I realized, and then decided to save six cents postage and bring some drama into the return of the belt by giving it to Uncle Harold to give to his secretary to give to the office boy to give to the elevator boy to give to me to give to Alice to give to Margie. I was feeling pretty peevish after my talk with the foreman, so when the elevator boy made his rounds again I gave the package to him and told him to put it in Uncle Harold's mail basket, that there must be some mistake.

The next morning the envelope with the small woolen belt was in with my morning mail with a note in Uncle Harold's handwriting pinned to it. Note said, "Margie H. will call at your house for this."

Meanwhile the telephone at Margie's house had been very active, with belt calls from Aunt Roma

running as high as three a day. Alice had two and possibly more but was out in the yard hanging up wash, so may have missed scoring on some.

I pinned a note on the envelope which said, "Margie H. says she will call at your house," and sent it back to Uncle Harold.

That evening Margie came over after The Belt.

"Aunt Roma called me *several* times," she said, collapsing and accepting a cup of coffee.

"I told you it would be this way," Alice said.

"But isn't the belt here?" Margie asked.

"Richard with his usual sunny spirits sent it back to Uncle Harold," Alice said. "I suppose he took it home and it's out at Aunt Roma's again."

The next morning Margie loaded her kids in the car and drove out to Aunt Roma's to get the belt. As she drove down Grandview Avenue she passed Uncle Harold, on the other side of the parkway, driving in the opposite direction instead of going down Dodge Street as usual. About the same moment that Aunt Roma's housemaid was opening the front door to Margie, Uncle Harold arrived at our house and presented Alice with a brown-paper parcel containing a small-size wool belt with a cheap nickel-plated buckle on it.

Margie didn't get over to our house that day, and the next day she got the telegram about George and moved to San Francisco.

The parcel with the belt in it is on the top shelf of the pantry behind some fruit jars. Alice says who knows, Margie might move back to Dubuque someday.



THE ROOSTER

by JOHN HAY

Oh Cockalorum, pure red man,
 Nobody's pet, yelling as clear
 As autumn leaves the light herds in
 To flaming yards, when is the year
 Of doomsday's ball of fire?
 Where on earth has heaven been?
 We were waiting for the choir.
 You saw which way the sunrise blew;
 You belled it in, and in, and in —
 "Cock-a-doodle-doo! No time for you!"



Perhaps because he was reared on a farm in Utah, GRANT CANNON has never lost his love of the soil and his concern for the welfare of this growing country. During the war he served as a combat intelligence officer with the Fifth Air Force, and after his discharge he returned to Ohio to become Managing Editor of the Farm Quarterly and to continue his study of all aspects of Conservation. In the Atlantic for last September he wrote of the new nitrogen fertilizers which have had such a stimulating effect. Now he addresses himself to one of the most precious of our natural assets — water — and how to maintain an unfailing supply.

REFILLING OUR WELLS

by GRANT CANNON

I

ON the giant King Ranch which stretches over the arid Gulf plain of Texas, the Klebergs, who own the ranch, have built a 1500-acre lake with the intention of pouring the water down a rathole. Near the dam that holds this vast pond, they have drilled a deep well. The water from the lake is piped to the well, filtered to remove silt, and pumped down the well to spread through the water-bearing sands deep in the earth. Here the water is held without evaporation and moves under the million acres of the ranch to replenish the hundreds of windmills that pump water for the livestock.

Since the dam was built, they have collected only enough water for one such effort to recharge the underground aquifer or reservoir. Though the pressure of the windmill wells for miles around seemed to have been built up slightly by this first try, the Klebergs are not yet ready to claim even a limited victory over the drought. They do know, however, that in other parts of the country methods such as this have helped save some of the vast amount of precious water that flows from the land where it is needed into the sea.

Just how precious water is may be summed up in a few figures. We are now using around 175 billion gallons of water a day — four times as much as we did fifty years ago when our population was only half as large. In another twenty-five years, hydrologists estimate, we will be using twice as much water as we do today. If the hydrologists are right — and these students of our water problems tend to be conservative — water will probably be the most important single factor in determining the location as well as the future growth of industry.

Of our total water supply, underground water sources offer the greatest opportunity for exploitation and development. In some sections of the country these reservoirs are not used to the extent

that they might be. In other areas their use could be increased by artificially recharging them during those seasons when our surface water supply is so abundant that it creates a problem in drainage or a threat of flood. Essentially these aquifers are great rock sponges — beds of sand or gravel or other rock material which is porous enough to permit water to flow through it. They generally lie parallel to the earth's surface or on a slight downward slope. They may be covered partly or almost entirely by layers of clay or shale which do not permit the surface water to reach them, but usually there is an area where the surface water can percolate down to the aquifer and then flow laterally to a point of discharge such as a spring, a river, a gully, or the ocean. When water flows through a downward-sloping aquifer which is topped by an impervious layer, as at the King Ranch, considerable pressure is built up; and when this roof is punctured by a well the water will flow up above the aquifer and may shoot up several feet above the land surface as a flowing well.

In the great natural water cycle — the evaporation of the water from the sea, its wind-blown movement over the land and the fall upon the land either as rain or snow, and its passage back to the sea as runoff or into the air through evaporation — in this eternal giving and taking away, the aquifer acts as a stabilizer. Where the surface water rushes down the streams into the rivers and on to the sea or into a lake or pond where evaporation takes place, the ground water percolates slowly into the aquifer and inches its way through the porous material to an outlet. These outlets in the interior of the country supply our rivers and streams with a great part of their water and keep them running during times of little rain.

The way in which water enters an aquifer and

flows through it is of great importance to hydrologists in formulating plans for better water use and in making recommendations for water laws. They have learned that even in areas where water can percolate down into the aquifer, the topsoil has first right to the rain or melted snow. Only when this upper layer of soil is fully saturated is water available to seep down and recharge the aquifer below.

The rate of flow of the water through the aquifer is another problem which is being given study. The size of the aquifer, the materials which compose it, and the amount of pumping from it all influence its rate of flow. In the northern Great Plains, for example, parts of the Dakotas, Minnesota, and Iowa are underlain by one of the most extensive water-bearing formations in this country — the Dakota sandstone aquifer. In some places the water travels through this great slab for a distance of 300 miles between the natural recharge area in the Rocky Mountain foothills and the wells in Iowa. When wells were first drilled through the shale cap some seventy years ago, the pressure was so great that the flowing water was used to power water wheels. With thousands of wells tapping this great source — there are a reported 10,000 in North Dakota alone — the flow has steadily decreased. When the first wells were sunk the pressure was sufficient to raise the water anywhere from 200 to 400 feet above the surface; today those wells which still flow produce but 3 or 4 gallons a minute, and in most places water must be pumped from the aquifer.

The slow movement of the water in the aquifer is responsible for a curious phenomenon. As the water is pumped up through the screened end of a deep well pipe, it is pulled up the pipe faster than it can flow through the porous material, and immediately around the pipe the water table falls or, if you can think only of the liquid in the aquifer, a dent is formed in it. As this waterless dent is deepened it forms a cone — called a cone of depression by hydrologists — which in turn creates a downgrade for all the water around it so that its flow through the aquifer is quickened. A group of wells in a municipal or industrial well field will create a composite cone of depression.

This downward cone within the aquifer has caused one of our major problems in underground water storage. When overpumping takes place in Illinois, or New Mexico, or any of the inland parts of the country, the water table drops until the cost of pumping is so great that the well is abandoned either permanently or until the aquifer is refilled. When such a cone of depression is created near the coast, however, sea water may be drawn into the porous material, contaminating the remaining fresh water and ruining the aquifer itself with salt deposits.

So far there has been no sea-water contamination

of the water on the King Ranch. This is a danger, however, since the cone of depression caused by pumping at Kingsville and on the ranch brings a flow of water from the Gulf of Mexico side of the aquifer as well as from the west. Logs kept by the well drillers who have punched down hundreds of water and oil wells in this area have given the geologists a good picture of the water-bearing formations that lie beneath the surface. The shallowest are mere sand-filled pockets which hold the rain. Below these pockets, about a hundred feet from the surface, is a shallow fresh-water stratum underlain by a salt-water aquifer believed to have once been a salt-water lake which was filled with sand and gravel over the centuries. The most important aquifer — the one the Klebergs are trying to recharge from their lake — is a layer of sand from 10 to 150 feet thick lying from 400 to 700 feet beneath the surface. It is a great strip some 30 miles wide which runs east from its natural recharge area to the edge of the continental shelf in the Gulf of Mexico. The water flows through this layer of sand at the rate of 3 million gallons a day, but when the U.S. Geological Survey measured it in 1934, it was being pumped out at better than 4 million gallons a day. The usage rate is probably considerably higher today.

2

THE effort to make up this deficit by catching the surface water and recharging the aquifer artificially through a well was costly and daring. It must have been an enormous temptation during the blistering dry summer of 1953 to pipe the lake water to the ranch headquarters and the watering troughs instead of risking losing it in the sands below. But the advantages of underground storage, if the gamble works, are enormous. Not a penny need be spent on extra pipe, for the water will flow through the sand to the windmills which pump it directly into the watering tanks. An even greater advantage is that where the lake would lose thousands of gallons of water each day from evaporation, the sun will not draw a drop of water directly from the aquifer. True, the city of Kingsville will pump some of this recharge water into its water system before the windmills can draw it out for the ranch; but Kingsville would be drawing water out from beneath the ranch whether the Klebergs recharged or not.

An example of how permanently water can be held in some aquifers can be seen at Fessenden, North Dakota. This town of less than 1000 population has drawn its water from three lens-shaped gravel aquifers which are not known to have either recharge areas or natural outlets. Geologists believe that the sand and gravel and the water itself may have been left there by the receding glacier thousands of years ago and remained pure and

fresh until tapped at the turn of the century. One of these lenses supplied the town with water for twenty years before the other two were discovered to supplement the dwindling supply. These aquifers were eventually pumped dry, and the village hauled its water until it found the shallow aquifer that is being pumped at the present time. The old, depleted aquifers could now be recharged on a long-term basis. They offer a unique opportunity for permanent storage to fill future needs.

In the country as a whole, underground sources provide us with around 15 to 20 per cent of our total water for irrigation and for industrial, municipal, and domestic use. But the demand for water from this source is increasing even faster than the demand for surface water. It is generally cooler, purer — that is, freer from bacterial contamination — and more uniform in temperature and chemical quality than surface water. These are qualities which make ground water particularly desirable for industrial purposes. And industry is far and away the heaviest user of water. It takes, for example, 65,000 gallons of water to produce a ton of steel (and America now produces around 100 million tons a year) and 40,000 gallons to make a ton of wood pulp for paper. Each automobile that comes off the assembly line represents over 100,000 gallons of water used, and 20 more gallons are required for the refining of a gallon of oil to make gasoline and lubricant to run it. The importance of low-temperature ground water is emphasized by the fact that 75 per cent of all water used in industry is needed for cooling or in exchange for heat.

When industry uses water, it returns most of it to our streams — along with a pollution problem — where it can be used again. The second largest user, agriculture, really consumes the water it needs. When water is spread on the fields to irrigate them, less than a third of it drains off or seeps down into an aquifer; the rest is evaporated or is transpired by the plants into the atmosphere. In the arid West, it is estimated that a thousand pounds of water are used and breathed out into the air by the plant in the production of a single pound of dry vegetable matter.

West of the Mississippi, by far the largest user of water — both surface and ground water — is agriculture. In a number of areas such as the irrigated plains around Lubbock, Texas, the Grand Prairie of Arkansas, the San Joaquin Valley and several other areas in California, and the rice-growing area in southwest Louisiana, the farmers are making a perennial overdraft on the ground-water reservoirs beneath their farms. In some of these reservoirs in Texas, California, and Louisiana the demand has been so great that sea water is being sucked up into the aquifer from the discharge area.

In the eastern part of the United States the industrial use of water has created a number of con-

tamination problems along the coast. In Brooklyn, New York, for example, the heavy use of ground water lowered the water table from above sea level to as low as 50 feet below sea level and started the process of salt-water infiltration. Brooklyn's problem was accentuated by the fact that the recharge area which supplied this underground water was being slowly covered with buildings and cement, so that now about half of the 70-square-mile area sheds its water into storm sewers and out to sea, while stringent measures are taken to protect the aquifer below from further salt-water contamination. With the deep cone of depression drawing in sea water and half the recharge area cemented over, New York State passed a regulation making it mandatory for any user of large quantities of water for cooling to drill a recharge well and pump the water right back into the aquifer, and New York City drew water for Brooklyn's needs from the Catskills. These two expedients have been successful in raising the water table. The constant recharge of the aquifer by water that has been used mainly for cooling, however, raises the temperature of the ground water slightly and so makes it a little less useful. It has been suggested that in places where the low temperature of the water is important, a program of winter recharge with the excess of icy water available at that time be started. In the Mill Creek Valley north of Cincinnati, Ohio, where this has been tried, it has proved effective in storing the cold of winter along with the water.

Another form of recharge, and a very elementary one, is to locate producing wells on the banks of streams. As the cool, pure water is pumped from the gravel beds below the stream, the stream water is drawn down to replenish this aquifer.

Such a system is being used by industry near Cincinnati, Ohio. A well beside the Great Miami River, near its confluence with the Ohio, pumps 13 million gallons of water a day from the gravel beds that underlie the Miami Valley. As this flood of water is withdrawn, there is an increased percolation of river water to replace it. The filtering action of the sands and gravels of the river bed produces a purer, cooler water for industrial use. Similar wells have been driven into the sands underlying the Ohio River on the West Virginia shore and have produced pure, uncontaminated water from this notoriously filthy river. The water withdrawn in this fashion eventually finds its way right back into the Ohio River and on to the Gulf, but the underground reservoir from which it was drawn has not been depleted.

But trouble comes when man pollutes the ground reservoirs. In California the manufacturer of a weed killer which contained trichlorophenol flushed the waste from cleaning equipment and floors into the sewage system. This waste water was diluted with 12 million gallons of city waste water daily before it was discharged into the Rio Hondo. Yet,

within seventeen days, a number of shallow wells in the area had to be shut down because of the presence of phenols in the water, and lawns and shrubs which were watered with the polluted well water had been killed. Within six months, water contaminated with phenol was being pumped from wells 10 miles away—even though the plant was shut down a month after it began business.

The cheapest method of recharging our underground reservoirs is to increase the inflow of water at the natural recharge area. This method consists of flooding or running water through ditches over land which is porous enough to permit the water to filter down into the aquifer. In some sections of California, mountain streams have been diverted from their natural channels and directed into long ditches winding over the recharge area. In other parts of the state, they have built shallow ponds over this porous earth where water can be made to flow into the aquifer. In the Los Angeles area, water spreading is expected to stop the inflow of sea water which was ruining the aquifer.

The major problem in this type of recharge is to prevent silt or bacterial growth from clogging the porous topsoil and preventing the downward flow of water. The muddy water that follows a flood is usually by-passed because of silt, and the flood basins and ditches must be cleaned of this fine soil periodically. Bacterial contamination, where it becomes a problem, is fought with chlorination.

3

THERE have been several rather fancy variations on these basic methods of recharge. In Dayton, Ohio, the city's water supply comes from a group of wells located on an island in the Mad River. In this way the city takes advantage of the induced recharge from the river. But when the water table is found to be going down, dams on the river raise the water to a point where it can be brought onto the island and run through channels over the sandy surface. This double-barreled attack brings about an immediate raising of the water table below.

In Canton, Ohio, the city has located two aquifers, a shallow one and a deep one below it, neither of which in itself has an adequate supply of water. By tapping both strata, it is possible to draw on the upper aquifer and direct its water through the impervious layer between the two so that it recharges the lower aquifer from which the city draws its water supply.

Our efforts to recharge, however, are pitifully inadequate for the future. In the high plains of Texas, water is being pumped out at the rate of twenty times the amount that is going into the aquifer, without an adequate means of artificial re-

plenishment or any alternate source of supply—and when the water-bearing sands have been pumped dry, the rich irrigated area around Lubbock will face ruin. In Louisiana, Arkansas, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, and Utah we know that there are areas where overpumping is steadily depleting the underground water reservoirs. The really alarming thing is that we have such meager knowledge of our total underground water supply and the amounts that are being withdrawn from it.

The first step is one of bookkeeping and research. The location, extent, and capacity of the aquifers of the United States must be measured, together with the amounts of water that are currently being withdrawn. Then an accurate estimate of our future water needs must be made and better methods must be found for measuring the capacity of aquifers and for replenishing them.

An experiment run by a government geologist, D. J. Cederstrom, at Williamsburg, Virginia, revealed the fact that an aquifer which had been contaminated with salt water could still be made useful for storage by floating fresh water on top of the salt water, like floating cream onto a cup of coffee.

Another recharge experiment will start in the Grand Prairie region of Arkansas this year. This is the center of the largest rice-growing region of America, where for years the planters have been pumping deeper and deeper wells to draw more water from the aquifer than is going into it. Roger Baker, the geologist in charge of this experiment, plans to use the irrigation water, which must be drained off the pondlike fields of rice at certain stages in their growth and usually creates a great drainage problem, and run it back into the aquifer through recharge wells.

These are important experiments which will give us information we badly need. They are steps in the right direction, but they are only halting steps.

We must have information to give to farmers so that they can follow the lead of the King Ranch in replenishing the underground reservoirs (and remember that almost every farm with a farm pond has a surplus-water problem sometime during the year). At the present time we do not have enough facts to give to state legislators who want to encourage such practices by passing good water laws.

The greatest part of this work is currently being done by an understaffed, underfinanced branch of the U.S. Geological Survey. If there is any doubt as to the necessity of more awareness of the problem, one need only point to the fact that outside of California not a single flood-control plan on the books today calls for the use of our vast underground reservoirs as a place to store dangerously overabundant water, nor even for the study of such a possibility.



NICCOLO TUCCI, who has been living in the United States since 1938 and who is now an American citizen, had the first look at his native land in fifteen years when he returned to Italy last spring. Much of what he saw appalled him. The "modernization," the desecration of the old monuments, the streamlining of roads as famous as the Appian Way, seem to him a betrayal of Italy's great heritage. He learned that an Italian archaeologist, Antonio Cederna, was leading a movement in protest, and Mr. Tucci decided to carry the word to America. His first article, "The New Barbarians," appeared in the June Atlantic.

THE GANGSTERS OF THE APPIAN WAY

by NICCOLO TUCCI

I

THE Roman Via Appia or Appian Way is the way of all flesh, all history, and all culture. Built in the year 312 B.C. as an improvement on an existing road (nature as such had not been seen in Italy since before history began), it was named after Appius Claudius, author of the project.

A real commercial-military highway connecting Rome with Brindisi and the Orient, the Appia became known as the Queen of Roads, Regina Viarum. As a curator of the Appia, Caesar paid for its maintenance out of his private funds. The Vanderbilts and Astors of the day built their mansions and tombs along the Appia. In other words, if we keep well in mind that people in those days had better taste than we have now, we might compare the Roman Appia to our American Fifth Avenue.

But there was more to it than there is even to our Easter Parade. In the year of our Lord 61, the Apostle Paul walked the Appia, all the way from Pozzuoli to Rome (a good hundred miles) to preach Christianity downtown. Peter before him, sneaking out of the city, had walked it uptown, in an attempt to wash his hands (in good Roman tradition) of the whole Christian business, after it had gone wrong. And on the Appia Jesus chose to appear to him, walking downtown, and when asked by the fisherman where on earth he was going, his reply was uncomfortably clear: back to be crucified again. This Peter understood, and back downtown he went, to be honored with martyrdom. The church of Domine Quo Vadis marks the site of that meeting.

Then came the decadence, the pillages, the Dark Ages, the Lighter Ones, until in recent years — that is, around 1750 — the world of archaeologists and tourists became aware that traffic on the Appia had come to a standstill. Outgoing history had met incoming nature; the weeds had stopped the tombs from dying out completely; whatever had

not lasted as an expression of sheer wealth, vanity, and violence was sure to last forever as a ruin: an expression of beauty pure and simple, free from functions and logic. And yet we know today that nothing is more easily ruined than a ruin.

A white wall, a red roof, or a factory chimney in the same field of vision with four cracked columns is sufficient to shout into silence voices that have spoken for centuries, in the rain, in the wind, by day, by night, in Greek, in Latin, in Etruscan, to scholars, shepherds, cows, stray dogs, and lovers. Modern structures in a landscape of ruins are like the breath of air that pulverizes the dead and their beautiful robes the moment the sarcophagus is opened in which they had remained intact since the burning of Troy or the founding of Rome. How many millions of generations of worms attempted in vain what a mere glimpse of light, a touch of oxygen, can do in one second. And how long the all-powerful forces of nature must work to polish into shapelessness what the slow hands of unmechanized bricklayers put together stone by stone in great fear of all Gods.

But let a Gangster come, a New Barbarian, a modern Roman real-estate speculator, with bulldozers and tanks, and in a moment the whole culture of Italy, this greatest, noblest of all cultures in Europe since the Greeks, is erased forever.

The land on the two sides of the Appian Way belonged (and still belongs in part) to the city of Rome; it was for the governors under the Fascist regime and for the mayors after the liberation to prohibit all sales of these grounds for purposes of real-estate speculations. There are laws protecting every inch of the countryside around Rome from being defaced by the enemies of culture. But those grounds have been sold and are still being sold with the official consent of the Township of Rome.

To give an idea of what this means, it will suffice to imagine Williamsburg or Mount Vernon sold by the local city government in lots. Needless to say, while Williamsburg or Mount Vernon belongs to a purely American tradition, the Appian Way belongs to the whole world. The Oklahoma farmer has the same right to walk the Via Appia as the Heidelberg scholar or the Oxford professor; they are, by the supreme right of culture, the citizens of Rome like any *Romanaccio de Roma*. They are also citizens of Florence, Venice, Mantova, Ravenna, Urbino, Siena, Gubbio; they have Etruscan passports to enter the domains of King Porsenna in Chiusi, Pompeian residence papers to occupy Pompeii for the space of twenty-five centuries compressed into ten minutes; they can go to Ravenna and look indifferently upon the future Renaissance from there; and if a modern Italian policeman tells them by looking at their papers that they are not Italians, this diminishes Italy, even though it augments the policeman's importance.

Next to the Township of Rome the worst offender is the Società Immobiliare Romana, whose architectural abortions have been permitted to rise higher than the strictest laws allow, even after a formal injunction from the Court of Appeals that its horrible buildings be demolished at once. Another great offender is Silvana Mangano, owner of a combination Swiss cottage and Roman farmhouse on the Via Appia, and also of a swimming pool dug in defiance of the laws in a huge crater only a few steps from the tombs of the Appia — which swimming pool looks very much like a bidet for prehistoric monsters. She paid her tribute to the past, only she went too far, smack into paleontology.

2

BUT let us begin with the gasoline station across from the church of Domine Quo Vadis. It is a small "museum," and my friend Antonio Cederna, the first and for some time the only one in Italy to speak and write against the murder of his country, insisted that I visit this museum in his company and interview its founders and curators. As we were walking toward the museum, I asked Cederna why most Italian archaeologists had not seen fit to holler bloody murder as he had.

"Some did protest," he said, "but there are huge financial interests on the side of the Gangsters. Culture is never strong against the newcomers to wealth, who are as ignorant as they are rich. Most men of culture are state employees, poorly paid, with no hope for a better future; they have jobs to defend, children to feed, and if they speak the truth they will find themselves pantless on the cold floor the following day. So they sit back and say nothing.

"Others, who are financially independent, also sit back and say nothing, or dig in on the valid ex-

cuse that the Barbarians are too strong. They are; this is quite true. But it does not take an excessive amount of strength for us to speak the truth or write it down and send it to a paper that might print it. The curse of Italy is not so much the New Barbarian as the Old Civilized Italian who will work for him or refuse to work against him because 'Who am I to get myself into trouble?' (*Chi me lo fa fare?*) Thus the connivance of the Old Italian gives the Barbarian an air of respectability and a reputation of courage to which he is not entitled.

"If all Italians worthy of the name shouted the truth in the face of these Gangsters instead of whispering it among themselves behind closed doors, they would score their first major victory."

"Not only at home," I said, "but also abroad, where we cannot afford to be identified with those who are defiling the graves of our great ancestors. Some contend that by opposing the destruction of monuments and landscape we are destroying the tourist trade. As if those things were not the raw material for that trade. With the monuments gone, the landscape gone, even the tourist will know better than to come here and see this barren land. Same old principle: 'Whatever was not mentioned has not happened.'"

"From which descends that other principle: 'Don't wash your dirty laundry in public.' Which is all right for your personal laundry: nothing is more disgusting than the public display of private problems. But the personal body is not the body politic. All political laundry can only be washed in public, universal waters."

At first I was reluctant to look at the gasoline station closely. But Cederna insisted, "This is part of your study"; so I looked at the showcase in which antifreeze and antiquity were presented together. There were three shelves. On each of them heads of statues, bits of Latin inscriptions, and other minor ruins of ruins were separated from one another by cans of Essolube and Esso Extra Motor Oil. The owner of these treasures asked whether we needed any service. "None for the moment," said I. "I was just admiring your collection of Roman treasures. Where did you get them?"

"On the Via Appia," he said. "We all do our private excavating."

"At night mostly," said Cederna.

"Well, you know how it is," said the man. "These things belong to no one."

"This gentleman comes from America," said Cederna, pointing at me.

The service man seemed envious. "Lucky you are," he said. Then, without waiting for my comment, "Where in America," he asked, "could you find art works in a gas station?"

"Nowhere," said I.

"Well," he said. "That's how it is. They have no culture, those Barbarians."

We moved further, trying not to look at the

ruins, the Roman ruins, so as to avoid the sad sight of rubbish left there probably for months, as the Township of Rome does not employ enough streetcleaners to keep the Via Appia tidy. "Look at that house up there," said Cederna. On top of an old hill there were an oak tree and a farmhouse, one of those typical Roman *casali* that have been taken, architecturally, in vain by the Babbitts. The house-wrecking machine was swinging in the air and hammering those poor walls into dust. "That house," said Cederna, "can be admired in many old prints, in many of the mediocre paintings of German scholars, English spinsters, and young American art students of the nineteenth century. The hill on which it stood was filled with ancient structures — layer after layer. One of the walls of that house, in fact, was obviously a Roman wall. But as a parasite, that house was innocent, if not frankly beneficial. It must have been built in the Renaissance. Now its tiles are being sold by the Babbitts to cover up the Swiss cottages that go under the name of 'high-class residences in the style of the Roman farmhouse.' We shall see many of those as we proceed along the Appian Way. But now look at that house; in a few minutes there will be nothing left of it."

He had barely finished speaking when the shape of the farmhouse and the oak tree still bent over its last wall crumbled under the blow of the wrecking machine. A cloud of dust hid the scene from us for a few minutes; then the sky appeared empty, almost ready to fall, like the vault of a church after its best support, an elegant but strong stone pillar, has been removed from under it. What now supported the blue vault was foreign to the Appian Way: one saw right through the air until the eye was stopped by a gigantic slice of yellowish Swiss cheese, all big round holes, looking at a wasteland of shacks, telephone wires, concrete highways, and billboards, one after the other, like a revival of American landscapes in the thirties.

"What is that yellow horror with all the holes?" I asked.

"Oh, *that*," said Cederna. "That is called the Palace of Civilization. It is the masterpiece of one La Padula; has no function, no meaning, no real windows, just the holes and the structure. At night it is illuminated, so that you can see it from any roof in Rome. And it bears huge inscriptions all around it, quotations from Mussolini's best speeches, such as 'We are a race of artists, saints, heroes, scholars, poets . . .' I forget the rest. In other words, it's a description of the Babbitts. Their decalogue, the thing they repeat all the time."

3

WE WENT back to our car, drove half a mile, then came to a stop. A truck loaded with bricks, bits of statues, and cobblestones obviously lifted from some

bit of Roman pavement, the real backbone of the Appian Way itself, was trying to enter a gate on our left. "Let's go see where these things are to be used," said Cederna. We drove into the private ground behind the truck and found ourselves between a crater and a row of small, cheap houses the like of which I have never seen anywhere, not even in Atlantic City. A few bricklayers were finishing a wall in which many fragments of statues had been used to decorate a funny little arch of semi-Gothic, semi-Moorish intentions. A man came toward us and asked us who we were.

"This gentleman," said Cederna, "is an American who wants to buy a house on the Via Appia. Who is the owner of this house?"

"Mr. R.," said the man, and gave us a calling card with the name, address, and telephone number of the Babbitt in question.

I put the card into my pocket, then followed Cederna in the direction of a tall, rather timid-looking castle, with thin towers, large windows, and a few strangely modernistic appendices of cryptic architectural significance, to make it all look more absurd. "Beautiful building," said I to a huge ape-like man.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Very much."

"All my invention," said he.

"Nice," I said. "How did you get permission to build so close to the Appian Way?"

"I have my regular permit from the Township of Rome," said he, winking and smiling.

We looked at some of the other new houses facing the Appia; they looked like Steinberg drawings of late-nineteenth-century villas on the Riviera, except that the colors here were more disturbing. Purple and orange seem to be the Babbitts' choice for this year's architecture, and all their houses are surrounded by small gardens with the usual cheap garden decorations that are so dear to the hearts of suburban cave dwellers: tiny white fountains in plaster, tiny statues, tiny pillars supporting heavy gates and fences in wrought iron, through which the Roman ruins look very much entangled in a web of bad taste.

"Look at that Chinese pagoda there," said Cederna. "Its tiles were stolen from Renaissance and baroque farmhouses that have been destroyed to make room for these horrors. I should not say stolen, for this is done by law. As a tribute to the sacredness of the Appia and to the past in general, the law provides that all modern villas along the Appia must be built 'in style of respect,' by which they mean that they must ape the old structures (interpretation free) and use the ancient tiles for their roofing. Which is more than ridiculous: it is an outright insult to the majesty of the past. It is exactly as if people were allowed to rewrite Shakespeare or to add notes in their scribbling to the earliest Shakespeare editions, provided

they did so in blank verse — except for the detail that there are many copies of Shakespeare and there is only one Via Appia.

"It makes me fume with rage when these hypocrites say to me: 'Do not worry. We will build in style of respect, pure imitations of the Roman farmhouse. Everything will be in harmony with the old ruins.' In vain have I tried to explain to them that the only thing that can share the same landscape with these ruins is grass, and the only way to show respect for the classical past is to leave it alone. 'But we must live,' they say. 'Rome must expand. Rome is by now a great modern metropolis, and we should all be proud of it.' So they have both: the past of which they are so proud, and the present destruction of that past, of which they are equally proud. It is an orgy of pride, as you can see.

"Now look at that huge building out there, whose proportions alone dwarf the whole Appian Way. That is the Pia Casa Santa Rosa, a charitable institution, which is famous because it gave origin to a major scandal two years ago. I have nothing against charitable institutions, but I don't see why one should be built here, right in the heart of a unique museum. Is that charitable, when there are hundreds of square miles of uninhabited lands beyond these grounds? Not all of Italy is archaeological, after all. You will be surprised to know that the Consiglio Superiore del Ministero della Pubblica Istruzione — that is, the highest authority in charge of education in our country, and therefore also a competent authority on the defense of our cultural heritage — authorized the construction of that building right in that place, 'as a form of deference to its charitable character.' Nice principle for a town planner or a curator of monuments.

"But this is not all. Not only did the Board of Higher Education issue such an idiotic permit: it closed both eyes when the architect in charge of the Pia Casa, a man named Alberto Spina, built a fourth floor to the structure, in defiance of all town-planning regulations. In vain did the Commissione Provinciale per le Bellezze Naturali (Committee for the Protection of the Landscape) rise in protest; in vain did the National Council for the Protection of Monuments unleash a major scandal; and in vain did the Board of Higher Education acknowledge its first mistake and order the immediate demolition of the fourth floor, as it was much too late to order the demolition of the whole building. Nothing happened for a while; the whole issue seemed never to have existed at all. Rumors were circulated to the effect that the charitable institution had run out of funds altogether, and could neither demolish nor complete the construction.

"Well, one nice day the funds were found again, and of course they were not used for destructive purposes. What is a court injunction, after all? So the fourth floor was finished, the whole thing

covered up with stolen tiles from earlier and more modest buildings, and there it stands, the highest, most imposing (also, alas, the ugliest) monument on the Via Appia. And it might interest you to know that the architect of that horror, Alberto Spina, defended his misdeeds by comparing them to the Abbey of Monte Cassino, to all the greatest monuments of Italy, and ended his self-glorification by saying that the Appian Way had been greatly improved by that building."

4

AND the government?" I asked.

"The government?" said Cederna. "The government builds housing projects for the employees of the Department of Fine Arts which deface the Appian Way almost as much as this building here. See down there those white barracks that conceal the once beautiful line of the walls of Rome? If these had not been built, you would still recognize the view that served as a model to Piranesi for some of his best prints. Now you can't, because the bureaucrats in charge of protecting that view obstruct it with their families, their laundry. But as a tribute to the nobility of that site, the housing project has been named 'The Fine Arts Corporation.' Nice, isn't it? The 'American skyway' that will connect the housing project with the airport and with the shopping centers (all chromium and glass) is a government-financed project, which of course serves the purpose of some big speculators, but is under the auspices of the Department of Public Works, therefore untouchable.

"The Curator of Antiquity, or Sovrintendenza, claims that not a fragment of archaeological value has ever been removed from the Appia, but this is not true. You see those fragments being loaded on trucks and used as building materials right here under our eyes by all these Gangsters. With thousands of perfectly useless people in the pay of the government, the Department of Monuments — I mean the Sovrintendenza — has one man, I say *one man*, to guard the whole Appia from day or night thieves — one man who is a poor bricklayer and probably does not make enough money on his government job to feed his family. The Via Appia is really no man's land. You and I come here and could steal from it right now; no one would stop us."

As we were thus discussing the fate of this last page in the history of Ancient Rome, doomed by the Romans themselves, we came upon a sign that read: —

FOR SALE

42,000 square meters to be sold in small lots.
For information on this property ask Bank of Commercial and Industrial Credit, Via dei Crociferi 44, Rome.

Behind barbed wire stood the property to be auctioned: the Villa dei Quintilii, one of the greatest and most famous villas on the Appia. "This," said Cederna, "was supposed to become a High Class Living Units Project. But they lost this one case; the offense here would have been much too great, even for the curators of our national monuments; so, risking all their necks, they stood fast and won this one battle. Which of course did not teach them to try and win another one. So now the Immobiliare Romana will build its horrors near-by, with the result that the poor Villa dei Quintilii, instead of being sentenced to death, will be sentenced to life in solitary confinement. Across the Appia from here you may notice a wall that separates the ruins from the road itself. This is unheard-of; it is a form of arbitrary occupation of a public and monumental road by private citizens. But in this case the citizen is Prince Del Drago, whose villa (authorization granted by the Township of Rome October 27, 1953) is about to fence in, or rather immure, the Villa dei Quintilii from this side of the horizon.

"These are official data, you may quote them, they have all appeared in print, I myself am responsible for launching every one of these small and big scandals, with the result that the various departments of the government have blamed it on one another. There is now a government-sponsored project for the construction of a public swimming pool along the Appia, no one knows where as yet. It will be a surprise. Especially for those who have their houses on the Appia. They will have traffic problems to cope with. Already there are five or six traffic policemen here on Sundays, who have a hard time keeping the cars from running into one another or into some old remnant of a Roman ruin. These damn ruins are always in the way. Blast them to bits, eh? And to think that in 1833 Carlo Fea, Curator of Antiquity under the Pope, had a real-estate speculator imprisoned for building a farmhouse where high government officials now have their apartment houses."

And here we came upon a headless Roman statue

of a woman. She was surrounded by tall grass and wild flowers, and stood near an old Roman tomb. "Who mutilated my old friend?" I asked. "This Roman lady taught me patience. She taught me that it is very unwise to make a scene when the girl you are waiting for arrives a couple of hours late. 'Never transform a place of love into a court of law,' she said. But that was long ago, before this place for love had been transformed into a vacant lot. See what they did to my old friend. She lost her head, and even her arms are missing. Who treated her that way?"

"Love," said Cederna. "Love of culture. To defend her from someone else's love of the same culture, an unknown German soldier beheaded her during the war. He must have been an archaeologist (those unknown German soldiers were never too unknowing), and now he probably keeps your friend's head neatly displayed in his neat German house, and lectures twice a week on its cultural meaning. Then, lately, other unknown admirers — Romans this time and probably civilians, because this is peacetime destruction — took quite a fancy to her arms and simply chopped them off, using a hammer, as you can see from the rough job they performed on your friend's shoulders. So now she cannot lift those arms in accusation, and we shall never know in what direction we must look for the thieves. In my modest opinion those arms must have been sold and we might see them soon, encrusted on the walls of a garage, under a cute Swiss roof, and under the best zoning laws, right here on the Via Appia."

"Let's go back," I said. "I do not want to see the Via Appia again, ever." We drove back to the Eternal City and saw it from afar, under the ghastly light of a green moon. The sky was the same purple Roman sky that nothing, anywhere, can match, but that moon seemed so motionless, it seemed in fact to shine from the top of a building. It did. And we could even read the words across it — cultural words, of course, as would befit a Roman moon: MARTINI & ROSSI.





The Atlantic receives on an average as many as 1500 poems a month. They come as frequently from men as from women, and are evidence of an interest in poetry which never slackens. As an incentive for those writers yet unestablished, we shall from time to time devote a number of pages to the work of young poets.

THE YOUNG POETS

OX-PULL: CANAAN FAIR

by PHILIP BOOTH

OLD before Odysseus failed to plow his son,
great-flanked oxen knew the drag, the burden
man devised beyond his strength to pull.
Now lever, wheel, and piston make a spectacle
of strength, but still the heave of shoulder,
haul of yoke, drag slabbed granite older
than Egypt, dredging a stone-sled up
through Europe to this new country fair.
And under oxblood maple-turn, the herd whip
spins a locust song in the Indian Summer air.

SONG

by DAVID PERKINS

SOFTLY, softly, fall asleep
Like a feather floating down
The silent air, or like a shell
Drifting down the green abyss
To wander in the quiet, deep,
And curtained caverns undersea.

Cease the drill of mind, and leave
Dikes of thought to melt away;
Let the leveed intellect
Flow a delta to the ocean,
And the brain weed wash and sway
With swell and slack of each emotion.

Draw in your blankets like a net
To trap the furred and golden warmth;

And now beyond all clutch and stir
Of tides that touch the brink of sense,
Through shafts of silence, sound the steep
And sunken precipice of sleep.

DIALOGUE IN NOVEMBER

by ROBERT HUFF

NOVEMBER and the long stare of the snow:
Do you remember, dear, when we came here
The first time? The rain blew in a tide outside
And Dian stalked us with a borrowed bow;
Shafts cut the early crystals, and light flew
For cover in the dark wound of the slain.
Then night came and your wet face on the glass
Wanted to know who prowled the fields all day
Trying to be a cat. The great owl flapped
Ghost-white among the trees — the wishing trees.
My dear, how quick we were, how quick that year
Of arrows in the snow. . . . I'll hold the quiver
While you string the bow.

No, not again this year,
Not in this snow.

The wind here is the same,
Nearly the same as the wind was when we
Saw stars wink in the chimney smoke over
The fallen stag; and nothing could hurt us,
Nothing hurt us then, save waiting behind
Windows while the wind broke glass and shivered
Through the pines.

My eyes are cold tonight.
I can't go back in winter when the moon
Is so severe, not any more, not ever.
Looking then was looking at the rain,
The way the rain would fall and flow into
Hoofprints before we could know how they went,
What it meant to really go, to touch and go
Running like caribou after the wind.
Looking then was little. When we came here
We were hoping for trails, tracks in the snow
That always comes back bringing you, you and me,
To the heart's red room under the dying year.

We tied the young buck to a cypress tree,
But the blood froze as it fell. You watched me
Cut the meat and bit your nails. Remember
How I cried that night for you?

O my love,
How long we've waited to come here alone.

Before we were so taken with the rain
We wanted to run outside. But the moon
And the owl are old in the nest of my eyes;
And I can't go with you where field mice run
Or burrow their way in the deep hay under
The bird's shadow. . . . They have returned: November,
Stag with wishes on his head, the crystals
Blazing in the fur as bright as winter
Tracks light for the dead.

And can I leave you now,
Knowing you know why the stag won't die
And Eros comes much bigger with his bow?

What do the trees dance underneath the moon?
The Hay, The Hay! There's nothing like *The Hay*,
But your eyes and the stars' light on the prize
November often gives back to the prey.

Where is the quiver waiting? and the bow?

Under the snow, my love, under the snow.

NIGHT SONG

by MARTHA BACON

SLEEP now, that sleepest not,
All thy sinning be forgot.
Sleep now, as still as glass,
All thy sinning never was.

Sleep and bid thy sorrows sleep,
Deep as the proud pearl is deep.
Sink to silence all thy sighs,
Dim thy hot and tearless eyes.

Bear the angers in thy breast
To that bourne where angers rest,
As cavered pards who no more prey
Upon the fold but steal away

To the dark wood in hushed retreat
With candle eyes and mossy feet
And melt into the night, their wars
Suspended underneath the stars.

Sleep nor wonder wound thee,
The fetters that have bound thee
Slacken and are loosèd,
Heart that was late so bruised

Is healed again and lovely,
So with thine eyelids gravely
Sealed against sight or weeping,
Sleep. Now thou art sleeping.

GOOD NIGHT AND ALMOST THIRTY

by GERALD WEALES

I'm not old; no Teiresian wrinkled dugs for me,
No dotage; I still make sense, time, passes.
Yet Nestor sings in my blood, not Diomedes,
When I face classes

Full of eighteen is a go-to-hell age
When sin is still so new it holds surprises,
When expectation sitting like a mother hen
Keeps warm surmises,

When laughter has its birth in secret warmth,
Not in that surface mine, sophistication,
Before the toy of childhood, hope, gives place to
Determination.

Though I'm still on the go, the town, the make,
And not one mortal coil of mine is shuffled,
When I look into still unknowing eyes,
I'm sadly ruffled.

CIRCLE OF BREATH

by WILLIAM STAFFORD

THE night my father died the moon shone on the snow.
I drove in from the west; Mother was at the door.
All the light in the room extended like a shadow.
Truant from knowing, I stood where the great dark fell.

There was a time before, something we used to tell —
how we parked the car in a storm and walked into a field
to know how it was to be cut off, out in the dark alone.
My father and I stood together while the storm went by.

A windmill was there in the field giving its little cry
while we stood calm in ourselves, knowing we could go home.
But I stood on the skull of the world the night he died, and knew
that I leased a place to live with my white breath.

Truant no more, I stepped forward and learned his death.



Author of some fifteen volumes of prose and verse, PIERRE EMMANUEL is in charge of the English-language broadcasts of the French government radio station, Radiodiffusion Française. Before the war he taught mathematics and philosophy at a French lycée. "In 1948," he tells us, "a lecture tour carried me through a number of universities and colleges in the East and in the Middle West; beginning in 1951 I had the pleasure of teaching yearly at the Harvard Summer School. These brief incursions into academic life in America in no way entitle me to pass judgment on the educational system in the United States. In the following remarks I merely wish to underline certain aspects of my personal experience."

AMERICANS AS STUDENTS

by PIERRE EMMANUEL

I

THE audience of a summer-school course in Comparative Literature falls into several distinct categories. To begin with, there are more women enrolled than men; in a practical world, men are less attracted by literary subjects. Year after year, I found roughly the same ratio of ladies of ripe and respectable age (and one faithful auditor who for three summers never missed one of my lectures). Nothing is more moving than the attention with which they listen and the conscientiousness with which they work their way through reading lists. When, as sometimes happens, they are bewildered by ideas that are new to them, they make a valiant attempt to understand them and to fit them into a framework of their own.

Among the persons taking the course for credit are to be found a few high school teachers, graduate students, and a large but fluctuating number of undergraduates who from time to time bring along their friends. I have always felt a great deal of respect for the high quality of those secondary school instructors who, in order to refresh their minds during the summer, sacrifice two months of vacation time. And my respect would turn into admiration whenever I learned that so-and-so, who was a teacher or a graduate student, worked in a factory at night to balance his budget.

The most conscientious and mature students are not always the most brilliant or the most original. Their papers, for instance, are solidly based on facts and readings: all you asked for is there, but seldom more. They seem no longer to feel the need of expressing their own ideas, and prefer simply to present in orderly fashion what they have learned. Their own reflections on the subject are adequate, intelligent, and neutral. I suspect them of being

somewhat wary of the reader's moods; they know the minimum required to obtain a good grade, and they are unwilling to take chances.

The most exciting members of the summer school are the undergraduates. Here we find the budding genius who writes poetry or short stories, feels the world just doesn't understand him, dreams about suicide, speed, violence, and calls himself an existentialist on the faith of a few scattered readings or a lecture on Sartre; the Harvard junior, specializing in political and economic theory, who, thanks to literary history, enthusiastically discovers that social change goes hand in hand with transformations in the moral world; the son of European immigrants in search of his origins; the young Jewish student who becomes fully aware of his Hebrew heritage after reading Hersey's *The Wall*; the 200 per cent American who sees in Europe's complexity a sign of her hopeless decadence and, as a contrast, sings fervent hymns in praise of the pioneering spirit, which in his eyes the businessman symbolizes; the sophomore from Smith or Wellesley, whose quiet and honest efforts bear witness to the fine teaching methods employed by these two institutions; the Radcliffe girl, whose zeal for work does not dampen her imagination and insights and who seems to reach maturity more quickly than the average girl; the "progressive college" girl, more loaded with "problems" than the ass in the fable was burdened with relics, who is up-to-date on everything, from Anouilh to Schönberg, not to mention the Marquis de Sade and Heidegger; the girl starving for love who has been cloistered in some out-of-the-way campus for nine long months and now has a hey-day, brushing through the boys and finding herself a new meal ticket every night; the Southern girl,

at once an anarchist and a Puritan, torn by inner conflicts which, she discovers to her own surprise, make her astonishingly sensitive to certain tragic European destinies; and many others, each one infinitely individual in the midst of a world where everyone fancies that he resembles everyone else.

2

WHAT is the intellectual background of the twenty-year-old student in America? It is a varied and confused one, whose extent does not always compensate for the absence of the indispensable. I believe that I am not going too far in saying that education at the high school level is mediocre. The fault does not lie with the teaching staff. The tenets of democratic egalitarianism are so strong in the United States that they assume a downright metaphysical importance. The postulate goes this way: All minds must have an equal chance at the start. They are like fertile fields; all that needs to be done is to sow them with method and prevent their differences from growing more marked, since differences contradict the principle of fundamental equality of all brains. This pseudo-Cartesian illusion leads to the adoption of the least astringent of all methods: that of the potpourri.

The criterion of immediate usefulness partly sterilizes education, turning it from a cultural undertaking into mere social adaptation to the American kaleidoscope. Often I have been fascinated, in my conversations with American students, by the bits of knowledge emerging without reason from the recesses of the mind, floating at the surface, then vanishing as others take their place. In his first or second year of college an American student does not assimilate what he learns as efficiently as a French student in the last two years of the French *lycée*, which corresponds roughly to high school. The freshman is thus faced with the following alternative: either he makes the effort of acquiring the basic patterns which he lacks and which his secondary schooling should have given him, or he will launch out on a random quest into realms that are too vast for the limited scope of his actual comprehension.

This absence of basic information is particularly noticeable in the fields of literature and history. Instead of being concentrated, channeled, continually kept aware of that "spiritual duration" which is manifest in the evolution of thought, the attention roams distractedly and fails to grasp the unity of culture: only scattered components remain in the mind — ruins, one might almost say. At best, when the youthful mind strives to connect these *disjecta membra* without having in its possession the means necessary to resurrect them — the historical sequence, the sense of time, the network of causal relations — the student is led to formulate hazardous inductions, fantastic or superficial com-

parisons, pitiful attempts at synthesis which bring out clearly the disparity between the desire for an integrated kind of knowledge and the fragility of its foundations.

Of course the best students, gifted with a natural inclination for culture, strive as much to acquire knowledge as to develop the critical sense necessary to its organization. Those who come from the great American universities where the intellectual traditions inherited from Europe are still being upheld are helped in this task by methods more rigorous than elsewhere. At times I have observed, when comparing undergraduates from different institutions, variations in the level of the education received so great that they would be considered scandalous in France, where there exists only *one* form of education at university level, whether it is being dispensed at the Sorbonne, in Strasbourg, or in Algiers.

In a French *lycée*, every student spends four hours a week, for five years, learning the literary history of his country; and he spends as much to gain a general notion of his country's and the world's political history. Education is designed to provide the mind, at a very early stage, with the notion of a lasting temporal structure as well as of a logic of history. This conception may be open to debate, but it is an efficient one and it has the advantage of forming into a continuous progression everything that has happened in Europe since the time of the Roman Empire.

In France, I admit, the teacher's authority forces upon the child's mind a uniform mold into which are cast abstract notions which actually he will experience only later. Having a fifteen-year-old boy comment on Pascal and Rousseau according to a method which an adult mind alone can master would be a dangerous absurdity if it were anything but a temporary means of relating a mass of intellectual facts to a broader historical scheme. The strongest objection one could make to such a system of education is that it dismantles the classics in order to build up literary history with the broken fragments. The student does not read all of Montaigne, for instance, but forever dissects the same excerpts, which have been passed on from anthology to anthology over the last two centuries.

In America, you may be a citizen of the United States, a well-fitted part of the nation's machinery, and yet remain a complete stranger to almost all of its history. Such a thing, barring a few special cases, is unthinkable in France. In the United States, everyone blends into the community which he chooses to join as an individual. On the soil of Europe, on the other hand, everyone thinks of himself as a mere shoot of a thousand-year-old tree, and the European's manner of thinking, whenever he evolves a personal one, begins at the point where his predecessors have left off.

On American faculties may be found some of the

best specialists in European history and literary history, the most eminent proponents of Comparative Literature; yet a certain state of mind still remains to be created among the students, a sense of historical space which would enable them to move about effortlessly in the dense universe of systems and works. I am far from suffering from that date-fetishism, common among Frenchmen, at which Mark Twain poked fun in such an amusing manner. But I do believe that if we wish to avoid making fatal blunders, we must know the historical context in which Montaigne, Locke, or Schiller places himself. Human thought is not made up of juxtaposed monads; it is a complex of relationships that must come out of the knowledge of certain specific facts and synchronisms.

Too many American students neglect the compass which history gives them, for the sake of a personal approach to the classics. This adventurous exploration has its good points, of course. You read the works from the first page to the last, instead of limiting yourself to so-called "significant" excerpts. Instead of telling the student, "Read chapters such and such of *The Social Contract*," it is advisable to let him discover the work as a whole and in its newness, without weighing it down with interpretations, and above all without approaching the work through them. The contrary method leads a great many French students to content themselves with the commentaries before they even have caught a glimpse of the object to which these are applied.

How quickly the American student makes friends with a book or a man and treats them as if they were his contemporaries! He hardly knows the background from which they arise: they surge out of his own mental world, haunt him, call forth in him an instantaneous and, frequently, a passionate reaction. A fortnight later, however, others have taken their place; it is love at first sight, but indifference rapidly follows.

And when the boy and, particularly, the girl student look at the authors on the program with the eyes of their own "problems" — that is, with a psychological narcissism that has been aggravated by a watered-down form of psychoanalysis — the result of their investigation is likely to be ludicrous. I shall not even mention a certain perverted manner of reading, feet resting on the table, while phonograph or radio is blaring. True, all the reading gets done, but against a background of inner vacuousness, and all that remains in the memory is a kind of gelatinous magma. When the time has come to discuss the text in class, each phrase begins to float outside of its context; and the student, as if he could not wait to do his own thinking, lets himself be carried away by entirely personal associations of ideas which he attributes to the author under discussion. The two favorite expressions used by the American student to preface his

comments are "It seems to me . . ." and "I think . . ." These clearly reveal his individualism. No attitude is more praiseworthy, as long as you are wary of using it as a basis for hasty generalizations.

Here is an illustration — a charming one — of this undaunted self-confidence. The incident took place on a beach on Cape Cod. One of my students had been invited, as had I, by some common friends; she brought along the Modern Library Nietzsche reader. A few days later, she was to give a report on the philosophy of the father of Zarathustra. As she lay on the sand, basking in the sun, she leafed lazily through the book. That was the moment she picked to ask me to sketch for her a broad outline of Nietzsche's philosophy! I began as best I could — most clumsily, I must say — trying to illustrate what I was saying with a few excerpts hastily — too hastily — picked.

After ten minutes, she interrupted me with the inevitable opening words, "It seems to me . . ."; and then she started to build an entire system before my eyes, naïve and at the same time brilliant in spots. This she took for the master's thought. Need I mention that she came from one of those "progressive" colleges where any sophomore is encouraged to think of herself as sufficiently endowed with genius to reinvent, by starting from almost nothing, a world that some titanic creator spent a lifetime shaping? My pretty student, having concocted her picture of Nietzsche in a few moments, now read him through the image which she had constructed, and she retained from his words only enough to add a few concrete touches to that image. Yet her account was not lacking in interest, for it contained flashes of intuition which a more sustained analysis would certainly have brought into sharper evidence. You may be sure, however, that as soon as she had finished her work, she forgot her subject as lightly as she had learned it. For her, it had merely been an exercise in scholastic rhetoric.

3

It is said that American students do not like to think. It would be better to say that they do not know how to think, through ignorance of a small number of rules which secondary schooling should have trained them to use. First of all, certain rules of attention. A good half of my students never took any notes: listening was a part of their soliloquy, and what they heard of my lectures was but an echo distorted by their inner dream. Their chief difficulty seemed to be to get out of themselves; as a result, what they were being taught was shredded into vague impressions on the surface of their minds.

Others, no less tormented by the desire to unbosom themselves, would be pathetically on their guard to keep from saying anything that concerned

them intimately; and since they were unable to forget themselves for one minute, their monologue would quickly stop short. Those who were capable of abstracting themselves from their little private universe were also the most thoughtful ones, and consequently those most aware of their lack of discipline. Despite the extent of their information, they realized that without structures, knowledge is only chaos.

In the course of the summer, the students had two weeks to write an essay on some general theme. Although confused and badly presented, their ideas were not devoid of substance. One hardly could reproach American students with lacking personality, but most of the time it remains in a primitive state. On the day of the final examination, everything was changed. When the white sheet of paper stared up at them, most of the unhappy victims remained defenseless. The first two years, I had chosen a significant sentence from the works of the authors on the program, one that summarized the tendencies of the course, and I had asked the candidates to comment on it by referring to what they had learned. Their collective failure — the graduates floundered no less than the undergraduates — assumed the proportions of a downright rout. The blue books handed in could not even be called rough drafts: they were, at best, vague cogitations jotted down as they came to mind.

What are the reasons for this? In the first place, the subject suddenly paralyzed their minds. During the course, they had accumulated notions which no general idea helped to relate; they had listened to me day after day, as one lets oneself be carried downstream by a river. It was thus impossible for them, in the space of three hours — or, let us say, twenty minutes: long enough to map out a general outline — to bring together all their scattered ideas and to organize them into a coherent whole.

I was so dismayed by this result that, the third year, I decided to assign six questions: three general ones and three dealing with a brief text to be commented upon. The answers and comments were successful, with the exception of one, which I had not discussed in class. It had to do with a sentence from Malraux's *Man's Fate*, a book that all had read. Most of the students committed the same error as those of the two preceding years. All they kept in mind was the name Malraux, and they began to disgorge whatever they knew about him.

However, American students possess some very positive qualities. The foreigner appreciates these all the more since, from the very first, he finds himself surrounded by an atmosphere of confidence. The most valuable perhaps, in my opinion, is a certain psychological liveliness: feelings interest them more than ideas. They attach more significance to what the hero of a novel — and even its author — does than to what he thinks. The delicate

distinctions of the heart frequently call forth unexpected responses in these young adults; they discover a language fitting their own emotional experience, which up to then has not found a voice. Hence the freshness with which they become acquainted with their classics: no prejudice to mar the purity of the encounter.

They look at all books as if they had been written yesterday, and attempt to find in them a convenient mirror which they question — in vain sometimes, but always sincerely. They try to project what they feel or have guessed about themselves into all things, and, by means of examples drawn from external sources, seek to justify inner urges which they usually keep secret because their moral environment frowns upon them. Trapped in a conventional and gregarious society, they take advantage of their college years, with a kind of nervous haste, to have a little taste of everything in order to satisfy their unruly appetites, as if compelled to learn as much as possible about themselves before it is too late. Hence the professor, if he wants to fill his role successfully, must try to get to know his students intimately, to understand their personalities even more than their immediately recognizable gifts and abilities. This explains the importance — absolutely inexistent in France — of working in small groups or under the guidance of a tutor. In a way, the American student expects his teacher to become his mentor, a kind of intellectual director of his conscience. Such relationships can be fruitful and satisfying for both parties concerned, but I need hardly point out that they are sometimes dangerous.

Here we face defects which, in most American students — to a varying degree, of course — are the counterpart of their good traits. Whereas Europeans go through their critical stage of adjustment at the very beginning of adolescence, it seems that Americans experience this crisis at a later period. At the age of twenty, their personalities are too much concerned with themselves, their doubts, their fears before their environment, and not enough with the manifold aspects of the external world. Before another man's thought, their attention is held only by the echo of their own haunting ego.

In my opinion, the faults which I have pointed out are by no means congenital. Social environment certainly accounts for a good many; but its influence is furthered by the system of education that has grown out of it. This vicious circle cannot easily be broken. It is in high school that students must be trained to use that objective type of attention without which each new bit of information merely adds to the chaos of thought. Such training is out of place at the college level. At the age of twenty, the mind has already contracted fatal habits. Secondary education has the duty of teaching adolescents to organize what they know and to express it in coherent terms.



Son of New Bedford and heir of her best seafaring tradition, LLEWELLYN HOWLAND makes his anchorage at Padanaram, where, between cruises, he writes about skippers and ships, the islands off the rocky coast, and the fare which sailors thrive on. Atlantic readers who enjoyed his earlier stories — "Clambake," "Journey Cakes," and "Man of Iron," which were eventually published in his book, Sou'west and By West of Cape Cod — will be eager to see his latest volume, Triptych, which is as savory as the best New England chowder.

RACE OFF GLOUCESTER

A True Story

by LLEWELLYN HOWLAND

EARLY in the 1920s my business brought me into close association with a man of sixty or over, a Captain (by courtesy) Wright. By profession he was a marine engineer who on his retirement from the United States Navy with the rank of petty officer had accepted an appointment to superintend a department of the government of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

On the occasion of my first meeting with the Captain I became aware that he was as tough as a balk of well-seasoned Burma teak — a hard-boiled product of long service in a disciplined organization. But as time passed and the work in hand compelled an ever closer collaboration, I began, in spite of the Captain's hard shell and unlikeness, to admire him, first as an able and trustworthy associate and then, after two years, as a friend within the limits of our mutual undertaking, beyond which he seemed unable, or at least unwilling, to venture.

Therefore I was surprised, late in the autumn, to receive a note from him inviting me to spend the coming weekend aboard his command, a small, outdated steam yacht, at that time maintained by the State to facilitate the longshore inspections called for by the department of which he was the head. Knowing this little vessel well, I did not fancy the prospect of a cruise in her at this season of the year, when boisterous weather might be expected.

But when I presented myself at the Captain's headquarters in the State House with the intention of declining his invitation on the plea of prior engagements, he made it evident that he had not asked for the pleasure of my company alone, but rather that he was requisitioning me for my advice and assistance in carrying out his assignment to act

as judge of a match race to be sailed off Cape Ann on the coming Saturday between two fishing schooners — the one representing New England, the other Nova Scotia. As he presented his case I had no choice other than to accede to his orders with what heartiness I could muster.

The little voyage to Gloucester on that Friday afternoon more than fulfilled my gloomiest forebodings. There was a half-a-gale of perishingly cold wind; a heavy sea on the quarter before which *Aida* ran rolling rails under; a sky of low-lying, leaden clouds racing to leeward and speeding the oncoming night, so that we groped our way in utter darkness to a berth alongside an evil-smelling wharf in the old fishing port, only to find that it still lacked an hour of being suppertime; and worse, the Captain and I were talked-out and marrow-cold; the one deck hand had been pitched against a bridge stanchion and was nursing a painfully bruised arm; everything in the galley had gone adrift and soured the cook; the engineer-stoker was swearing mad from the smart of several burns he had acquired in that unmentionably condemned engineroom-stokehold filled with hot coils of pipe, whirling machinery, and searing heat. In fact, our case was a regular "lashup" of Job's torments with, so it appeared to me, an interminable stretch of boredom and discomfort in the offing.

Having nothing to do while the Captain was busy administering first aid, reordering his ship, and stiffening the morale of his crew, I turned in to my berth for an hour or so in an attempt to thaw out, until at last the cook-steward lit the hanging lamp in the cuddy, slapped the crockery and silver onto the table, and beat a tattoo on a tin pie dish announcing supper. "First Table" — the Captain, the Engineer, and I — were soon hard at it stowing

away a fried rump steak, boiled potatoes, baked beans, and whisky grog for drink. For a while the sauce of conversation was lacking and despondency seemed about to gain the upper hand, when, in desperation, I said, "Well, anyhow, *Aida's* engine didn't fetch away this afternoon — it must be well 'backed, bolted, braced, an' stayed'; whereat both my table companions dropped their knives and forks, first to stare at me as if I were a ghost and then, as one man, to exclaim, "Do you know it — the song of steam?"

"Know it! Of course I know it — every word of it. Do you?"

"You can bet your life we do," replied the Captain as he smacked the table with his palm and nodded to the Engineer — a signal producing most unexpected results; for without preamble, even the clearing of a throat, these two men-of-their-hands, the Captain leading, broke into song to chant antiphonally "M'Andrew's Hymn" from beginning to end, in cadences attuned to the ponderous beat of "My seven thousand horse-power here."

As for me, I sat there in the stuffy little saloon enthralled by a music and a perfection of execution such as only long practice, a complete understanding of the theme, and a true spiritual exaltation could achieve.

Thereafter this meal, which had had about it a dead-fish flavor, was transmuted by Euterpe's magic into a symposium — a symposium that, running into the small hours of the morning, was a feast of technicalities sauced and seasoned by songs, recitations, and tales of adventure, both gay and somber, and the whole of it instinct with admiration and love for The Interpreter of those legions of inarticulate souls "that serve and understand."

And, had it not been for the sudden reek of charring wicks and the consequent dimming of the lamp overhead, I have no doubt our celebration would have continued till sunup. But on the instant of that first whiff of burning cotton the Engineer, after swiveling on his seat to glance at the clock, bounced from his chair, to capsize it with a crash as he bolted for the cuddy door, on his way to the stokehold and the long-neglected fire under the boiler, leaving the Captain and me to grope our way to our berths and turn in all standing in the gloom of the dying lamp.

At the first stroke of four bells Captain Wright turned out of his berth to exchange a battered old derby hat — an ill-chosen protection for his bald head at night, I thought — for his immaculate gold-laced service cap. Thereupon, as if ashamed of his emotion of the previous evening — an unfaithfulness to his command — he assumed a manner most autocratic and unapproachable, a drawing taut of the bonds of discipline — all of which, combined with the same cold and boisterous

weather of yesterday, extinguished my last spark of hope that the day ahead might provide some moments of pleasurable relaxation.

2

IN DUE course there was an early breakfast, the grim and greasy character of which Kipling alone could have depicted — which was immediately followed by the bustle of getting *Aida* underweigh for a jog down to the breakwater and beyond to have a look at the weather. The "look" of perhaps two hours had its dramatic moments when the Captain, after jingling for full speed ahead, swung his little vessel round on the return course to meet, full on the bluff of her port bow, the first three of a long procession of oncoming whitecapped seas, the two leaders of which drenched us with heavy spray, while the third, coming aboard green, caused an eruption in the stokehold, resulting in a blinding cloud of steam from which, when it had thinned a little, emerged the Engineer to announce to the bridge in blistering terms that unless half speed were instantly rung up he would be forced to abandon his post. And here again, only the author of that song of steam so movingly rendered a few hours before could have made manifest the valor of that master craftsman when, his case stated, he dove into that still-murky crater to carry on in spite of slippery steel floor plates awash in a batter of oil and water and the frequent dislodging scends of *Aida* as she slowly worked her way to windward in the teeth of that cold, spray-laden breeze.

Back at last in the smooth at the mouth of the harbor, the Captain berthed his command neatly alongside the big ocean tug *Wrestler*, just arrived from Boston with the Race Committee on board. The two skippers, shouting through megaphones, decided that owing to stress of weather the *Aida* and her more powerful consort should reverse functions — *Aida* becoming Committee Boat and *Wrestler* Mark Boat flying the judge's flag: the emblem of the Commonwealth. Presently, by means of Olaf, the deck hand, and our well kept and appointed dory, I found myself with this flag (my badge of authority) and with the committee's written instructions in my pocket in the comparative warmth and shelter of the *Wrestler's* wheelhouse, whence I watched the three members of the Race Committee board *Aida* with their broad blue pennant marked R.C. in bold white letters. Out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of two big schooners — Gloucester's *Defender* and Nova Scotia's *Challenger* — standing out of the harbor under foresails and jumbos, their fore and main topmasts on end and their decks alive with hands preparing to pile sail on her when the time came. It was then that I realized that through the plotting of "that downy old bird," Captain Wright, the

moment had come for me — the sole representative of my country in an international contest — to act, and to do so without a moment's delay, inasmuch as the advertised hour for the start of the race was just in the offing.

"Captain Crocker," said I to the tug master, "will you kindly get underweigh *at once* and log off ten miles on a safe course — sou' by west I figure it — that with the wind as it is will put us as near as maybe ten miles to leeward of Boston Light — and give her the jet, for if we're to be on station before those schooners get there, *we've* got to hustle."

Heavy vessel as she was, Captain Crocker soon had the *Wrestler* away on her course and rapidly picking up speed, and as my flag rose to the head of the foremast he called attention to it by three prolonged blasts of the deep-throated chime whistle while a column of black smoke shot with steam and writhing out of the funnel still further advertised our course and purpose.

But as I began to dry out and feel warmer it dawned on me that my office aboard the *Wrestler* was strictly unofficial, that of a mere guest of Captain Wright — a situation without liability other than that of recording both any infractions of the rules of this race and the clock times at which each of the contestants rounded two of the marks (*Wrestler* on station and a specified buoy off Boston Light), the two outer angles of the triangular course of roughly forty sea miles they were to sail. In fact, my spirits began to rise as I undertook to work out the only immediate problem: the number of minutes, if any, by which the *Wrestler* might hope to anticipate the two schooners after running off her prescribed distance.

Rolling and surging along, as we were now, through quartering seas, with an occasional shower of spray coming aboard as a whitecap slapped the guardrail, I could see from Captain Crocker's frequent glances at the clock and the tachometer that he too was deeply concerned with the problem of the *Wrestler's* race against time, and that he was quite aware that with this breeze *Challenger* and *Defender* could outpace us.

"What do you figure we're doing?" I asked him.

"Call it nine point five," came the answer, and as an afterthought: "If you'll take these glasses, Judge, and keep me posted on what's goin' on astern of us, I shan't be so hot and bothered about them windbags overtakin' us as I am this minute."

Lowering the upper sash of the after lee window and adjusting those most excellent binoculars, I tried to sort out the salient features of the clump of vessels hovering about a point of common interest astern of us. But owing to smoke and dust blowing offshore, I found it impossible to clear my vision for some minutes, until suddenly, as two shimmering spires of canvas, heeling at a sharp angle, broke clear into view, I could report, "They're

away," and, after a quick look at the clock, continue to watch those oncoming sails — avenging Furies on the wing. And now for a while I felt that time and the *Wrestler's* speed were synchronized in a steady decline; while, looming higher and higher, and clearer and clearer, those sharp-winged Erinyes, soaring and dipping, drove down on us, their dark thrusting beaks white with foam.

But I'd seen enough of this inspiring spectacle; it was more than time to work out the answer to our problem — four fifths of it guesswork and the balance simple arithmetic. The wind's force and nature, the course to be sailed in relation to the wind's direction, the length and rig of the contestants, the sail they were carrying, the character of the sea, the supposed time of the start — all these and other minor considerations were the imponderables entering into the equation to be solved.

"Captain," I finally announced, "I figure they're doing a plump eleven and a half knots and that when we've logged our distance you'll have approximately four minutes to come to and lie before they're abreast of us."

A grunt of satisfaction was the Captain's only comment on my findings as he wiped the sweatband of his pot hat — the universal badge of the tug master of that period — with the sleeve of his coat and thus refreshed adjured the engineroom through the speaking tube to continue to "cram her — if yer lay any store by yer jobs."

By this time, while the Captain, having accepted my four minutes of grace, might feel less jumpy than before, I found that the pumping of my own barometer between the high of hope and the low of despair was on the increase as, with eyes glued to the binoculars, I watched *Challenger* — the bigger of the two schooners — finally sail through the lee of her rival and come on, hand over fist, in our wake. Furthermore, she'd accomplished this under her four lowers and two gaff topsails only, while *Defender*, besides these, sported a whopping big jib topsail which, by the whipping of her fore topmast, evidently was pulling like a horse. It looked as if, perhaps, I'd underestimated the speed at which these two racers were sailing, in which event our margin of four minutes might soon be nil. And presently it was on the tip of my tongue to suggest that we cook our records of the distance run and take station forthwith, when Tyche, in the guise of a sunbeam stabbing through the gray ceiling of cloud, produced a "soft spot" — a decrease of wind — to save me, an honorable judge, from involving a sea captain of stainless reputation in a disgraceful conspiracy to deceive the public. And it was by the favor of that blessed but transitory lull that we not only maintained our lead but actually gained a modicum of extra time before Captain Crocker rang down his engine and whirled his wheel hard astarboard to place *Wrestler* head

to wind on station while the now unwanted steam roared and thuttered out of the exhaust pipe triumphantly. A minute later Tyche had vanished, leaving the sky as dark as ever, while the breeze, as if rejuvenated by the rest, was heartier, if anything, than before.

No need now for the glasses to see the fun; for there they were, those two hard-driven schooners, almost within hailing distance of us, their lee decks awash up to the hatch coamings, as inch by hard-earned inch, all hands and the cook hauling for dear life, those bar-taut sheets were trimmed in for the beat to windward. And it was *Defender*, given a lift through the lull by that jib topsail, that had crept up abreast and to windward of her rival and now was making her bid for the lead — a bid to which *Challenger* responded by breaking out her own jib topsail. Scissors and thumbscrews, how they lay down to it while I noted their respective times as they passed us! And then, as *Defender* buried her bow deep in the smother of the first head sea she met on her course upwind, we were treated to the spectacle of the sudden parting of her fore topmast backstay, as if it were an over-keyed banjo string, and the buckling of the topmast before it snapped short off at the upper cap, to hang up to leeward like the broken wing of a bird — an hurrah's nest of twitching gear and slatting canvas, the clearing away of which might well dismay even that seasoned crew. Yet cleared away it was in the best tradition of Gloucestermen and in such short order that by the time *Wrestler* was bruising her way through head seas at an easy seven and a half knots on a course for Boston Light, *Defender* was slashing along on an inshore port tack, while her rival, still on the starboard tack, rapidly melted into the lowering gray of the south-west.

3

IT WAS during the following spell — an hour and twenty minutes — of relaxed freedom that the *Wrestler's* cook of happy memory served Captain Crocker and me the dinner he had fixed for those "Big Shots" the Race Committee: a twelve-pound roast of prime beef, pan-basted potatoes, boiled onions in milk, and lemon meringue tarts, the brown crusts of which, beaded with tiny drops of caramel, crackled softly in one's mouth to add zest to the delicious flavor of the filling. And it was the clang of the stand-by bell in the engineroom as we were discussing coffee and cigars that sent us on the jump from the Captain's quarters in the deckhouse up to the pilothouse again to find *Wrestler* drawing in toward the Light and the breeze tending to haul to the north, in which quarter the sky showed signs of clearing. Not long after, speed was reduced to bare steerageway, and there we were, head to wind, within a cable's length of the buoy prescribed for the second turn of the course.

And it was then, as we lay waiting for that always dramatic moment in a race, the turning of a mark, and while I was searching the northerly quadrant with the aid of the binoculars, that Tyche — not in the guise of a fleeting sunbeam as before, but now as Old Sol himself, routing the rear guard of that host of sullen gray clouds — chose to reappear and alight on the lofty main topmast head of *Defender* on the starboard tack and coming on fast; and what was more, favored as she was by that little shift in the direction of the still strong breeze, she was fetching the mark as she lay.

Facing about I discovered *Challenger* just emerging from the murk still thick to the sou'west, to realize that she would be forced to tack twice to *Defender's* once before rounding the buoy and starting on the reach for home. As I laid down the glasses to report this good news to the Captain, I distinctly heard, from somewhere below, the strains of a harmonica rendering "Yankee Doodle" — full confirmation of my opinion that Gloucester's cock still had a crow left in him; and when, shortly after *Defender* surged past our stern to set the buoy rocking in her quarter wave as she shaved it close and then tacked all standing in a shower of sunlit spray to stand away with eased sheets on a course for the finish line, there was indeed cause sufficient for all hands aboard *Wrestler* to crow their loudest.

Six minutes later *Challenger* rounded the mark, broke out her balloon jib topsail, and like her rival set her main topmast — "Fisherman" — staysail, to leave a wake behind her suggesting that of an ocean liner — a challenge of speed to which *Wrestler* promptly responded by orders to the engineroom for lavish stoking, in an attempt to overtake the racers. This attempt would have failed had it not been that as the sun declined the breeze became unsteady — puffs and gradually lengthening lulls — a condition in which we slowly but surely, foot by foot, overhauled *Challenger* as she as surely forereached on *Defender*; until, within a scant mile of the finish line, between *Aida* and a whistling buoy, we were able to crowd by the two schooners, as first one and then the other of them held the lead by the favor of that faltering breeze. Then again, on her final appearance that day, it was Tyche who, in the nick of time, befriended our champion with the broken wing by herding a lusty puff in her direction to waft her across the line a bare three lengths ahead of her competitor, while all the Gloucester whistles, horns, and bells combined in a stupendous "crow" just as the sun sank below the horizon.

But even before the dispersal of that vocal flotilla around the finish line, Olaf in his boat had come alongside the *Wrestler* with orders from Captain Wright that I, my records of the race, and the judge's flag were all to be "fetched at once" aboard *Aida*. Soon after I had hastily said good-by to

Captain Crocker and his crew, including the provider of those delectable lemon tarts, I found myself in the stern sheets of the glistening white dory, clutching my sheaf of memoranda in one hand and with the other vainly attempting to pluck my way out of the voluminous folds of my emblem of office, which had been tossed aboard on top of me just as Olaf unrestrainedly gave way on the oars — a somewhat undignified exit that inexplicably brought to mind the painting of “Washington Crossing the Delaware.”

However, by the time *Aida*, slowly forging ahead, had come alongside to pick us up, I had worked myself out from under that smothering flag and was able to scramble aboard without loss of face and without dropping overboard any item of my official belongings. Then, while we steamed at half speed into the harbor, Captain Wright and the Committee checked my report and finally endorsed it, relieving me of further responsibility; and what was more, they granted my prayer that I might be excused from attendance that evening at the banquet — “dinner for five hundred and drinks for ten thousand” — which was to be the windup of the Race; and finally, when *Aida*, as on the evening before, had snuggled into her berth at the wharf in total darkness and the all-pervading smell of codfish, I stretched myself out on the leather-covered transom to wait until such time as supper might be announced, with a sense that though I could be charged with having run away, I might reasonably hope to live to fight another day.

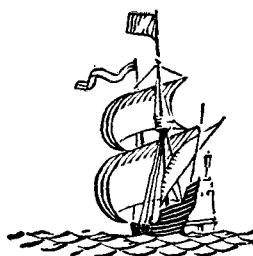
No doubt there was supper that evening; but it is the twelve hours of sleep that I remember, and the coming-to after it, to be greeted by an Indian Summer morning, warm and hazy with a gentle southerly breeze. The eight o'clock breakfast of fried cod tongues and sounds, hot cornbread, and tea “as black as y'r hat,” although a somewhat austere and battle-scarred Captain Wright pre-

sided, tasted supremely good and sustained us all while *Aida*, after a late morning start, quietly steamed through sunny hours and a gently undulating sea toward Boston, where, in the glow of sunset, she finally came to in her regular berth in Fort Point Channel.

Then it was, when it seemed to me the time had come for me to “leave her, Johnny — leave her” (a tame exit after an eventful cruise), that the Captain and the Engineer, each with a hand on one of my arms, steered me into the cuddy, where broiled live lobsters and a pail of chipped ice from which protruded the golden tinfoiled neck of a champagne bottle, smuggled aboard from the banquet, I strongly suspect, were set forth — a glorified stirrup cup it seemed to me, which, by the time we had partaken of it, had quite dissolved the lingering dregs of my distaste at being dra-gooned aboard *Aida*. Feeling sure the moment for parting had now come, I was about to stand up and attempt to express my appreciation for past and present entertainment when suddenly my companions, anticipating my move, jumped from their chairs and pulling me from mine joined hands with me to form a trio, and for the moment a spiritual trinity, as that tough-fibered master of a craft, Captain Wright, responding to the alchemy of a master of an art, quoted a verse at the end of “Banquet Night”: —

“So it was ordered and so it was done,
And the hewers of wood and the Masons of Mark,
With foc'sle hands of the Sidon run
And Navy Lords from the *Royal Ark*,
Came and sat down and were merry at mess
As Fellow-Craftsmen — no more and no less.”

And I knew then, as I know now from later experience, that at last I had been accepted unreservedly by the Captain and his mate as a friend — “no more and no less.”





Artist and author, WALTER PACH was born in New York City in 1883, studied at the New York School of Art and at the Académie Ranson in Paris, and in addition to his one-man shows has exhibited with the Independent Artists yearly since 1917. The biographer of Georges Seurat, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, Van Gogh, and Ingres and the author of widely read studies on modern art, Mr. Pach now evaluates for Atlantic readers the life and work of John Sloan — his versatility, his dedication, his contribution to American art.

JOHN SLOAN

by WALTER PACH

1

I SHALL not attempt to say how great an artist was John Sloan. As a friend for forty-seven years and having a warm recollection of his geniality, his courage, and his loyalty — to ideas and to men — I am perhaps disqualified, even, from saying that he *was* a great artist; the future alone can be authoritative on that point. But I can say that his was a lifelong adherence to the principle of seeking the truth, independent of any influence from accepted ideas, his own as well as other people's. And, at the very least, that means that he had one of the most important things in common with the masters of the great periods. Sometimes they gained fame and money through their work while still alive, sometimes they did not. But no one judges them on such a basis; what counts is their success with their art. In a time like ours, when standards are confused and very great men have had to wait long for recognition (even so small a part of it as would ensure daily bread), Sloan held that "to become a painter, one should not expect to make a living from painting; to remain independent an artist has to work for a living at some trade, like bricklaying."

Though a well-trained and professional artist at the age of twenty, he did not sell a picture till he was forty-two, and could not live by the sale of his paintings till he was seventy-three. When young artists would complain about such conditions to old John Butler Yeats, that great friend of Sloan's would reply, "Then go on and do something honest, like digging a ditch." That occupation, or the bricklaying proposed by Sloan himself, was spared him through his gift for illustrating. A whole group of our most talented men, fifty or sixty years ago, gained a livelihood by illustrating, which then permitted more of serious effort than it does now. But the field became increasingly commercialized, as was said by one of the best

of these artists, William J. Glackens, who gave the fact as his reason for abandoning a line of work for which he cared greatly, as many a fine artist has done.

It would be absurd to think of Sloan as averse to earning his living by his brush in those early and middle years. On the contrary, he made every effort to reach the public with the best of his production. His etchings, at this time, were not only among his finest expressions but, because of their low price, were within the reach of hundreds, even thousands, of Americans. Yet when the artist brought out a circular, generously illustrated with photographs of his etchings, the people to whom he mailed it did not respond with enough money to cover his expenses of printing and platemaking.

So the alternative to living by his art was "some trade like bricklaying," as he had found out through his own experience. To be sure, there was another alternative, though not for him. The other choice was to sugar his work to the taste of the large numbers of people who are always ready to pay for such production. With Sloan's native skill, the only obstacle to such a course was his character; but fortunately for all of us, that was an insuperable obstacle. He never even thought of overcoming it: he was an artist, a truth-seeker, and the lie of the thing erroneously called popular art was completely outside any conception of life that was possible to him.

With his inexhaustible belief in human beings, and with his great love for the life and look of American cities, Sloan had the requisites for an illustrator of the first rank, especially as his hand was phenomenally prompt in rendering the images that came before his mind. They might be started there by a telephone call to the newspaper he was working on. In the days before the photographer and photoengraver replaced the old newspaper

artists through even more rapid reporting, Sloan was one of the men who could illustrate the story of a murder, a political meeting or other "hot feature," by a drawing that brought it before the eyes of the reader more vividly than words could do.

In the office of the *Philadelphia Press* Sloan worked side by side with three other artists who were to attain fame as painters: George Luks, Everett Shinn, and William Glackens. In 1945 the Philadelphia Museum recalled the work of those days by devoting an exhibition to the four men on the staff of the old *Press*, once the most important newspaper in the city but which had been absorbed by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* a quarter of a century before. For the introduction to the catalogue of the show, Sloan could write that "Glackens was certainly the greatest draughtsman who lived this side of the ocean. He could draw anything he wanted to in any way he wanted to. He had the ability to bring back mentally what was an emotional state. His drawings of New York streets, tenements, fire escapes, pushcarts, people, were full of incidents and more alive than life could ever be. He would make a drawing over and over again until he got what he really wanted. He was never satisfied."

Sloan himself made rapid jottings on chance bits of paper, from which he arrived at a finished production; they were to serve him, also, throughout the years to come when, instead of newspaper drawings, his observations from nature were translated into full-scale paintings. When he spoke of a painter's safeguarding his independence through living from a trade, he was not spinning theories out of moonshine: he was offering a procedure he had followed out himself during the years of a newspaper office's grueling drive.

2

THE future that Sloan imagined for this country and its artists lies in the realm of the intangible, but Sloan's painting and etching are existing things, the accumulation of a man who had worked indefatigably since his boyhood.

Born at Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, in 1871, he was brought to Philadelphia six years later. He left high school at the age of sixteen and began to earn in order to help support his family, after his father had suffered a failure in business. At first he worked as an assistant to the cashier of a bookstore. Soon he was supplementing his salary by the sale of pen-and-ink copies of Rembrandt etchings and by his production of valentines with verses and colored drawings. A short time later, he was attending a night class in freehand drawing at the Spring Garden Institute. Within a year he was ready to rent a small studio on Walnut Street, and had three drawings accepted by *Judge*, the

old comic weekly. A year later, he was regularly at work on a newspaper; in 1895 he began a most important association with the *Philadelphia Press* which he continued for many years.

Meanwhile he had met Robert Henri and had formed what was to be his closest friendship with any man. Six years his senior, Henri had been to Paris and had brought back ideas of art and life which Sloan was prepared to accept. Together, and in association with Glackens and others of the "old Philadelphia bunch," they went on in their investigations of the philosophy and technique of art, with Henri's inspiring personality and ideas acting as the chief stimulus to new effort. When Sloan moved to New York in 1904, Henri helped him not merely along artistic but also material lines.

An ideal of both men was Walt Whitman, and it would be easy to trace one connection after another between the work of the poet and that of the two painters. Specifically, one might mention the similarity of mood and the response to Manhattan's salt-water front in Whitman's "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" and Sloan's often reproduced painting, *The Wake of the Ferry*. But more important than such parallels is the general matter of their response to the modern American city. It was ugly to the eyes of "the young men who never get back from Paris" (in their minds — even when physically they have returned to America); it was exhilarating and indeed beautiful to Walt Whitman, who saw in it the birth of new triumphs of the mind and of art.

Coming from Philadelphia, where so many memories of the past cling to old houses, streets, and squares, Sloan was intoxicated with the life and movement of New York. His studio on Twenty-third Street was between two of those elevated railway lines that have been the horror of many a visitor to the city and to even more of its residents. Almost all gone now, they certainly did cause a fearful noise, darkness over their streets, and — in the days before they used electricity — a lot of dirt from their smoke and steam. Yet they offered to Sloan a subject unknown to the artists of the past, and some of the finest of his early pictures are of the Elevated as it winds through the city, the lights on the train standing out dramatically against the evening sky, or the shadow beneath the structure telling as a splendid background for the moving figures of men and women who appear suddenly from darkened space.

It was the stupidest of criticism that greeted the work of Sloan and the others who represented such scenes and who were therefore assailed as "The Ashcan School." There was nothing in common between what is new, stirring, and human in American cities, when seen by a sympathetic eye, and the garbage receptacle which the critics — incited by certain painters — took as the symbol of the new

men. Carl Sandburg was none too vehement, in one of his poems, when he swore at the people who are blind to the splendor of the waterfront of Chicago. The Parthenon? Chartres Cathedral? They are marvelous, unquestionably, but the sun that glorifies them or the rain that envelops them in its veil can make of our most "sordid" city views a spectacle of thrilling beauty. Our forests of tall buildings are still a source of astonishment to Europeans, and countless Americans also can admire their originality and the genius for construction they reveal.

But the humbler aspects of our cities are more human than the skyscrapers. A photograph of one or a group of the latter brings a gasp over their size, their cost, their elevator service, the number of persons they accommodate, and so on and so on. But to use them as subject matter for art is something else. Later in life, Sloan used to say that he preferred to paint girls who were not so beautiful as to tempt an artist to make a mere copy of his model.

Degas followed a similar line of reasoning when he told why he wanted to depict laundresses, fat women in bathtubs, ballet girls with their legs reaching for the practice bar or with their meager forms crouched together as they tie on their slippers: he said he needed themes that had not been exploited by the so-called classical men, those whose bid for success depended on the obvious attractiveness of their subjects. That pitfall of the artist, representation (especially of beautiful women, but also of landscapes and other objects carefully chosen to flatter the taste of the majority), came to be understood for what it is by Sloan as he reflected more deeply on the problem of the artist. But he had already given proof of an instinctive grasp of the idea when he painted those early city pictures which make us feel the significance inherent in sights to which most people never give a look or a thought.

Intensity in the look and vigor in the thought that Sloan gave to these sights are what characterize his evocations of the life of New York and what first established his general reputation. The teeming flow of that life, the thousand impacts it made on the mind of the artist, caused him to resume the medium of etching, with which he already had had experience. It was closely related to the pen drawing of his newspaper days and of his illustrations for those fine magazines, *Scribner's*, the *Century*, and others which we had in earlier years. Etching, also, renewed his attention to the masters of the graphic arts, Rembrandt, Callot and Goya, Daumier, Bewick, and John Leech (a particular favorite of Sloan's).

But it meant two other things to him. One was that it afforded art lovers of small means a chance to own original works. But more important was the fact that etching permitted him to treat a

larger number of subjects and to produce more pictures than would have been possible with the complicated, time-consuming processes of painting.

3

THE etchings which he did from 1905 till his last years contain much of what is most poignant and powerful in his entire work. Among their large number of first-rate successes, one has difficulty in making a choice. My own mind comes back to favorites: *Roof-Tops*, *Summer Night*, where sweltering tenement-house dwellers, seen from the artist's window, get a troubled sleep under the sky, and one man who lies awake gazes at the heavy forms of a near-by matron. Also of that intimacy which Sloan's back windows afforded is the scene entitled *Turning Out the Light*. A woman in night-dress is reaching toward the gas jet, her healthy, bare arm extended in a gesture whose beauty we recognize because it agrees with the instinct developed within us by the masters of figure drawing in all periods. Such an influence from one of our noblest traditions, even if an unconscious influence, is again to be seen in the artist's later etchings of the figure. Direct study of the nude preoccupied Sloan increasingly, as time went on.

The intimacy and the strength in his picturing of the great city, its drama and its humor, won for him a public of his own, small at first, but always growing in number. Had that been its one characteristic, all would have been well. But too many people, having found what they instinctively wanted, refused to go ahead — and that was what Sloan simply had to do. Or, since those words imply purpose, we may better say that to stand still and repeat past performances was something he could not do. For explanation on that point, we need to give a glance at modern art, and also at things outside the problems of picture-making. We return, then, to Sloan's thought as to the relation of his profession with the public, one of his major interests throughout his career. The ivory tower may be a fine retreat from the turmoil of the city, just as a studio on Twenty-third Street may be a fine place for studying that turmoil. But whether a man chooses the still waters of the world or its torrent (to recall a contrast of elements grandly established by Goethe), he is very nearly defective if he does not want — nay, demand — a contact between his work and his fellow men.

For the artist, such contact comes through exhibitions and through the placing of his product in homes and museums. But the channels through which the artist normally reaches the public were very badly clogged up in the first decade of the present century. It was necessary to break new ground. Three big efforts, in which Sloan shared conspicuously, were the chief means for obtaining such a result. I refer to the exhibition of "The

Eight" (so named from the number of artists composing the group — and they were about the best of the forward-looking painters that this country had in 1908), the famous Armory Show of 1913, and the Society of Independent Artists, founded in 1916. Glackens was the first president of this organization, with Sloan succeeding him a year afterward and holding the position until his death.

I give these bare details in the history of American art, not for their relation to that subject, but for the light they afford as to the ideas and character of the man we are discussing. The amount of time and hard work he put in on these exhibitions, and others, was simply enormous. The reason for it was his insight into American conditions, the relationship of our artists and public, and his belief in both groups. Better understanding between them was one of our important needs, one that every museum is striving to deal with today. A healthy accord on this point will quite surely bring about better American art and better American use of art. The future of John Sloan, the future he envisaged, was chiefly based on such utility for the men of his profession.

4

AND still we have given no more than a glance to the essential matter of Sloan's career, his art. The change from newspaper and magazine work to painting and etching was, in large degree, a matter of changing his medium of expression. A new period began in 1919 when he first saw New Mexico, where, until the year of his death, all but one of his subsequent summers were spent. What justifies one in claiming an important change for this period of Sloan's is a new sense of landscape and a new realization of aesthetic values.

Previously he had spent five summers at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and had done a good deal of out-of-doors painting there. But it does not have the feeling for his subject that city life aroused in him, nor does it have the technical equipment he was later to seek out. The splendor of the New Mexican desert country aroused an intense response from him, but his growing acquaintance with the life and art of the Indians was an even greater influence. First came his enthusiasm for the tribal dances, among the most impressive examples of an art practiced by and for a whole people. Despite pressure — conscious or unconscious — by white men, the tenacious religion and culture of the Southwestern Indian continue to express themselves in these communions with the spirit of the earth, the sun, the animals, the lightning and the rain. Of the ceremonies which thus carry on the ancient ideas of the people, Sloan has left some admirable representations.

But Indian art has other aspects. The Navahos, with their sand painting, can show us works as

beautiful as they are original; related to them are the blankets, and the pottery with its stirring imagery and patterns. Each pueblo has its own character, even if marked by no more than the form, color, and texture of its ceramics. With these qualities — of a type we are now apt to call abstract — the message of the Southwest was seen by Sloan to have something in common with that of the most modern men of Europe.

Like numbers of other artists here, he had had his first important contact with modern art when his pictures hung at the Armory Show, in rooms adjoining those devoted to Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse, and the Cubists. His final judgment on that exhibition was rendered in his words, "It's life itself." For the time being, it was a life he could not enter, as far as concerns the central conception expressed by the modern men. He did not try to hasten his approach to such a conception by going to Paris, as so many American artists did when they came to realize the great changes in art ideas due to French painters and sculptors.

Indeed, Sloan never visited Europe at all. Various writers have stressed the fact as proof of his American quality — surely a very tenuous proof, in view of the wealth of European art in our museums and exhibitions, and in view of its influence on Sloan, who in his earlier painting recalls that of Hals, Velasquez, and Manet, and who later experimented with various types of glazing, under the inspiration of men like Titian and Rembrandt. The acceptance of ideas traditional in Europe, which we have just noted in his youth and middle age, are far less significant than his response to the modern movement when he had thought through to its essentials. Not just once but many times did he express his conclusion on the subject. It was that the moderns, from Cézanne onward, have restored to the world the true character that painting had in its early periods, a character that was abandoned by "optical art," Sloan's term for the decadent work of so many nineteenth-century men. He specified the masters of that period who, despite all, had defied surrender to abject copying of what the eye perceives, as opposed to what the mind marks as reality. Concerning that last word, he was proud to think of himself as a realist.

In the quiet of his summers at Santa Fe, he could think over the questions that seethed in Paris and — more and more — in New York, where the "revolutionary" movement of the moderns was triumphantly displacing the outworn formulas of the academic schools. But, we may ask, was Sloan not academic himself, by this time? He had never given up his observing of nature and re-presenting her aspects as he saw them. So the answer to this question resides in the fact that he portrayed what he saw for himself and did not copy either nature or what other men had seen. That completely clears him of having "gone over

to the majority" (the dead), the charge leveled at him by youngsters who had reached no more than the threshold of modern art. To quote Matisse's words for such people, "they were forgetting Cézanne."

"The primitive of the way he found," as Cézanne called himself, he never had the beginning of a doubt that painting has a steady historical development; and his constant citation of his authorities — Tintoretto, Poussin, Delacroix, and others — proves that he knew and followed the traditions of his craft better than did his contemporaries. This recognition of tradition is what we are forever discovering about the great French "innovators." And that is what the younger men here were ignorant of when they began to look on Sloan as old school — a term applicable only to weak artists, never to strong ones. It is not comparing Sloan with Cézanne if we note that both insisted on form, in the sense of rendering solids and their planes. Nor was Sloan attempting to be a Pueblo Indian when he contended for the expression of ideas. We have heard him state his conclusion that modern art renews our hold on the essentials of the classics ("our classics," as Diego Rivera added, in order to emphasize the contribution of ancient America to our heritage from Europe). And with as little or as much as each artist needs of naturalism in his work, the essentials of the classics have always included expression and form as matters of the very first importance.

Sloan insisted on them in teaching, and they were the special ideal of his own work. In his last years, when he was freed from financial pressure and from any concern with visual phenomena (an inevitable concern at first for one educated during the nineteenth century), two new — or greatly strengthened — elements appeared in his work. He said that he had not had much chance in earlier life to paint from the nude — and now he was going to make up for that. The result was an intensified rendering of what makes of the human body the marvel that it is, finer than the body of the animal because of the brain to which humans respond. And in many a portrait done by Sloan in these years, the same holds true.

The other element in his later work might seem a matter for technical, professional discussion rather than one for a general public. That is not true in the case of a public interested in art, one that remembers to differentiate between the manner of presentation and the matter presented, whether that subject matter be nudes, portraits, Indian dances, or *The Sidewalks of New York*, that old tune which people wanted Sloan to keep on singing. He still loved New York, and said that each summer when he went away, as his health and his work de-

manded, he regretted the hot days of the past when he saw the city people come out in the open air and walk and talk and make love in a way he could not so well observe during the winter when they were indoors. The expression of *their* minds, for which he had done so much in the time when he was primarily an illustrator, was now enriched by a clearer expression of *his* mind.

Always a believer in a linear technique, he used to say that the only real abstraction achieved by artists is line, since it, unlike color or light and shade, does not exist in nature. Thus it was in character for him to use what he called his linear glaze in order to diversify the texture of his paintings, to accent passages of color, and to reinforce effects of form. His friends would sometimes tremble when he started to apply this new type of finish to pictures that had looked well enough before he added his line work. Sometimes, quite surely, losses of valuable qualities did come about. But he knew what he was doing, and nearly all of the best pictures of his eighty years are those in which he incorporated this final advance in his technique.

At eighty, his mind was of undiminished clearness and vigor, as will be seen from the work he began in that last summer of his life at Hanover, New Hampshire. Santa Fe had been wonderful, but he was ready to stay in the East again. Dartmouth College, whose president, John Sloan Dickey, was a relative of his, had given him a retrospective exhibition when he was seventy-five, and now he was returning there, to build a house at Hanover. A studio would naturally be its dominating feature, and the last drawing he ever made was of the home that he was planning for his old age.

That time was not to come. A memorial article in the *Hanover Gazette* says: "When he saw Maxfield Parrish this summer, whom he hadn't seen since 1898, Parrish said to him: 'When we reach our age, we should live as if we had thirty years more to live.' That is the way that John Sloan had always lived, and it accounts for his great productivity during a long and often hard life." The difficulties of his earlier days, when the "hard life" was largely due to lack of money, were less dangerous than organic troubles that forced him, at later times, to undergo several very serious operations. Some years before his death people feared that he was about to die. He himself did not fear that, but he bitterly resented it. "I've got work to do" was his angry complaint. Considering the way America has always looked to the future, those words of his are perhaps what tell best how American the man was. Since he himself always looked ahead to that work which he was forever starting anew, and since the work is the essential thing about John Sloan, we may also look to his future — and with confidence.

Space Travel

Only a half century after the first flights of the Wright brothers, U.S. Naval aviation has produced a giant rocket which attained a speed of nearly 5000 m.p.h. and an altitude of 158 miles. Animals have survived in good condition rocket ascents of 65 miles, and a piloted aircraft has traveled in level flight at 1600 m.p.h. — almost two and one-half times the speed of sound. If the next half century brings comparable progress, many authorities expect that travel in outer space will become a reality. A journalist of long experience in automotive and engineering subjects, LLOYD MALLAN recently gave up editorial work in order to devote his time to writing.

BREAKING THE STAR BARRIER

by LLOYD MALLAN

1

THE Navy's energetic research program and successful developments in rocketry today are steadily clearing the way to space flight. High-ranking Naval officers of the old school are scornful of the idea. They insist that the Navy is interested only in earth-bound objectives: the mathematical curve that a missile must travel in order to strike a target dead-center is the inspiration behind every supersonic achievement, they say. But they are executive officers, not rocket men. The Navy's rocket scientists discuss the problems of space travel with a dollars-and-cents seriousness. Their motivating question is not "Can it be done?" but "How much will it cost if done most efficiently?"

Almost every important rocket development of the military services can be traced directly or indirectly to Navy stimulation. It was a Navy-inspired rocket engine, for example, that blasted the Bell X-1, an Air Force research plane, through the sound barrier for the first time in level flight. The WAC-Corporal, a second-stage rocket that shot 250 miles right up to the edge of outer space, was a project of the Army Ordnance Department; yet the Navy helped to finance the military and civilian agencies involved, and the Naval Research Laboratory was at that time in charge of coordinating all upper-air research in the United States.

The latest spectacular accomplishment of the Air Force can also be traced to Naval research in rocketry. On December 12 last year, the X-1A broke all speed records for piloted aircraft by traveling at over 1600 m.p.h. — almost two and a half times the speed of sound. Built by Bell Aircraft Corporation, it was a sister ship to the X-1 and was powered by the same type of Navy-developed engine.

The development of rockets has been amazingly rapid. Only thirteen years ago a small group of Naval scientists and engineers began to experiment

with single-nozzle solid-fuel rockets and conventional aircraft. The purpose was to speed up a plane's take-off by adding rocket power to get it off the ground. If the system were perfected, fighter planes could be launched from aircraft carriers that were not equipped with catapults, and more planes could be carried aboard, since valuable deck space normally taken up by runways would be used for storage.

During these early experiments a comparatively unknown junior officer risked his neck time and again to collect practical information on the action of rockets during a plane's take-off. He is C. Fink Fischer, at present a full commander in the Bureau of Aeronautics; but when he offered to pilot dozens of unpredictable test flights, he was a lieutenant j.g. His ingenuity supplied the Navy with a solution to many of the engineering problems in rocketry, and he later worked out the specifications for the rocket engine that now powers the record-shattering Bell and Douglas research aircraft.

The first ground-to-air test was rather hard on Fischer — and the plane. A small rocket was mounted under the fuselage of a Wildcat fighter. The plane taxied to the edge of the runway and started to move under its own gasoline power. Then the rocket was cut in. A great sword of orange flame stabbed out toward the ground, and the plane bucked like a mad horse. A moment later, huge billows of white smoke obscured the flame, and the plane leaped shakily into the air. The controls were not designed to handle the tremendous power of the rocket thrust, nor was the fuselage able to take the terrific temperatures. Fischer somehow managed to land safely beyond the far end of the runway — stopping his craft just before it would have tumbled into a river. When the plane landed, all fabric had been burned away from the tail assembly.

More and more small rockets were added in succeeding flights, until the plane literally shot into the air from a standing position. Although the blasting heat of the rocket series melted most of the metal in the plane's rear, all these experimental flights were considered successful because they supplied the rocket men with important information on methods of handling, installing, and servicing equipment. The men kept working to improve their techniques and rockets. They continued to try different types of aircraft. This was in 1941. There were fewer than 60 persons involved in the project, including maintenance crews and assorted technicians. A year later, judgment day was scheduled. William L. Gore, one of the technical officers, defined it neatly: "This was the big moment. Either we'd convince the Admiral of our value and get a nice appropriation, or else we'd be out in the cold."

According to Gore, everybody got up at four o'clock in the morning to double-check all equipment. "We couldn't get the equipment to work," he said. "We tried for two and a half hours to locate the trouble and almost decided to build a new unit on the spot — which would have been impossible, of course. Maybe it was sheer will power, but we finally got the rocket shipshape just before the Admiral in charge of aviation policy arrived."

As it was, Admiral McCain stood by to watch a heavily loaded plane rise swiftly into the air spewing twin jets of flame from the two assist rockets. It leaped toward the sky hundreds of feet earlier than it would have if propelled only by its own power. "We must have that on all our fighter planes," said the Admiral laconically after the test.

2

As a midshipman, Robert C. Truax had specialized in mechanical engineering at Annapolis from 1936 to 1939, and had begun to develop a rocket engine in his spare time. He had been inspired by some of the experiments accomplished in the American Rocket Society with liquid-propellant engines. Most successful engines of this kind use a main fuel and another liquid to oxidize the fuel for ignition. So Midshipman Truax needed some liquid oxygen. But there was a hard rule in the engineering department: no oxygen of any kind was allowed because of the preponderance of oil in the laboratory. A drop of liquid oxygen mixed with oil would cause an instantaneous fire. After much red tape and argument, culminating in a flat refusal by the industrial engineer, the young midshipman — he was about twenty then — decided to see the Admiral in charge of the Naval Engineering Experiment Station at Annapolis.

This was an unprecedented act of brashness. The high officer was stern. "You certainly must understand our reason for the rule," he said. "It's

a safety measure. You simply cannot mix liquid oxygen with oil." The midshipman was polite but firm. "Yes, Admiral," he answered. "But I don't want to mix it with oil. I want to mix it with gasoline."

Midshipman Truax got his liquid oxygen because Rear Admiral Cox was so startled by the answer that he was thrown off guard. Gasoline and oxygen are a much more explosive combination than oil and oxygen.

When the midshipman became an ensign and went to sea for a tour of duty, he tried to test his engine aboard the *Enterprise*, where he made use of the aircraft carrier's machine shop to build a test stand. The odds were against him this time; he wasn't permitted to fool with rockets aboard ship. But at least he had accomplished something: he owned a test stand. So he waited patiently and later tried out his engine ashore. He devised an engine that was more efficient than all previous ones for this purpose. It was the first liquid-fuel rocket to be applied successfully to Naval aircraft. Again he stuck his neck out. He walked in cold on the appropriations officer and asked for \$65,000 to develop his new engine. The officer amazed him by agreeing. It seemed like a lot of money to the ensign. It was nothing compared with the lives it indirectly saved in the South Pacific.

Although liquid-fuel engines were never used operationally by the Navy in assist take-offs, they provided an important experimental step along the way toward development of practical assist rockets.

One of the first tests of the "Truax spherical motor" was made on a PBY flying boat with a payload two tons heavier than any ever carried before. It rose off the choppy water in good shape and soared above its streaming smoke clouds to prove that an efficient rocket engine is not all science fiction. Later engines developed by the Aerojet General Corporation made it possible for pilots to take off under extremely difficult conditions in the Pacific Islands, where take-offs were often hazardous, if not impossible, under ordinary power conditions.

But JATO (Jet-Assist-Take-off) units were only a beginning. Almost simultaneously with "Project JATO" the Navy was branching out into the field of larger and better rockets. One of these engines is the 6000-pound-thrust engine which powered the Bell X-1, the X-1A, and the Douglas D558-II Skyrocket.

The project that led to the development of the Douglas Skyrocket was begun in April, 1945, when the Navy gave Douglas Aircraft Company engineers a set of specifications and asked them to go to work. The plans required a straight-wing turbojet-powered plane for research use at velocities approaching and reaching the speed of sound. The D558-I Skystreak was completed and tested exactly two years later. Almost immediately it began to

establish new world air speed records in the range between 640 and 650 m.p.h. Out of Skystreak tests came information that made possible the design of a swept-wing, needle-nosed ship with rocket power.

The Douglas Skyrocket first flew on February 4, 1948. By the following year it had made 138 ground take-off flights, regularly exceeding the speed of sound and reaching 40,000-foot altitudes. "In 1949, this was quite a feat," said a Douglas official recently. In 1953 the Skyrocket reached twice the speed of sound and climbed 83,000 feet into the stratosphere. According to Naval officers in the know, current records can be expected to be doubled in less than five years.

In addition, the Navy has a financial interest in the Air Force X-3, a turbojet research plane designed specifically to hit Mach 3, or three times the speed of sound. Although it has not to date reached this speed, Douglas engineers are certain that it will if properly powered. The engines for which it was originally designed have proved too bulky in physical size to fit into the narrow jet pods of the projectile-shaped craft. In appearance, it is the closest thing to a spaceship existing today. Because of its stubby wings it requires a take-off run of about 3 miles.

The earliest Skyrocket version took off quickly with JATO units. Another version was dropped from the belly of a B-29, again using assist units to start it off. The latest version is dropped from a B-29 and roars away upward, fully under its own rocket engine power.

The man who first flew this latter version of the D558-II was William Bridgeman. He kept up a running commentary by radio as the plane shot away on its four rockets. "It feels as if I'm on my back looking straight up," he said. "I pick a spot in the sky and I imagine I'm going right on through a hole, out of the earth's orbit."

Bridgeman is noted for his coolness and keen judgment under extreme conditions. Yet his radioed statements indicate that, at least in a small way, this aircraft was acting like a spaceship. The Navy really started something with the Skyrocket.

The motivating reason for development of the Skystreak and Skyrocket research planes was a simple aerodynamic fact: existing planes were reaching subsonic and transonic speeds in power dives, but no information could be collected because of the very short duration of the dive. Such information could be gathered only in horizontal flight.

More than 8500 reports have been given the industry and the military services on D558 tests, making possible the standardized production of today's supersonic military aircraft.

of "ordinary" American citizens who dedicated their weekends and holidays to the pursuit of a fantastic hobby. Some of the now retired old-timers of the New Jersey State Police must still remember Edward Pendray, John Shesta, Franklin Pierce, Lovell Lawrence, Jr., Bernard Smith, and the late James Wyld. During the 1930s they chased these men all over the Jersey countryside because of complaints resulting from rocket tests. Scout-ing about in cars loaded down with instruments to check on their newest rocket engine, the men would locate what they felt was a safe, isolated spot. They would pull up, dig a series of trenches for self-protection, place their rocket test stand beyond, and duck to cover while the rocket fired. But the tremendous noise of even a small rocket disturbs people a mile or more away. So the police came, and the men moved on.

These were the early members of the American Rocket Society, founded in March, 1930, by Ed Pendray. What they lacked in funds and facilities, they compensated for with enthusiasm and hope. By 1940 they had made many notable contributions to rocket engine design and technology. Chief among these — but growing out of the others — was the Wyld regenerative engine.

It was the first successful American power unit of its kind as well as the second practical rocket engine in the world. The solution to its construction appeared on Wyld's drawing board and mechanical tests were made in 1938, only a short time after German rocket groups, working with military-stimulated intensity, solved the same problem. The difference was that the Germans, scorning costs, immediately set up a huge rocket experimental base at Peenemünde on the Baltic Sea, where hundreds of workers and scientists labored to create the big engine that eventually powered the destructive V-2. Wyld, on the other hand, had to wait almost three years for official encouragement in developmental work because of limited U.S. government research budgets. Then it took a declaration of war to get him started.

His little engine was about 8 inches long and weighed less than 5 pounds. It was power rated at 100 pounds of thrust, or what would be equivalent to 100 horsepower at half the speed of sound. Its most important feature was the cooling system; the fuel before exploding in the firing chamber was used to cool both chamber and nozzle walls by circulation, thus making possible an efficient engine of minimum weight that would not melt under the terrifically high temperatures involved in continuous explosion. The engines powering the Bell X-1 and X-1A as well as the Douglas Skyrocket and the huge Navy Viking research rocket today are essentially the same in basic detail as this small one.

When America declared war against Germany late in 1941, officers of the Naval Bureau of Aero-

THE tremendous achievements in rocketry would have been impossible were it not for a small group

nautics — who were aware of Wyld's tiny engine — asked permission to run a series of tests on it. Commander Fischer supervised the tests. It was his enthusiasm for the engine, coupled with his advice regarding improvements, that hastened the awarding of a developmental contract. Together with Wyld, three other members of the American Rocket Society — Shesta, Lawrence, and Pierce — founded a company. These men pooled a total of \$5000 in savings plus their engine development ideas a week before Christmas, 1941, and began immediate work on the Navy contract in the basement of Shesta's home.

They incorporated their new firm and christened it Reaction Motors, Inc., after the manner in which a rocket works: the amount of action created by fuel explosion causes an equal amount of reaction (or push) against the inside of the engine, thereby propelling it forward or upward. This kind of propulsion, plus the unique fact that a rocket engine carries its own fuel-oxidizing agent, makes it possible for it to move through the most rarefied atmosphere or even a vacuum. All other engines, including the various jet types, need outside air to create fuel combustion.

Not long after its founding, Reaction Motors, Inc., moved from its cellar shop to a small garage in Pompton Plains, N.J., where, within a period of nine months, production amounted to a series of six experimental engines, ranging in power from 50 to 1000 pounds of thrust. The only employees of the company at this time were its four founders. Finally they developed a 3000-pound-thrust JATO rocket unit that was practical for Navy use. It was fitted out successfully on the Martin PBM flying boat in 1943. Just previous to this they were able to hire some outside help for its production.

During the following year and a half the staff was expanded and Reaction Motors produced two more rocket engines for the Navy: a 350-pound-thrust unit was developed in forty-five days, with the personal help of Commander Truax, to power the Gorgon guided missile, and a 620-pound-thrust rocket was created with Navy technical aid to propel the Lark subsonic missile, built by the Fairchild and Convair aircraft companies.

In 1946, the first of a series of four-nozzle, 6000-pound-thrust engines was perfected. A direct descendant of the little Wyld regenerative engine, this much larger one was designed specifically for piloted aircraft. It was this engine which made history in October, 1947, by sending the Air Force Bell X-1 through the sonic barrier in level flight.

With the successful Series 6000 engine, other problems were resolved. Laurence S. Rockefeller invested a considerable amount of money in the firm, and the Navy provided several buildings and isolated ground test facilities at its ammunition depot in Lake Denmark, N.J. Soon afterward, the Naval Aeronautical Rocket Laboratory was set

up in adjoining buildings. Both the Navy and Reaction Motors were now working hand in glove to perfect bigger and better rocket engines.

By April, 1950, work had expanded to the point of reorganization. The ammunition depot had shrunk in usefulness as compared with rocket research. Most of the buildings were now occupied by Reaction Motors and Navy rocket scientists. The Rocket Laboratory had been renamed the Naval Air Rocket Test Station. Facilities of the station are today available to any manufacturer desirous of engaging in rocket engine research, subject to the approval of the Bureau of Aeronautics.

In terms of personnel, the station is probably the smallest big operation in the entire Navy. There are fewer than 20 officers and 200 enlisted men; civilian scientists and technicians number about 200 also. But work at the station is so specialized and concentrated that results suggest a staff equivalent to the crews of several battleships. For example, ground tests of rocket engines are continually being made for all the military services as well as for various Defense Department contractors. There is a continuous research into the development of new rocket fuels. In addition, the fuels are tested for safety in handling.

There are test stands of heavily reinforced concrete everywhere, but lording it above them all is the giant stand atop a high hill in the Reaction Motors area. It's the largest stand in the eastern United States and is overshadowed only by the bigger giants at White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico and the research center at Muroc, California. Built over a year ago by the Navy, after a year in designing, the number and sizes of engines tested in this stand are both classified. It is sufficient to point out that the stand was designed to accommodate rockets up to 350,000 pounds of thrust — a power rating about six times that of the V-2 engine.

4

IN THIS age of rocketry and jet propulsion the designations "horsepower" and "miles per hour" have become obsolete. The power of a rocket varies with its speed, and its speed depends on the amount of fuel it can carry for prolonged propulsion. At 350.5 m.p.h., horsepower is equivalent to pounds of thrust. Rocket horsepower would automatically increase from this speed onward in direct ratio to the acceleration. The latest 6000-pound-thrust engine, now powering the Douglas Skyrocket, would be equal to 6000 horsepower at 350 m.p.h. But the plane has traveled about four times as fast as this, and at such a speed its engine has developed a power equal to about 23,000 horses.

Even more awesome are the horsepower figures of huge unmanned rockets like the German V-2 and the Navy's Viking. The V-2 has traveled at roughly

4000 m.p.h. with its 56,000-pound-thrust engine; the Viking has hit nearly 5000 m.p.h. with a Reaction Motors engine of 20,000 pounds thrust. At top speed, the former developed some 650,000 horsepower, and the latter about 286,000 horsepower.

Unquestionably, the Navy is experimenting with larger projectiles than the Viking — which, according to the released facts, today holds the world's speed and altitude records for single-stage rockets. It is more efficient than the larger V-2, from which it was developed. The Viking has shot straight up to a height of 158 miles, outclimbing the V-2 by 22 miles, with one third the power.

According to theory, a rocket engine of whatever size — large or small — is capable of unlimited speeds. The tiny Wyld engine as well as the big Viking could be accelerated out of the earth's gravitational grip and shot off into outer space, provided each could carry enough fuel to power it long enough to reach a speed of 25,000 m.p.h.

Although a rocket engine is incredibly light in relation to its rated power, there is always the problem of fuel weight. The 6000-pound-thrust engine mentioned earlier burns up a ton of fuel every minute, although it weighs only 210 pounds. Admittedly a serious problem, the weight of fuel has nevertheless not prevented a rapid progress in rocketry. New fuel combinations are always being tried. There is also a considerable interest in atomic-powered rockets. If such a rocket could be developed, the question of fuel weight would vanish. There would be no limit to speed possibilities; a trip to the moon would be an elementary venture.

Regardless of the problems, the Air Force, using Navy rockets, has been carrying out spectacular medical tests on animals. Two white mice were shot to a height of 40 miles and two rhesus monkeys to

a height of 65 miles in Aerobee rockets. Information released officially in September, 1952, stated that the flights "provided information on the reactions of mammals under conditions of zero gravity and extreme altitude. The mammals . . . were recovered alive and in good health after the test. . . . The Air Research and Development Command has concluded that it is possible for a mammal to function within the range of normalcy during the rocket flight."

Although this official report may lead one to believe that the two tests were unique, the fact is that an extended series of such tests has been carried out in the New Mexico desert. Total developmental costs of the Aerobee were under \$200,000. About 200 of the rockets have been produced by the Aerojet General Corporation of Azusa, California. They have been sold at a low cost (for rockets) of \$15,000 each to all branches of the military and have been used in a multitude of upper-air research projects. With aniline as a fuel and nitric acid as oxidizer, fuel costs of the Aerobee are also low — about \$100 per flight.

It was the Navy's idea to develop a versatile rocket that could be used at minimum cost. Funds and specifications were offered to the Applied Physics Laboratory of Johns Hopkins University, which accepted the project and successfully completed it in record time.

The accomplishments in rocketry to date provide a solid foundation on which to build for the future. The current reduction in defense budgets must not be used as an occasion to eliminate what may appear to be "fantastic" long-range developments. Every stupendous step forward in the history of man has resulted from planning with courage and vision. The Aerobee is only one more link in the long chain that is stretching toward the moon.





During his fifty years as a professional forester, COLONEL WILLIAM B. GREELEY, now Chairman of the Board of American Forest Products Industries, Inc., has played a leading part in arousing the American public to its present attitude of watchful conservation. Beginning in 1904 he worked in the United States Forest Service, stationed successively in the Southern Appalachians, New England, the Sequoia National Forest, and the Northern Rocky Mountain area. It was in Idaho that he witnessed one of the worst forest fires in American history, which swept thousands of acres and cost 85 lives.

MAN-MADE FIRES

by WILLIAM B. GREELEY

1

FOR forty-three years my yardstick of progress in American forestry has been smoke in the woods. The United States is only part way along the road to forest safety. The yearly toll that fires take — in timber, water, soil, wild life, crops, farmsteads, and even whole communities — is a staggering national loss.

Woods fires in this country burned 9,975,750 acres in 1953. About 10 per cent of the 154,160 fires were traceable to lightning, loggers, or railroads. Perhaps one fourth of them were started by careless campers and smokers. The rest were set deliberately.

Farmers in Southern and Border states each year set fire to their woods to "green up" forage for cattle or to uncover oak and beech mast for razorback hogs. Others, just as regularly, burn the woods to clean out litter on the forest floor before boxing pine for turpentine. The frontier legend that fire rids land of chiggers and snakes, or that it keeps boll weevils away from cotton, has been handed down into the thinking of succeeding generations of Americans with destructive results.

In 1953 the state of Florida reported 4,327,748 acres of woodland burned, Mississippi reported 773,620, Georgia 401,573, Kentucky 990,313, Missouri 957,379. Eleven Southern states, not including Virginia, accounted for 79.6 per cent of the nation's forest acreage burned and 70.6 per cent of its woods fires.

Nor can other sections of the United States be smug. Indelibly fresh in the minds of all New Englanders is the fall of 1947 with its ten-day avalanche of fire which roared through Bar Harbor, Maine, and other areas of the state. Sixteen people died. Hundreds were injured. Hospitals, schools, churches, homes, farms, and 175,000 acres of green timber burned. Man's carelessness in tending burn-

ing trash piles and smoldering town dumps was to blame.

East and West, these forest fire disasters follow the same pattern. They come in the fall or late summer after months of abnormally dry weather. Then for a period of two or three days the relative humidity of the air drops from its normal 50 or 60 per cent to perhaps 10 per cent. The thirsty air sucks moisture out of humus, leaves, twigs, and shrubs. The great sponge of vegetable matter over the earth, as well as the soil itself, is relentlessly robbed of hoarded moisture.

When air humidity drops so low, all that is needed for a holocaust is a strong wind. A burning cigarette flung from an automobile, a smoldering trash fire, a road crew clearing a right-of-way, the friction of a steel cable drawn over a punky log — any of these can provide the spark that ignites disaster.

Touched by a flicker of flame, the parched woods explode. Fires that would normally burn slowly through ground litter race faster than men can run.

In most forest regions, the United States Weather Bureau now forecasts fire weather much as it does the coming of frosts that threaten crops or storms along the coast. State fire codes and commercial insurance policies on logging camps and equipment require shutdowns in the woods during periods of acute hazard.

A case in point is last autumn's explosively dry situation from New England to Texas. Governors of many states closed the woods to hunters and picnickers. Slowly, and at bitter cost, we are learning the technique of forest protection. How bitter that cost can be, I learned in 1910 as a young ranger assigned to the job of protecting the forests of North Idaho and Western Montana. I learned it in terms of hardship, sweat, danger, and human lives.

For two dry months we had held the fire line,

stopping more than 3000 small fires and trenching in nearly 100 big ones. Then disaster struck. As air humidity dropped and winds reached gale velocity, hell broke loose through the Bitter Root Range and Coeur d'Alene.

Flames leaped the miles of trench we had built and sent crews of fire fighters fleeing for their lives. One crew of fifty men crowded into an abandoned mine shaft. Their ranger leader held wet blankets over the mine entrance as flames roared by outside. Another crew, isolated by fire, survived by stretching out face down on a bald granite knob while the smoke and gases of burning timber rolled over them.

A stifling mass of smoke hid the sun, and the western sky appeared to burn with a yellow glare. Fires raged uncontrolled for one full day. Then rains and snow in the higher mountains drenched the flame. Seventy-eight fire fighters died in that holocaust. Seven homesteaders and prospectors were trapped and burned. Whole towns were wiped out. Three million acres burned and eight billion feet of timber were lost. You see the scars today.

Sometimes the terrific natural forces that constitute "fire weather" can be overpowering. Cloquet, Minnesota, a forest industry city of 10,000, was leveled in 1918 when smoldering clearing fires fanned by a mile-a-minute gale broke loose and raced over a quarter million acres of powder-dry Minnesota forestland. Fiery cinders from flaming cutover lands around the city showered down on Cloquet. In less than five minutes buildings were afire all over town. The people of Cloquet, clutching whatever valuables they could carry, clambered aboard boxcars, coaches, and ore gondolas and rode out of town to safety.

Elsewhere in Minnesota that night hundreds perished as forest fires swept over farms and villages across seven counties. More than 100 died when flames overtook a panic-stricken crowd of fleeing people caught in a traffic tangle on a narrow road out of Kettle River. Many residents of Moose Lake village survived by wading into the waters of Moose Lake.

A monument, erected near that spot, tells the story: "Moose Lake Fire, on October 12, 1918, one of the several terrific fires which were burning simultaneously driven by a sixty-mile wind, swept the Moose Lake region. Of the 435 persons burned to death in these fires, some 200 perished in and about this town."

2

TODAY an army of 50,000 professional fire control men, backed by a quarter of a million woods-wise loggers with a mighty array of fire-fighting machines, stands ready to defend America's forests. Widely deployed over 573 million acres of woodland, this force of forest protectors has watch and

ward of nearly one third of all the land in our country — a domain as large as fourteen New Englands.

Forty-five divisions of this army operate under state direction. Other divisions are commanded by ten regional foresters of the Federal Forest Service. Many more are organized by lumber and paper companies, industrial tree farms, and associations of woodland owners who make common cause against fire.

Like all modern armies, the cohorts of forest protection are mechanized. Their radar screens are 4000 mountain watch posts or lookout towers keeping vigil above the treetops. Precise instruments that record hour-to-hour changes in air moisture and water content of twigs and underbrush on the forest floor provide the intelligence.

For heavy artillery, this army of woodland protectors relies upon trucks equipped with water tanks and power pumps and bulldozers capable of cutting wide swaths through brush or young forest. The jeeps or pickup trucks rigged with water tanks, pumps, and plows do the lighter jobs. Lookouts, patrols, crew foremen, and rangers maintain communication with radio.

Aviators and paratroopers are part of the defense team, too. Since World War I, planes have been used to locate fires in the woods and give dispatchers a bird's-eye view of the situation. Planes move men and supplies to hot spots on the forest front. In rugged, inaccessible mountain areas skilled smoke jumpers parachute in to halt fires while they are still small.

For a close-up of modern-day methods, drop in with me to the Central Dispatching Office of Mike Webster, supervisor of forestry in my home state of Washington. At four o'clock in the afternoon during one of late August's hot dry periods we find him planning the next day's strategy. He is surrounded by maps dotted with colored pins.

Each color denotes a forest fire "trenched in," "probably controlled," or "on the loose and dangerous." Pins with brightly colored flags represent pump trucks, bulldozers, and crews on the fire line. A pile of radiograms carries the day's intelligence from each of the twenty-two district forest fire wardens. Like a meteorologist's map, these reports spot the state with noon readings of atmospheric humidity, water content of forest fuels, wind direction and velocity.

State Supervisor Webster studies recommendations of his district wardens critically, checking them against late weather reports and the present fire situation in each area. In the next room he examines an up-to-the-minute weather map and discusses weather trends with the expert who made it.

Under state law it is the supervisor's responsibility to shut down logging camps whenever the forest fire hazard becomes critical. It's serious business, even for a few hot summer days, to cut off the num-

ber one industry of the state, thereby denying regular employment to thousands of lumberjacks. However, if the hazard is great there can be no hesitation.

When all the reports are in and analyzed, the orders go out: "Shut down Mason, Kitsap, Thurston, and Lewis counties for two days. Grays Harbor and Pacific counties will be on notice; if humidity drops, shut them down. Put Clallam and Jefferson counties on hoot owl shift (5 A.M. to noon) for three days. Everything else is clear. District wardens will order immediate shutdowns if unpredicted hazards develop."

By seven o'clock that evening every logger in the hazardous areas of Washington has his orders and knows what he must do for the over-all safety of the forests that provide his livelihood.

Loggers play a vital role in forest defense. The woods are where they make their living. Fire fighting is a job they know well. They detest it, but scarcely a fire season passes in which loggers are not called into action against the common enemy — fire. They form the auxiliary striking force, by far the most powerful. The warden in charge can call in as much power as he needs. The loggers move in with their mighty bulldozers, huge water tankers, portable pumps, and rugged, fire-trained men. It is up to them to overwhelm the fire.

This, in varying pattern from state to state, is modern organized forest protection. In one form or another it is provided for 90 per cent of the forest land of the nation. Maintaining, training, and equipping this woodland protection force costs more than \$55 million a year. Over two thirds of the money comes from state, county, and private sources.

Tragic lessons learned in Maine during 1947, when fire fighters and equipment could not be sent across state lines, led to a new legislative approach to the forest protection problem. And in 1949 Congress created the Northeastern Interstate Forest Fire Protection Compact, authorizing any two or more of the New England states and New York to unite for effective control of forest fires. The participation of adjacent provinces in Canada is invited. All seven Northeastern states have ratified the compact. A fire danger index has been devised to aid in determining when weather conditions require closure of forests. When occasion demands, the commission's secretary acts as regional dispatcher and mobilizer of men and equipment on critical fire fronts. Of the many agreements between states, this is the first designed to save forests from fire. The Northeastern treaty, with its international scope, opens up new horizons of coöperation in conservation.

One of the most striking changes in recent years is the intensity of protection planning and preparedness on industrial tree farms. Some industrial forest tracts are equipped with access roads and tank trucks to the point where almost every square rod

of timber can be reached with a stream of water. With their own equipment and trained fire fighters on the job, these organizations have whipped the normal fire hazard.

Another change, equally important, results from a more careful scientific disposal of slash and forest leftovers. Pulp, fiberboard, soil conditioners, ethyl alcohol, and even food for livestock, are made from wood once left to burn or rot. Conversion of these leftovers into commercial products creates extra dollars and frees the land of heaps of inflammable material on which forest fires have fed all the way from Maine's Penobscot River to Puget Sound.

Notwithstanding many advances on the protection front, thousands of woods fires every summer are still shameful evidence of our incapacity as a people to live with our forests. Old habits of woods burning die slowly and levy a terrible tribute upon the struggling forestry of the country. Four and a quarter million acres of forest and range were burned in one of the Southern states last year. These were chiefly fires set to improve the forage and left to run at large. One of the lumber companies in another state was so disheartened by the loss of pine plantations systematically carried on for several years that it has abandoned the effort to bring its lands back into productiveness. And out in the Pacific Northwest a stubborn farmer ignored the state law which requires burning permits, misread the weather signs, and chose a day of falling humidity and rising wind to clean up his back forty. His fire destroyed 15,000 acres of fine young Douglas fir on his neighbor's tree farm.

To the hazard of old customs and traditions of firing the countryside is added the mounting hazard of city folk who stream out on the highways, pleasure bent, and toss burning cigarettes along the roadside. This menace grows with every new mile of public road and every additional car turned off an assembly line. It steadily penetrates more deeply even into the most inaccessible forest areas of the Far West. Of what avail the skills of the forester, the carefully laid plans for sustained yield over future years, and the promising research in forest genetics, when our effort to grow trees constantly runs into this inert barrier of public ignorance and heedlessness? Three and one-half per cent of our annual timber crop still goes up in smoke. The lumber consumed in this yearly sacrifice to Baal would build 125,000 new homes.

The battle for the forests of America has become a major challenge to our national capacity. It is a battle in which public education and coöperation are essential allies of the organized services and their master minds. There is no effective control of forest fires except at the grass roots of popular understanding and action.

We can make America safe for tree farms only by making every citizen take personal responsibility for keeping fire out of the woods.

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

THE essay is as unpredictable as it is endearing. It is a thing of moods, gay, laughing, or satirical; it can be as highly serious as T. S. Eliot, as didactic as Machiavelli, as cool as Francis Bacon. It can be a confession of self; or a swift elucidation in biography; or Virginia Woolf contemplating a moth. In happy, relaxed times it is man employing his senses to the *n*th degree, as when W. H. Hudson, with eyes closed, walked about London guided by his sense of smell. It is as critical as Edmund Wilson and as full of will and wish as William James. It is Emerson, Thoreau, William Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, or E. B. White. It is of such calm, touching beauty that the eyes can hardly read it aloud without weeping; it is as derisive as Henry Mencken and as sardonic as James Thurber at a cocktail party; it is one heart speaking to another.

Can it be all these things and still be a disciplined form of writing? It can. It is much more imaginative than its hard-working cousin, the magazine article; it does not deal in statistics or belabor an argument as does a magazine article. It does not depend on a cast of characters and a contrived ending as does a short story. The essay is an experience which you the reader share with the writer — you share his laughter, delight, or pity; you share a deepened understanding or a quickening of the spirit in a style that does not date. If an essay has found truth, that truth lives on as it does in a poem; and what Hazlitt has to say about an actor is as true of Edmund Booth as it is of Charles Laughton or Alec Guinness.

The essay may be the result of long brooding, but in the writing it is short. This limitation imposes upon the essayist the necessity of winning the confidence of the reader in a very few sentences: the first two pages set the subject and evoke the mood. The opening is decisive.

Dr. Johnson defined the essay as “a loose sally

of the mind,” and the early exponents of the art, from Montaigne to Robert Louis Stevenson, addressed themselves to the reader in a personal and familiar way. Thus the familiar essay was established as the classic essay, charming or pensive, confessional or in protest or exhortation. The joy of the medium is that it offers such a limitless variety to the writer. Charles Lamb can write wistfully of *Dream Children*, the children whom, because of the insanity of his sister, he never had; Macaulay can flash on you his strongly, brilliantly opinionated judgment of Lord Clive; Evelyn can tell you of his Garden, and Henry Thoreau explain why he has renounced Concord and the larger universe for a hut beside Walden Pond. The one constant in all this is that each page is indelibly marked with personality. Style is at once the man himself and the shimmering costume of words which centers your attention. I can think of ranking novelists — Theodore Dreiser is one — whose style was as commonplace as a newspaper article; but I cannot name a single essayist who has survived without this evocative magic. Style is the very breath of the essay; it is an invitation and an enchantment; it is that skillful and disarming use of words which makes friends out of strangers — which makes you the reader say to yourself, “Now there’s a writer I’d really like to know. It would be fun to live with him.” And then you do live with him, for a time, vicariously.

Since 1914 a note of anxiety has been struck with increasing frequency — anxiety about the present and apprehension of the future. As writers became more worried, they abandoned the light play of ideas; they became more objective, more formal, and they took themselves more seriously. Bertrand Russell was awarded the Nobel Prize in large measure because of his piercing, provocative essays; and if you will read his volume entitled *Unpopular Essays*, you will hear with great preciseness this note of anxiety and warning.

As disturbance followed disturbance — war, dictatorship, the uprooting of peoples, the collapse of empires — Americans especially realized they were uninformed about a vast new range of subjects. They turned to magazines and to books for the information and the guidance which they needed. In these recurring crises, the informative article with its statistics, dogmatic opinion, and tightly drawn conclusions crowded out the essay. The essayist of today is facing a much more ruthless competition than those of the nineteenth century —

and he knows it. He is fighting, or it would be fairer to say he is writing, for the very life of his medium. And in this state of tension what he writes is more intense, more hilarious, more serious, or more fanciful than what he might have written in a kinder time.

Two anthologies of the essay have appeared which refresh our interest and remind us of the extraordinary penetration and power of this seemingly innocent excursion. The first, *A Century of the Essay*, edited by David Daiches (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00), has the greater range in subject and style; and while the Americans in it — Thoreau, Emerson, John Jay Chapman, Frank Moore Colby, H. L. Mencken, and Edmund Wilson, to name a few — are well represented, in any strict comparison I should be inclined to give the palm to the English. The second volume, *Highlights of Modern Literature*, a collection of critical essays drawn from the *New York Times Book Review* and edited by Francis Brown (Mentor, \$.35), contains some of the very best literary evaluation of the past five years. Here my favorites are Elizabeth Bowen on Virginia Woolf, Christopher Morley on John Masefield, V. S. Pritchett on George Orwell, Robert Hillyer on Edna St. Vincent Millay, Stephen Spender on the Modernist Movement, Katherine Anne Porter on Willa Cather. Personal appraisal and thoughtful criticism which lift the essay above journalism.

Suzy and the octopus

Steinbeck, the real John Steinbeck, has come home. *Sweet Thursday* (Viking, \$3.50) is a post-war continuation of *Cannery Row*, every bit as juicy and relaxed as the original. Monterey and Cannery Row have suffered changes in the war, but the landmarks remain: La Ida's café; the grocery (still known as Lee Chong's Heavenly Flower Grocery although Lee himself has retired to Polynesia); the Bear Flag, now presided over by a madam nicknamed Fauna; and the Palace Flophouse, where Mack still does the planning for the boys. Monterey has a kindly constable in Joe Blaikey, an attractive new hustler in Suzy the blonde, and, best of all, Doc, the most generous guy in Steinbeck's world, who has reopened his Western Biological Laboratories. There he plays Bach records; there he has begun work on a report on the octopus, twenty-eight of which, baby octopi, he has installed in a big aquarium. Doc says, "They're wonderful animals, delicate and complicated and shy."

Steinbeck's people come to us in what they say; their talk is full of life, color, and individuality; and it is the best dialogue of many a year. No sample will do it justice, but when Wide Ida, cursing the government, says, "Taxes, every time you get going there's more taxes. You're lucky, Mack. You don't own nothing and you don't make

nothing. Until they start taxing skin, you're safe"; when Mack says to the Doc, "Oh, I know what you mean, but you search your heart, Doc, and see if I ain't dishonest in a kind of honest way. I don't really fool nobody — not even myself"; when Fauna throws the book at Suzy; when Doc argues with himself about his loneliness; and when Suzy tells him what she wants in a man — these are a few of the many times you feel the kick and humor of this boisterous book.

This is comedy — bawdy, sentimental, and in places implausible, as when Suzy takes to living in an abandoned boiler; but read in the spirit with which it is written, it is good fun.

Mary Anne and the Duke

Mr. Steinbeck's story is of a girl who tried to be a trollop and emerged a respectable if profane married woman. Daphne du Maurier's new novel, *Mary Anne* (Doubleday, \$3.50), is of a cockney beauty who battled her way up from the London slums to become the mistress of the Duke of York (the uncle of Victoria) and then battled her way down again. The dedication to Miss du Maurier's great-great-grandmother, Mary Anne Clark, and the acknowledgments suggest a certain documentation for the story, but the blend of history and fiction reminds me of a glass of castor oil and orange juice. Mary Anne's disgust with her mother's rabbit warren in Bowling Inn Alley and her contempt for her stepfather, Bob Farquhar, a grimy printer, drive her to escape poverty and enjoy the best. With her wits and beauty she starts going places at the age of fifteen. Her seduction of young Joseph Clarke, the good-looking stonecutter, and her enslavement of Bill Dowler, the stockbroker who stood by her for life, were steps in the right direction; Bill took her to Brighton where she caught the attention of the Four-in-Hand Brigade. A mother of four at twenty-three and a self-styled widow (Joseph having taken to drink), she was ripe enough and sassy enough to captivate the Duke at their first meeting, and her family life with him in the house in Gloucester Place, with ten in service belowstairs and her mother, her children, and her weakling brother Charles all comfortably established above, forms the gay and attractive part of the book. Trouble is the Duke didn't give her enough; so she took to speculating in officers' commissions as the Army was built up against Napoleon. She got in deep, and when the Duke was forced to renounce her she fought back, to the scandal of London and, alas, to the tedium of the reader. The latter half is the castor oil, or was for me, and I blame this partly on the long-drawn-out trial, partly on the unbelievable scoundrels who conspire with the vindictive Mary Anne, and chiefly on the vagueness and confusion in her own motives. The author's effort to improvise on history does not carry conviction.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Short Novels

THE VICTORIAN CHAISE LONGUE by *Marghanita Laski*. (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75.) Good horror stories are rare these days, but this one really comes off with a chill and will undoubtedly join the classics in its field. Positively not recommended for bedtime reading or a drowsy afternoon in the hammock.

THE FIRE-RAISERS by *Marris Murray*. (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.00.) The doings of a group of eccentrics in a small South African town can be taken as a straight novel of human difficulties or as symbolic of conditions in South Africa. Either way, it's a compact, beautifully written book.

AROUND A RUSTY GOD by *Augusta Walker*. (Dial, \$3.00.) A very simple tale about a Chinese boy and his two goats contrives, like a good myth, to throw oblique light on a number of matters not directly connected with the affair.

Strange Adventures

HUNTER'S CHOICE by *Alexander Lake*. (Doubleday, \$3.50.) Yarns, reflections, philosophy, and even a recipe for jugged lion, by a veteran African hunter who sounds just enough like Trader Horn to be irresistible.

CROCODILE FEVER by *Lawrence Earl*. (Knopf, \$3.95.) Full of narrow escapes and unexpected disasters, the story of a malcontent with a mania for crocodile hunting reads like adventure fiction, although it was told to the author as sober truth.

MOUNTAINS IN THE DESERT by *Louis Carl and Joseph Petit*. (Doubleday, \$3.95.) Two members of a small expedition describe their investigations among Saharan mountains, Touaregs, and prehistoric carvings. The book concentrates on character and the technique of desert travel and is both amusing and exciting.

YANKEE WHALERS IN THE SOUTH SEAS by *A. B. C. Whipple*. (Doubleday, \$3.95.) A mixture of fact and legend about the great whaling days, not scholarly but fast, free-wheeling, candidly romantic entertainment.

Painting and Sculpture

THE PAINTINGS OF ZURBARAN by *Martin S. Soria*. (Phaidon, \$12.50.) The work of this great Spanish religious painter of the seventeenth century takes particularly well to reproduction in black and white (there are nine color plates among the two hundred and eighty illustrations) and the text is clear, scholarly, and unpretentious.

EARLY NETHERLANDISH PAINTING by *Erwin Panofsky*. (Harvard University Press, 2 vols., \$35.00.) In his history of Netherlandish painting from manuscript illustration to Roger van der Weyden, Professor Panofsky has produced a truly monumental book which combines vast learning with witty, readable prose. Text and plates, which though uncolored are remarkably effective, come in separate volumes.

SCULPTURE: THEME AND VARIATIONS by *E. H. Ramsden*. (British Book Centre, \$8.00.) A survey of sculpture in the twentieth century, very well illustrated, in which the author's thoroughness and the interest of his thesis compensate for a decidedly convoluted style.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



Igor Gouzenko, who has been living in Canada under an assumed name since his sensational defection from the Soviets in 1945, has written what seems to me the most impressive large-scale work of fiction about Soviet Russia published to date: *The Fall of a Titan* (Norton, \$4.50), the midsummer Book-of-the-Month Club choice. The qualities of Gouzenko's novel, his first, are if anything conservatively summed up in the tribute by Clifton Fadiman printed on the jacket: "A work of notable energy and power with a sweep which often recalls the classic masters of Russian fiction."

Gouzenko's book is not, as I had rather expected, another of those thinly fictionalized accounts of personal experience, but a massive product of the creative imagination. Gouzenko, born in 1919, was still a student at the Moscow Architectural Institute when Russia entered the Second World War; his chief protagonist, secret agent Feodor Novikov, fights as a youth in the civil war that followed the Revolution, and the drama that forms the core of the novel is played out in the middle thirties.

Novikov is one of the outstanding agents of the Politburo in the academic world. Correctly gauging the nationalistic trend of Stalinism, he has written a thesis on the origins of the Slavs which has become Party gospel and has won him rapid promotion to the post of Dean of History at Rostov University. Now, the Politburo has thrust on him a formidable assignment. Mikhail Gorin, the world-famous humanitarian whose writings inspired the Revolution and who, out of gullibility, has been an invaluable propagandist for the regime, has lately fallen silent. Novikov's job is to make this national hero — a figure who resembles Maxim Gorki — rejoin the servile chorus.

The plot hinges on this assignment and its attendant inner dramas — that of the old fighter for freedom cleverly steered by Novikov into renewed myth-making and goaded by his conscience to recognize and proclaim that he has served the blackest tyranny; and that of the new Soviet man who finds himself deeply in love with the daughter of the great writer he must corrupt or discreetly destroy. A spoiled idealist fully alive to the evil of Stalinism, Novikov is not quite inhuman but cannot afford to be human.

The Fall of a Titan is a novel of tremendous com-

pass, with a multitude of characters, a multitude of poignant individual dramas, a multitude of memorable scenes and powerful episodes. Its parts coalesce into a firmly integrated whole, and from it there emerges an immensely telling picture of Soviet life and of the absolute corruption of the Party hierarchy. But what gives Gouzenko's book its stature is not so much its documentary achievement as its stirring treatment of the human passions, and the intensity with which it dramatizes man's revolt against overwhelming evil. It would be extravagant to say that Gouzenko emerges as the Dostoevski of our time, but he has certainly written a novel worthy of being placed in the Dostoevskian tradition.

Bombinating Ben

Ben Hecht — to use his favorite verb — has bombinated through life with the energy of ten ordinary mortals. At twelve, Mr. Hecht appeared as a violin virtuoso in a Chicago concert, and at fourteen he was trapeze soloist in a circus. As newspaper reporter, fiction writer, playwright, publisher of a literary review, irrepressible amorist and crony of the wild hearts, he was a hero of Chicago's literary renaissance. His script-writing for the movies earned him \$300,000 a year — David Selznick once paid him \$3500 for a day's stint — but debt, he claims, has been his boon companion. During the Florida land boom, he promoted Key Largo real estate by burying and then discovering a pirate treasure. In the middle nineteen-forties, he turned crusader for the Palestine Jews, and became the American champion of the terrorist Irgun Zvai Leumi. And now, at sixty, Mr. Hecht has published an outsize autobiography: *A Child of the Century* (Simon & Schuster, \$5.00).

The title, to my mind, is something of a misnomer. Granted that Hecht has changed since the days when Chicago dubbed him "the Pagliacci of the fire-escapes," his autobiography, in its style and outlook, is essentially the product of an *enfant terrible* of the twenties. At its best — which is much of the time — it is colorful, bursting with *élan*, and fearlessly independent; at its worst, it runs to juvenilia and bombast.

As a political thinker, Mr. Hecht has not yet graduated to the sophomoric. As a thinker on life in general, he writes with an exhilarating contempt for cant and sometimes shows genuine insight; sometimes he is slickly clever or jauntily cynical in a manner that sounds quaintly old-fashioned today. All in all, he is a difficult man to size up precisely. At one point, for instance, he gives Hollywood a murderous trouncing; elsewhere he hands out Hollywoodian bouquets to his cinematic buddies and to the guff peddled by the Broadway columnists.

The sketches of Hecht's friends (among them, Fanny Brice, Maxwell Bodenheim, Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Charles MacArthur, Helen

Hayes, Jed Harris, Gene Fowler, Harpo Marx) amount to several score, and for the most part they are first-rate copy. The portraits of Hecht's aunts and uncles are altogether wonderful — warm, touching, funny, and marvelously original. But good though he is as a portraitist, it is as a raconteur that Hecht's talents reach their finest flowering. His autobiography contains literally hundreds of superb anecdotes and stories — tales of crime, of hangings, of promotion stunts, of the methods and mores of Hollywood; tales farcical and fantastic, gruesome and grotesque; tales in which tragedy and comedy are brought into joint relief with the touch of a master.

In spite of the blemishes in its 654 pages, *A Child of the Century* is a large parcel of high-powered entertainment. I doubt that a livelier autobiography will be published in 1954.

Period piece

Early in the Morning (Harper, \$3.00) is a slight, charming period piece, a vivid memoir of a happy childhood in the eighteen-nineties. As John Mason Brown says in his Introduction, **Marion Edey**, now in her seventies, has the rare gift of being able to re-enter the magic world of early youth and relive the long-ago yesterdays as though they were still today.

Mrs. Edey — daughter of the artist, Maitland Armstrong; sister of the author of *Fanny Kemble* and of Hamilton Fish Armstrong, editor of *Foreign Affairs* — spent most of her childhood at Danskammer, an old farm sixty-five miles from New York with a half mile of river front on the Hudson and "our own lighthouse." To Marion and her small brother, Noel, it was a world full of lovely pastimes — skating, sledding, driving themselves around behind Midget, the roan pony; a world rich in delectable discoveries — bloodroot, which could be used to streak the face so gorily; baby raccoons, plump and glossy; turtle's eggs; a "nice, little garter snake," beautifully shiny, with which Marion scared the daylights out of Mrs. Dilloway, the laundress.

In the background, Papa and Mama preside lovingly but firmly over a contented household. On the side lines, there are Barney, the hired hand, who never removes the ancient derby he brought with him from Ireland and uses the hatband as a carrier for his matches; Martha, the cook, who, not being one for weeping, carried an onion to her uncle's wake in order to muster a show of proper respect for the corpse; and Mrs. Dilloway, fascinating to the children because one of her eyes is blue and the other brown.

In the latter part of the book, the scene shifts to the New York of the horse-drawn buses, when Fifth Avenue was paved with cobblestones and Tiffany and Brentano were on Union Square. Here the children, on their own, formally call on Mark Twain, who lives around the corner; and Marion,

now going on fifteen, hero-worships another of her father's friends, William Dean Howells.

Noel used to say that their world was "a pretty nice place," and Mrs. Edey has re-created it graphically, glowingly, and humorously.

Fiction: three flavors

The Eternal Smile And Other Stories (Random House, \$4.50) is a collection of short fiction by **Pär Lagerkvist**, winner of the 1951 Nobel Prize. These twenty-one tales, which range in length from one page to eighty, encompass many forms — allegoric and symbolic fantasy, parable, character sketch, realistic narrative — and many moods — oracular, idyllic, satirical, macabre, searching. But all are animated by an underlying concern with the ultimate question: What is the meaning of Life?

In his otherwise helpful Introduction, Richard B. Vowles makes what seems to me a misleading statement when he says that Lagerkvist's stories are "the creations of a mystic and a seer, rather than a writer of fiction." Lagerkvist, to be sure, is not a *conventional* writer of fiction in that he does not focus on the particular and the concrete in human experience — he seeks out the typical, the elemental. Nonetheless, he is a writer working in the most ancient of fictional traditions — a teller of tales about the riddle of man's lot. His originality and his importance lie precisely in the fact that he combines the vision of a seer with the art of the authentic storyteller and with a prose style which even in translation has a classical purity and sparseness.

The title story, situated in Eternity, delineates man's search through the ages for the reason of existence and surges to a surprising climax, in which God appears as a little old man sawing wood and replies to the questioning chorus: "I have done the best I could." "The Lift That Went Down into Hell," a parable of adultery, is perhaps a trifle slick for Lagerkvist, but theatrically highly effective. "The Hangman" is a strange tale which moves from medieval superstition to the blood lust of Fascism — a complex treatment of man's age-old search for salvation through violence. Fascism is more directly satirized in "The Children's Campaign," a brilliantly imagined fantasy about a nation which trains its children for war and sends them to conquer a neighbor.

With the exception of several of the

shorter pieces, which seemed to me unimpressive, this is a striking collection. It unfolds to us a fictional world, powerfully charged with the terror, the mystery, and the anguish of man's fate; but powerfully charged, too, with a belief in the supreme value of life for its own sake — a belief in work, love, and the "quiet everyday radiance in life that mankind always has difficulty in noticing and setting a value on."

L. P. Hartley is an English writer whose fiction has been appearing since the twenties in his own country and who numbers among his partisans a good many distinguished novelists and critics. Although three of his books have been published in the United States, Mr. Hartley remains little known to the American public. He is now represented by **The Go-Between** (Knopf, \$3.50), and while it is a somewhat old-fashioned novel, I suspect that a good many exacting readers would find it highly seductive.

The narrator, Leo Colston, a man of sixty, is prompted by the discovery of a diary which he kept as a school-boy to recall three fateful weeks in 1900 which irrevocably shaped his life — caused him to grow up a stranger to love who has immured himself in work. Mr. Hartley's artistry minimizes the hamminess of this overture, and what follows is a beautifully written and absorbing story.

Just before his thirteenth birthday, Leo is invited by a school friend, Marcus Maudsley, to spend July at the Maudsleys' stately country place. Here Leo, in all innocence, becomes the indispensable message-bearer in a passionate love affair between Marcus's lovely sister, Marian, and a neighboring farmer. It is a dazzling summer for Leo, enchanted by the pleasures of the great estate and the friendship of such glamorous grown-ups as Marian and the peer her parents expect her to marry, Viscount Trimingham. But at the pinnacle of his bliss — when his performance in a cricket match and his singing have made him a hero, and Marian has become engaged to his idol Trimingham — Leo finds himself caught in an agonizing dilemma.

He knows that, now, it is wrong for Marian to go on visiting the farmer, but they insist that he be their "postman" just once more — and catastrophe ensues. The melodramatic outcome and the permanence of its effects on a normal boy are not made entirely convincing, but this is not a

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8

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major issue. What matter are the vivid chronicle of those July days at Brandham Hall and the marvelous insight into the feelings and thoughts of a likable small boy.

The Bird's Nest (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.50) by Shirley Jackson is the coolly precise chronicle of a young woman's breakdown into four conflicting personalities. Elizabeth Richmond — a passive, purposeless girl who works in a museum and lives quietly with her maiden aunt — suddenly receives several vicious unsigned notes. At the same time, she starts to suffer from increasingly severe headaches, which drive her to a doctor. Under hypnosis, a totally different personality emerges — aggressive, cunning, and contemptuous: the writer of the notes. Presently, two more submerged personalities come to the surface and a weird struggle follows between the four Elizabeths and her doctor and aunt.

A tour de force such as this is, prolonged beyond its high point, pays rapidly diminishing returns. To my mind, Miss Jackson's story is enormously intriguing and brilliantly handled up to about the halfway mark. But I began to find it contrived and overdrawn after Elizabeth the fourth had stepped into the act.

Potpourri

The Four Continents (Harper, \$4.00) by Sir Osbert Sitwell is a book of orotund discursions on "Travel, Art and Life" which ranges, geographically, from Manhattan to the Moon, Amalfi to Angkor Wat, Niagara Falls to the Great Wall of China. The topics discussed are diverse enough to include phrenologists and soothsayers, the possible effects of Hitler's return, and the musical taste of elephants, who, regrettably, show a Philistine preference for Debusses to Stravinsky. The choicest morsel in this Sitwellian plum pudding is an account of how the author once cunningly saved his inimitable father from a reckless marriage at the age of seventy-seven.

There is a saying among British mountaineers, "Only *The Times* is interested in climbers actually climbing mountains; other newspapers are merely interested in climbers falling off them." The *London Times* had secured exclusive coverage rights to the Hunt Everest expedition, and in order to scrounge some copy for his paper, **Ralph Izzard** of the *Daily Mail*, no mountain climber, trekked

independently on the heels of the expedition to a height of 18,000 feet. His story, *An Innocent on Everest* (Dutton, \$3.75), is a slight but pleasant item in the folklore of journalism — high-altitude department.

The fifth issue of *New World Writing* (New American Library, \$.50) is possibly the best to date. Among the more notable items are an extract from John Lehmann's autobiography-in-progress, describing his association with Virginia and Leonard Woolf on the Hogarth Press; four poems from the Arabic; stories by Dylan Thomas, Ralph Ellison, and Sean O'Faolain; and a fine story by a hitherto unpublished writer, Clare McGrath Butler. This series continues to be lively, highly varied, and intelligently adventurous. The editors consistently come through with some pleasant surprises and a talented new writer or two.

For patrons of unconventional writing, there is a new novel by **Anais Nin: *A Spy in the House of Love*** (British Book Centre, \$3.00). The story's structure and rhythms are somehow suggestive of a ballet in which the heroine, Sabina, acts out her relationships with five very different men — her husband and four lovers — seeking all the while to understand why mobility in love is the condition of her existence: to understand what it is in each man that she so deeply needs and what makes her eventually reject him. The self-knowledge Sabina finally arrives at is a bit patly presented; but the swift denouement should be read as a chapter ending rather than a terminal point, for all of Miss Nin's work is a continuing chronicle of Sabina's inner development.

UNESCO's "World Art Series" — whose purpose is to make available top-quality reproductions of masterpieces hitherto little known except to specialists — has opened with a beautiful and exciting volume: **India Paintings From Ajanta Caves** (New York Graphic Society, \$15.00). The 1500-year-old Ajanta frescoes derive their main themes from the legends of Buddha's reincarnations. Their dramatic coloring — red and yellow ochers, terra verde, lamp black, lapis lazuli — has been sumptuously rendered in the thirty-two large reproductions. Madanjeet Singh, who photographed the frescoes, supplies a useful introduction; the series as a whole is being edited by Peter Bellew and Anton Schutz.

[illegible]

A durable feud could follow when the tourist returns from Majorca and tries to come it over his neighbor, a summer resident of East Quisquid, Maine. One traveler of my acquaintance suffered for years, after getting home from Mexico, by insisting on pronouncing it — in all references, and he talked about little else — as *Mě-hě-cô*. It was something that his non-Me-he-can friends simply could not tolerate.

If the vacation code is severe in places like Little Chokecherry, even harsher disciplines are accepted by those who elect the call-of-the-open-road kind of holiday. This amounts, roughly, to a three-week transcontinental dash in the family car, taking full advantage of the fact that this country is richly supplied with distances, some of them very long. For the easterner, it's a swing through Arizona, California, and the North-

west, knocking off Hollywood, Chinatown, and the national parks en route. For the West Coast traveler it means everything north of the Virginia Capes, including Lexington-and-Concord, Williamsburg, the Gaspé Peninsula, the Old Man of the Mountain, Chinatown, Radio City, and home via quaint old New Orleans.

The main objective on trips like these is to get back alive. As vacations go, they are not especially expensive, simply because people laying down 600 miles a day have no time to stop and buy things or to eat anything but hot dogs on the way. (The world awaits the next great hot dog entrepreneur, who will find a means of feeding the traveling public from a hot dog stand capable in overdrive of 75 m.p.h. and without making the public come to a dead stop — ever.)

At long intervals — twice a week, say — such vacationers will put in at a terribly famous eating place like the famous High Tariff Inn or the famous Long Tarry Lodge or the famous Klutz's; but this counts as sightseeing and not eating, and as a matter of fact one has always an hour

or two for seeing the sights in these places while waiting for a table. There really isn't much else to do.

Trying to make up time lost at such meals, according to the National Safety Council, is second only to brake-fade as a cause of highway accidents, for the transcontinental schedule must be maintained with all the precision of a military operation. There is no use whatever in driving 2300 miles to watch Spouting Rock spout only to get there at low water; and the incoming tide is almost as leisurely as the service, at certain times of the day, at the High Tariff Inn. Similarly, nothing is gained by a sliding stop at the Hall of Burgesses when its custodians have just locked up and gone off to the movies.

The transcontinental vacation must be documented by photographs at all points, and it exerts a profound effect on the wintertime use of viewers and projection apparatus. The argument still rages as to which is harder on the guest after dinner: (a) to take part in looking through a viewer and passing it on around the circle of company, with affirmative comment on each

round; or (b) sitting in a darkened room and watching the vacation record unfold — usually out of sequence and quite often upside down — on a small screen, while the projector becomes increasingly hot and gives off the smell of scorching paint, and the host can't quite remember whether the slide depicts San Francisco or Duluth.

Considerations such as these make it easy for a growing faction of the public to remain happily at home. We can recognize this group at a glance by the clear-eyed, rested look that can result only from sleeping in good beds and from nourishing meals and the conviviality of days spent in a well-administered office. Harlequin sunglasses trimmed with sea shells have already appeared in the carefree noon-hour crowds along Fifth Avenue, and a rustic model in birch bark is said to be in the offing. The first full Bikini outfit is yet to be seen there, but it's bound to come. The men will continue, one supposes, to wear tops, at least for the rest of this season.

CHARLES W. MORTON

A MAN CALLED ID

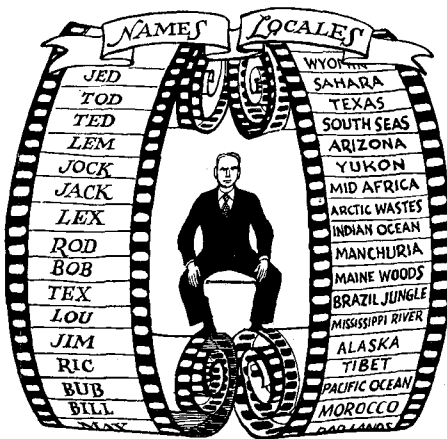
by EDWIN NEWMAN

EDWIN NEWMAN was formerly a State Department correspondent for the United Press, and is now in the London Bureau of the National Broadcasting Company.

CHACUN à son goût," as writers addicted to quotations like to say. To me, the most interesting moving picture of recent months has not been one of the highly touted award winners at distant festivals, or the recipient of a cluster of Oscars, or even a venture into the third dimension. No, my vote goes to *The Treasure of Kalifa*, a Hollywood product the critics ignored. And why? Because it lies in the main stream of contemporary American films: its stars have one-syllable first names. Not ordinary, unimaginative names like James or John, however, but names that serve a purpose, that punch, that express, that reveal.

The stars of *The Treasure of Kalifa* are Rod Cameron and Tab Hunter. To pronounce those words is to know what manner of men they are. They

are laconic, tough, informal, no-nonsense Americans. Their names also disclose the nature of the film. It is an action picture, perhaps even an all-action picture, set in the great out-



doors. The leading characters, busily engaged in all-action, barely have time to grunt. These are ideal parts for Rod and Tab.

But see the utility of this new fashion. Take a second film that roused little critical enthusiasm, *Back to God's Country*. This is another action or all-

action picture, plainly set in the frozen North, and it also has two laconic, tough, informal, no-nonsense Americans, Rock Hudson and Steve Cochran. Rock evidently is the hero, because his name precedes Steve's in the billing. Rock, in fact, is "in" the picture, while Steve only "co-stars" with Marcia Henderson.

This, I agree, is easy. A man who is "in" a picture is more likely to be the hero than a man who is merely co-starring with Marcia Henderson.

Let us suppose, therefore, that we do not know that the Rock came before the Steve. It still is possible to know at once that Rock is the hero: his name has only four letters while Steve's has five. Steve may be laconic, tough, informal, and no-nonsense, but he is not as laconic, tough, informal, and no-nonsense as Rock. All this the names make clear.

So far so good. But there are problems. Go back to *The Treasure of Kalifa*. Rod and Tab are both three-letter names, and their owners are billed together, on the same line. Who is the hero there? The answer

must be that both are heroes. They are more: they are tried and trusty friends. It is true that in the film itself their names would be different, but it is pleasant to think of a scene in which each stands silently on one side of a corner of a house, gun drawn, unable to see the other, but knowing that somebody is on the other side. This is the suspenseful dialogue: —

ROD (*nervously*): Tab?

TAB (*nervously*): Rod?

ROD (*tough, laconic, informal, and nonsense*): Right, Tab, it's Rod.

TAB (*tough, laconic, informal, and nonsense*): Right, Rod, it's Tab.

Both men then emerge, grin briefly, and call each other "you old son of a gun."

There is, of course, a limit to the number of films in which the leading men can be friends, and for the most part the producers juggle plots and casts so that they do not have a man playing the villain who has the same number of letters in his name as the man playing the hero.

But allowing for the worst, suppose that a producer has a four-letter villain already cast when he finds that no two- or three-letter hero is available. Even in this extremity, the new style offers the producer a way out. His salvation is to use a hero whose four-letter name is less orthodox than the four-letter name of the villain. It is thus perfectly clear that in *The Great Sioux Uprising*, Jeff Chandler triumphs over Lyle Bettger. But Jeff would hardly have a chance against somebody named, let us say, Hook.

There is the additional point that some names are works of genius. By way of illustration, a Biff could easily give away two letters to, say, an Os and come out on top. Nobody name of Biff's gonna be beat by nobody name of Os. Feller name of Lash LaRue, currently starrin' in *Son of a Badman* (and not to be confused with Whip Wilson, currently starrin' in *Crashin' Through*) might do it. Old Lash might beat Biff, specially with the help of his sidekick Fuzzy St. John and extra specially if Fuzzy's name gits shortened to Fuzz. Otherwise, can't do hit nohow.

One other thing. This style in names is confined at present to outdoor heroes. If it spreads to nonaction pictures, its usefulness will be reduced. Who would want to see, or could tell anything about, *Julius Caesar* with Jack Gielgud, Jim Mason, and Lou Calhern?



THE NONSMOKER

by MARION HARGROVE

Best known for his lively book See Here, Private Hargrove, MARION HARGROVE was a widely traveled writer and editor for the Army during the war. He is now engaged in magazine work in New York.

FRED WILLIS, when he gave up smoking, had a particularly bad case of the Reformed Smoker's compulsion to waylay normal people in the hall and recite to them a standard speech of testimonial. I must have heard him give The Speech a dozen times in less than a week. I thought I was in for it again the afternoon George Nebble joined us down at the end of the bar. I saw George reaching for his cigarettes, and I tried to signal him not to start passing them around, but apparently he missed the warning, which just isn't like George.

"Gasper?" he said, proffering the pack to Fred.

"Not for me," said Fred, a certain happy gleam coming into his eye. "I've sworn off." I could see that he was winding up for The Speech, but George was in there ahead of him.

"Tried that once myself," said George. "Worst thing a man can do."

"I just suddenly decided —" said Fred, and that's as far as he got.

"I guess," said George, "I was one of the worst nonsmokers alive. At one point I stopped to figure it out, and I figured I was doing without two packs of cigarettes a day. When it gets to that stage, a man has to do something. He's not controlling the habit any more; it's controlling him."

There was a little pucker of confusion between Fred's eyebrows, but the fervor of reform was bright in his eyes. "I'd get up in the morning," he said stoutly, "with this horrible taste in my mouth —"

"Know it exactly," said George.

"A terrible bland, naked taste, like somebody had gone over the inside of your mouth with a toothbrush. Human mouth isn't supposed to feel like that in the morning. A man needs to wake up gradually, cough and wheeze a little, and start groping for his weeds. Taste of tobacco tar gives a man the courage to get his eyes open."

"Oh, come on now," said Fred. "I'm serious."

"It's a very serious thing," said George. "Do you know, for instance, what nonsmoking does to the taste buds? Before I took up nonsmoking I had no idea what food actually tasted like. When I actually began to taste my wife's cooking, I damned near divorced her on the spot. I think if I had given up one more pack of cigarettes, it would have been the ruination of the marriage."

Fred dipped restlessly into the bowl of peanuts on the bar. "There's a financial consideration," he said. "Did you ever stop to figure —"

"Yes," said George. "The actual cost of nonsmoking in dollars and cents. I figure, well, say I smoke three packs a day, in the course of a year I've given the Federal and state governments \$164.25 — in little painless dribs and drabs. That's money they would otherwise gouge out of me in income tax. I'll bet you never stopped to think what widespread nonsmoking would mean, taxwise, to a man in your income bracket. I think you would be appalled."

"I read a magazine article," Fred said, rather desperately. "It's not the tobacco that makes the habit."

"Of course it isn't," said George. "It's the whole mechanical process involved in nonsmoking. It gives you something to do with your hands. You can drum them on a table top, or play with the stem of your cocktail glass — or just tremble a little, the way you're doing now."

Fred put his hands into his pockets.

"I must say, though," said George, "you're certainly looking well. You've put on a lot of weight, haven't you?"

"Not an awful lot," said Fred. "I'm going to start doing some exercises. Get myself *really* in trim."

There was a long silence. Fred seemed quite thoughtful.

"Another round, Mr. Clancy," George finally said to the bartender. "Cigarette, Fred?"

"I don't mind if I do," Fred said absently. "It might help me with this awful craving for peanuts."



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by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach, J. S.: Concertos No. 1 and No. 2 for Three Harpsichords and Orchestra; Concerto (after Vivaldi) for Four Harpsichords and Orchestra (soloists; Rolf Reinhardt conducting Stuttgart Pro Musica Orchestra; Vox PL 8670: 12" LP). The last two of these have been available on a vintage Haydn Society disk, and several piano versions exist. The music fits harpsichords much better, however, and the new Vox performances are highly adequate and very well recorded.

Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique (Hermann Scherchen conducting London Symphony Orchestra; Westminster WL 5268: 12" LP). Here is Fantastic No. 7, with perhaps the loudest-roaring drums of all. Apart from that, the versions by Monteux, Ormandy, and Van Beinum easily match it, each in its own way. The work is well served on records.

Chausson: Poem of Love and the Sea, with a French Art-Song recital (Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Pierre Monteux conducting RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra; George Trovillo at the piano in the songs; RCA Victor LM 1793: 12" LP). Listeners first guess that the Poem is by Grieg, then (could it be?) Ravel. Or Fauré? And that describes it well enough, except to say that it is very beautiful and nostalgic. Swarthout sounds mature, intelligent, and delightful; Monteux is a benign wizard; the art-songs (by Berlioz, Hahn, Duparc, and others) are lovely, and the RCA engineers have contributed a rich and comfortable sound. No one will be unhappy with this.

Debussy: Fifteen Piano Pieces (Walter Gieseking, piano; Angel 35026: 12" LP). Nothing said here could either convey or clarify Gieseking's unmistakable oneness with the musical spirit of Debussy. Here we hear Debussy himself, and that is that. People who want Debussy *must* own this, sooner or later. And this goes even more strongly, if possible, for the subsequent Angel release

(35066) of the first 12 of the 24 preludes (the entire piano works are scheduled). This first offering, the 15 "pieces," ranges from 1879 to 1910 and includes such items as the *Réverie*, *L'Île Joyeuse*, and *Berceuse Héroïque*. The fi is hi to medium.

Dvořák: Quintet in A Major (Clifford Curzon, piano; Budapest String Quartet; Columbia ML 4825: 12" LP). Now here is some real magic. When you put this on your turntable, the players move bodily into your living room; there is no other way to describe it. The Budapests, belying their un-Romantic reputation, give a roseate glow to Dvořák's vital autobiographical melodies. Curzon is at one with them, and the result is something entrancing.

Handel: The Messiah (Jennifer Vyvyan, Norma Proctor, George Maran, Owen Brannigan, soloists; Sir Adrian Boult conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir; London LLA 19: four 12" LPs in album, completely documented). Score for 1954: two *Messiahs* better than any on records before. (There is one more to come, by Sir Malcolm Sargent for Angel.) London's is just as "authentic" as the Scherchen-Westminster, and many will prefer it for its larger choral forces and conservative pacing. The soloists have somewhat better voices, too, though I think Scherchen's have more devotion and better understanding. Between the two albums sonically, as recordings, there is nothing to choose; both are superb.

Honegger: Pacific 231, with Debussy-Ravel: Danse and Barber: Adagio for Strings (Willis Page conducting New Orchestral Society of Boston; Cook/Sounds of Our Times 1068: 10" LP). Honegger's railroad saga really fits Emory Cook's virtuosity as a sound engineer: this truly tingles. Mr. Page's playing of the other works is a little staid, but the fi is exciting throughout.

Mascagni: Cavalleria Rusticana (Mario del Monaco, tenor; Elena Nicolai, soprano; other soloists; Franco Ghione conducting Milan Symphony Orchestra and chorus; London LL

ACCENT ON LIVING

990/991: two 12" LPs in album with libretto). Great operatic recordings seem almost to be standard fare this year. Here's another: No. 8 in the roster of *Cavallerias* on disks. Few *Cavallerias* have been bad, but none approaches this in its blazing dramatic intensity and sonic realism. By the time Alfio finally chops down Turiddu, your hair will have a permanent curl. As a bonus, record-side 4 has some fine, uninhibited arias (war-horse variety) by Mr. Del Monaco, who is always worth listening to.

Orff, Carl: *Catulli Carmina* (Heinrich Hollreiser conducting vocal soloists, four pianos, Vienna Kammerchor and percussion band; Vox PL 8640: 12" LP). Anyone already acquainted with Orff and his exciting combinations of massed human voices and rhythm instruments will want *Catulli Carmina*, a dramatic cantata based on the love poems of Catullus. People for whom the thrilling discovery of Orff is still in the future, however, had best begin with *Carmina Burana* (Decca 9706). The two are part of a trilogy, still incomplete on disks.

Prokofieff: Chout Ballet Suite with Falla: Dances from *The Three-*

Cornered Hat (Vladimir Golschmann conducting St. Louis Symphony Orchestra; Capitol P 8257: 12" LP). At once, when this came out, audiophiles began using it as a test record, which testifies to some of its merits. Among other claims to note: the only Arctic Circle folk themes to appear in current ballet-writing. Fetching, too. The Falla is adequate.

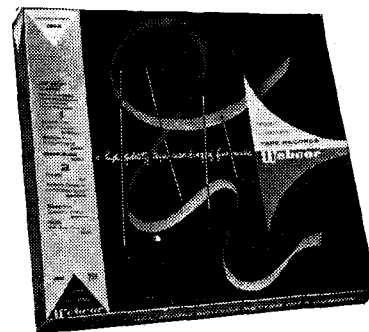
Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2 in C Minor (Geza Anda, piano; Alceo Galliera conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 35093: 12" LP). Perhaps this would have been the perfect No. 2, long overdue, but for a slight woodenness in the sound. The sentiment is well-felt, the pianism is there, the orchestra plays with the proper throb, but the sound has a hollowness which defeats most tone controls.

Stein-Thomson: *Four Saints in Three Acts* (Beatrice Wayne-Robinson, soprano; Edward Matthews, baritone; Inez Matthews, soprano; other soloists; Virgil Thomson conducting chorus and orchestra; RCA Victor LCT 1139: 12" LP; no text). This is, of course, a reprint (but a fine one) of the original 78 rpm version of Gertrude Stein's and Virgil Thomson's irresistible impressionist patter-opera, one of the liveliest, loveliest, teasingest musical works ever written by Americans. It is something close to a crime on Victor's part not to have furnished a printed text, for Stein makes sense (yes, she does) best when her verses are heard and read simultaneously. Here, though, the extraordinary diction of the magnificent Negro cast makes up for the lack 80 per cent of the time, and the captivating Thomson score holds you through the incomprehensible parts. If you have a sense of humor and a flair for semantics, this is for you. It will not be performed better hereafter. For one thing, the irreplaceable Saint Ignatius (Edward Matthews) was killed last winter in an automobile accident.

Vivaldi: Concertos in D Minor, B Flat Major, C Major, and D Minor (Virtuosi di Roma, Renato Fasano conducting; members of the ensemble as soloists; Decca DL 9679: 12" LP). This famous Roman group can produce at will the soft, warm luminosity Vivaldi loved and the pace and phrasing that go with it. This recording of their efforts is better than any heretofore, though it still leaves something to be desired.

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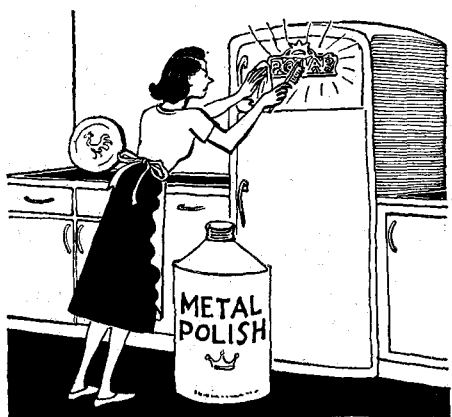
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WHAT'S IN A NAME PLATE?

by ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

ELINOR GOULDING SMITH lives in Scarsdale, New York. She has been a frequent contributor to these pages.

I'M ALL worn out. I've been scrubbing and polishing. Spring cleaning? No. Closets? No. Silverware, shoes, woodwork? No. I've been polishing up all the manufacturers' names on the fronts of my appliances.

I have a nice modern kitchen, with good equipment, and everything designed for easy upkeep. My appliances are porcelain, counters plastic and stainless steel, cabinets baked enamel, floor linoleum, and everything seamless and with rounded corners for easy cleaning. Everything, that is, except the chrome-plated lettering on the front of my

range, refrigerator, washing machine, dishwasher, drier, and vacuum cleaner.

The lettering is large, raised, prominent, ugly, and perfectly designed to catch dust, grease, lint, scouring powder, and threads from the cleaning cloths. I like to keep my kitchen clean and shining — and I do, too. Except for those maddening names. To get those clean, you'd have to take a day off and poke in among the letters with little cotton swabs or something. I don't even know if you ever *could* get them clean.

Besides, I object strenuously to advertising on my own belongings. If they want to advertise their ranges and refrigerators, let them buy space for it. Or let them give me the appliances free.

I never heard of a carpet manufacturer weaving his name down the middle of his carpets, or a dress manufacturer sewing his label on the outside of the dress. Builders don't affix large signs with their names on the buildings they have built. Why, then, must I have trade names shouting at me all over my kitchen and distracting me when I'm baking a pie? I don't like it. Why can't they tack neat little smooth, *washable* name plates on the insides of the doors like any other self-respecting manufacturers?

And in the meantime I wish they'd come and give me a hand with my polishing. I still have forty-seven letters to go.

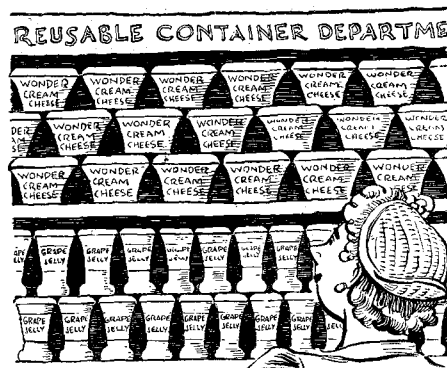
LAREDO

by WINONA McCLINTIC

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo
(As I walked out in Laredo one day),
I saw a pale poet wrapped up in a credo,
Dusted with dandruff, and wasting away.
"In error I published brief pages of song,
But I was erotic, and I know I done wrong.

"My short lines were shocking but nobody read of them,
Shelved by my friends and my wife, roly-poly.
Men bourgeois buy not books, they buy meats instead of them.
(Beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly)
I sinned in my symbols from Yeats and from Joyce —
No vice in erotic with virile new voice.

"Take me to the graveyard and place the sod o'er me.
My trench mouth was trophic, my dreams were obscene.
My wife and my circle will lilt laments for me;
My metres unearth from the Small Magazine.
(Play the Dead March as you carry me along)
I'm an impotent poet and I know I sung wrong."



GIFT HORSES

by PEG BRACKEN

PEG BRACKEN is the pseudonym of Mrs. Roderick Lull of Portland, Oregon. Her verse, articles, and short stories have appeared in many magazines.

THE other day, as I pushed some small former cheese glasses and a tall former jelly container farther back on the cupboard shelf to make way for a glass mug which had once held peanut butter, it occurred to me that a new plastic arts movement has crept up on us from behind and taken most of us unawares. It might be called The Packagers' Revolution in Home Decoration.

Moving my odd bits of glassware thoughtfully, like pawns on a chessboard, I had time to ponder the situation, because I happened to run into a clutch of small glass baking dishes which used to contain individual chicken pies, and I had to figure out where to put *them*.

Not for anything would I sound ungrateful to the manufacturers with a Vision, who say to each other over the stout oak table in the Directors' Room, "Let us give our customers not only the best in peanut butter but *also a reusable container!*" I can see them in my mind's eye, beaming mistily through the cigar smoke, proud with the good sort of pride that comes from giving a little more than one's all, their throats a little choked up. But I wonder if they ever stop to visualize, in *their* mind's eye, the poor faithful customer who loves their brand of peanut butter, wouldn't buy any other kind, and is now being slowly pushed out of her kitchen by all their reusable containers.

It's true, of course, and we must face it: women are at fault too. When a woman enters a grocery store, she leaves her finer self in the car outside. Shopping, she is a walking comptom-

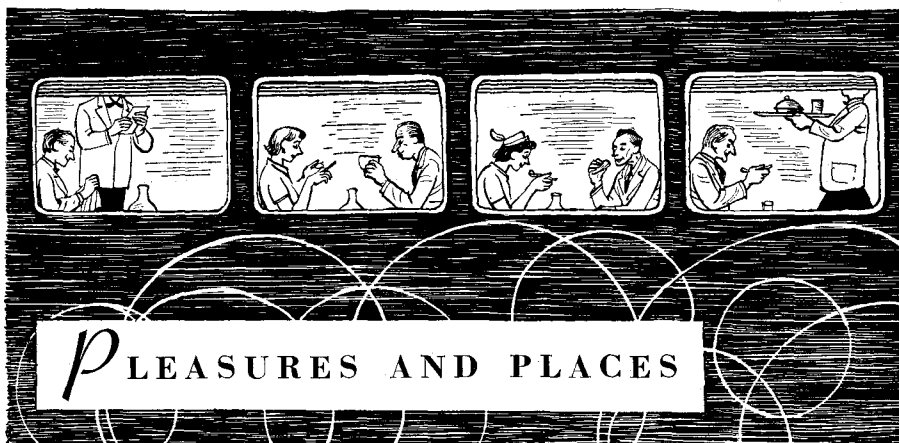
eter who needs no abacus to tell her what she saves when she buys 2 for 27 instead of 1 for 14. Her mind is equally agile when confronted by the equation of two same-priced brands of, say, sour cream, side by side, one in a cardboard carton and the other in a red plastic dish. It isn't that she *wants* a red plastic dish, exactly, which makes her choose it instead of the cardboard carton. It's just that — well, after all, you get the dish free, and sometime you might need a little dish like that, you know, for the cat or something. . . .

It is only when the sour cream is gone, and the dish has been washed, and she notices that her breakfast table is beginning to look like something out of Libbey sired by DuPont, that she begins to bite her lower lip and wonder whither she is drifting.

What happens is this: either she stacks her reusable containers in her cupboard to gather dust, thinking to sort them and dispose of them someday — which she won't — or else her pretty Swedish glassware gathers dust while the family drinks out of odd-sized mugs which are too small for beer and too big for orange juice; but they're sturdy, you know, and you can't just throw them away.

Perhaps, I thought, jumping a jelly glass over a pie dish in a neat maneuver which ended, however, in a stalemate — perhaps a better way would be for the glass and china people to get solidly into the act at the beginning. For instance, I wouldn't mind paying fifteen dollars for a pint of peanut butter if it came in a Steuben brandy snifter. And if aged Cheddar came on aged Haviland, it would be a lovely thing, with no permanent hangover beginning the following day.

However, I didn't have time to follow the thought very far because I had to do my grocery shopping. I always go to that store across town because they sell raspberries in the cutest little green woven-looking plastic baskets you ever saw. Someday I'm going to take the twenty-seven of them which I now have and fill them with moss and ivy, and hang them on the porch. Or something.



MEALS IN MOTION

by H. F. ELLIS

Former literary editor of Punch, H. F. ELLIS is best known to American readers for his incomparably funny book, The Vexations of A. J. Wentworth.

THERE may, for all I know, be people who find eating in trains a bore. If so, they are entitled to their boredom — and may stop reading at the end of this paragraph. I have nothing further to say to them, except to express the hope that they will stay at home in future and leave more room in the dining car for me.

Almost all forms of organized eating while in motion — whether on trains, in ships, or in the air — are in their different ways delightful, but I am inclined on the whole to rate breakfast in a train as the summit of human bliss. The clean white cloth, the jingle of knives and forks, the last vestiges of the suburbs slipping away past the window as the steward comes bustling along with coffee — this makes a start to a holiday that nothing I know of, and certainly not the eating of hard-boiled eggs in the back of a car, begins to approach. For of course, to get the full savor of a train breakfast, one should be going away at least for a weekend and preferably out of a large industrial town into the country. Also, though I don't insist on this, the sun should come out just as the familiar orange juice makes its appearance.

Over dinners in trains I could linger indefinitely. Indeed a tendency to do so has made me a confirmed "last service" man, for early diners are doomed to eat in a "get on or get out," or rather a "get on and *then* get out," atmosphere that is fatal to eupepsia. It is interesting — and I write (not,

I hope, boastfully) as a man who has been hustled out of dining cars in at least half a dozen countries — to note the different methods employed to shift the more deliberate eaters.

In America, if I remember rightly, a kind of pressure group of would-be diners is built up, a long and hungry snake with its venomous head just visible in the doorway of the car. Any vacancy at a table is instantly filled from the head of this queue, and one is conscious, during the closing stages of one's meal, of being almost constantly under observation. The eyes of the leading man — a gross and paunchy man, very often, who would be better off with a packet of digestive crackers in his roomette — fix themselves on the fragment of cheese and cracker in your left hand, rise with it as it ascends to the mouth, close momentarily during the munching process, and open again in an intent black stare as the right hand moves forward towards the coffee cup. At any drawing in of the feet, or the slightest movement suggestive of an intention to throw the napkin on the table, the man quivers all over. He may even, if he missed his lunch, begin to dribble. The whole business, from the diner's point of view, is as uncomfortable as eating cake in the presence of an Irish setter. But it shifts one all right.

In England, where the custom is to clear the car completely of the first lot of diners before summoning the next batch with cries of "Take your seats for the second service, please!" the onus of dispatching the dilatory falls on the stewards. Here the pressure is psychological rather than direct and is built up by a gradually increasing tempo of service, so that the soup is followed at a fairly leisurely interval by the fish, the fish (ah! that brill and parsley sauce!) is chased home a little more closely

by the chicken, the chicken is scarcely dry on the palate — if I have my metaphors right — before the apple tart comes aboard, and thereafter cheese and crackers, coffee, and bill tumble onto the table in such rapid,



if not simultaneous, confusion that the diner is, as it were, jerked to his feet in sympathy before he knows what has hit him.

About the methods used in France I confess to being a little vague. Something Gallic and subtle they would be, no doubt. All I know is that on the one occasion I recall taking the first dinner in that great country I was aware of nothing but contentment and a desire to go on eating forever, until I looked up suddenly — startled perhaps by the clamor of bells announcing the second service — to find myself alone in the car save for four underwaiters, a headwaiter, two or three officials in braided hats, and a bill consisting almost entirely — but alas! not quite — of noughts. In such circumstances there is nothing to do but to spring to one's feet, whip out a handkerchief to cover one's confusion, and beg the company to keep the shower of notes that this action always seems to dislodge when one is traveling on the Continent.

In Spain — but I do not believe that the problem arises in Spain. It is inconceivable that a second meal could be served in the same car that has witnessed the first. I mean no discourtesy to the Spanish authorities when I say that theirs is the only railway system on which I have actually had more of my neighbor's soup than of my own. It is not that the service is bad — it is excellent, indeed it is superhuman. But I think it is a mistake to put the dining car right at the rear of the train. It lashes about a good deal, in that position, on the right-angled bends, and one seems to notice the missing rails more than one does nearer the engine. Do I ex-

aggerate? Yes. She was riding a little rough, that time we came up from Seville to Madrid, no more than that; and it was quite a few years ago, to tell the truth. In any case, I wouldn't have missed it for anything. There is a camaraderie about dinner on a Spanish train that is worth a dozen meals in a soundproofed, air-conditioned streamliner. You can't be standoffish with a man at the next table who has just handed you back your mullet for the second time. Shyness drops away like a cloak, and in no time a buzz of multilingual conversation rises high above the rumble of wine bottles and the roar of falling cutlery. I want to go back and have another try at that second course one day.

Meals on trains! Lunch in Glenwood Canyon, as the California Zephyr picks its way through that staggering chasm where no railway has any business to be; ham and eggs en route to Fort William on a fine June morning, with the engine's labored breathing echoed back from the hills of Rannochmoor; coffee and *croissants* on the Sud Express, and a party of twenty-four French tourists earnestly giving my wife and me a good-morning handshake under the impression that we belonged to their party; dinner — last service, of course — on the 8.10 out of Euston, with the stewards relaxed now and ready for a chat, the long night streaming away past the windows, and even the Glasgow businessmen looking almost genial in the soft light of the table lamps.

Much cheaper, I grant you, a packet of sandwiches and an apple back in your coach — and I have spilled as many crumbs on railway seats in my time as the next man, goodness knows; but when you can afford it — or, better still, when somebody else is paying — the dining car is the place. And breakfast is the time . . .

Rhode Island Sales Tax One Per Cent
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Familiar words enough to regular travelers on the New Haven Railroad, but to an Englishman making his first trip on the Colonial an interestingly bizarre addition to the breakfast menu. Eating a boiled egg in a bowl, it was nice to think that I was in some small way helping along the veterans of Massachusetts.

(But I remember thinking, too, that if each state was going to take a rising cut at me as I rolled through its territories, I would make my longer journeys by air.)

And another thing: —

Broiled Boston Scrod 1.25

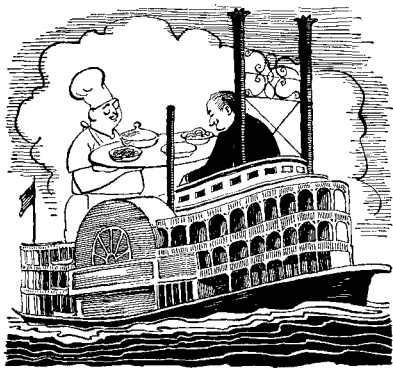
There, for a foreigner, is all the magic and mystery of America in a nutshell. I didn't ask for it, doubting whether it had quite the ring of a breakfast dish. But I have kept the menu by me for four years now.

Much pleasure can be had from eating in ships, but you must pick them for size. Large liners tend to have their dining rooms shoved away below, where nothing goes past the windows. In fact, there *are* no windows for anything to go past. Thus it is not easy to tell that you are moving at all, and such indications as there are, the diner, as often as not, could well do without. This brings me to an important rule about eating in motion: viz., that *the motion must be apparent* and it must be *forwards*. Movements up or down, and to an even greater extent sideways or circular movements, are worse than useless. I should not at all care, to take an example at random, to eat in a revolving summer-house.

For satisfactory eating aboard you want a boat that isn't too big, and that isn't too small either. You get no more change of scenery in a punt than you do in the *Queen Mary*, and by and large the food isn't so good. The kind of thing I have in mind is a little steamer that runs up the west coast of Scotland from Mallaig to Kyle of Lochalsh, with a nicely done sole on the menu and the Isle of Skye slipping past the portholes. Or those



Rhine steamers could be good, going up from Koblenz. You used to sit in a sort of glass veranda at mealtimes, and it was no trouble at all to raise your eyes from a plate of roast duck-



ling or a dish of wild strawberries in season and murmur "Ah!" or "By Jove, yes!" when somebody pointed out the Lorelei or another of those old castles perched up high above the vineyards. Something of the same sort is possible, I dare say, on the Hudson or the Mississippi, but I never had the luck to eat my way down those waterways.

Meals on millionaires' yachts can be fun, so I am told, and I have myself thoroughly enjoyed a cup of tea on a launch trip from Westminster to the Pool of London. But there is no doubt in my own mind that ships, as a class, fall far below trains as a medium for the consumption of food; and that for three reasons:—

1. The scenery is either invisible or is not changed with sufficient rapidity.
2. There is nothing *miraculous* about the service of a four-course meal on a liner, as there is in a train.
3. The desire to eat may, at the critical moment, disappear altogether.

As to eating in the air, I have had a pork chop at a height of 8 miles above the earth's surface, and that is more than many men can say.

We will return to this chop in a moment. I want, first of all, to enunciate the general principle that the eating of meals in an aircraft, though potentially the most enjoyable pastime of all, is as yet in its infancy. The scenery, though lacking those intimate glimpses (for example, of sheep or of the top half of men shaving at open windows) that one gets from a train, is varied enough to be worth an occasional glance, and the element of the miraculous is pre-eminently present to the mind: only the very blasé can fail to be astonished that arrangements for the frying of eggs should have been included in the blueprints of strato-cruisers.

But the peak of enjoyment is precluded by the fact that one stays where one is to eat. There is a suggestion of invalidism about the tray that is hooked in front of the travel-

er's easy chair; and the little bits and pieces in paper containers that the airlines dish up do nothing to dispel it. When the air hostess bends over you with that motherly smile, you have a feeling that she has told the kitchen staff you aren't very strong yet and must be cajoled into eating. "Let's see if we can tempt his appetite with a tiny cutlet, shall we?" she has said, and round about it, to keep the patient's mind off the thought of food, she has strewn little fairy bowls of watercress and jelly beans and that gruesome triangular cheese that comes wrapped up in silver paper. I had an Easter Bunny lunch one April day, I remember, on a flight to Chicago, that had about it so strong a smack of invalid whimsy that I felt like Peter Pan recovering from a go of measles. There were Easter Bunnies on the menu and Easter Bunnies, a whole raft of them, on the paper napkin, and Easter Cross Buns, and the bread roll was shaped like a rabbit, and so (unless I'm exaggerating again) was the Angel Food cake. It wouldn't have surprised me at all if the stuffed noisette of veal had had whiskers too.

But all this convalescent cookery belongs merely to a period of transition in the air. The time will come when planes will have commodious dining rooms and menus as long as your arm (with *Massachusetts Old Age Tax Five Per Cent* at the bottom, I dare say) and wide plate-glass windows to watch the flying saucers through. And when that day arrives, even breakfast in a train will have to look to its laurels.

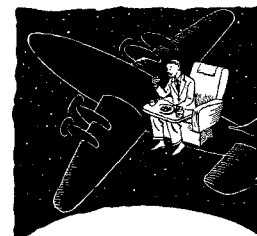
The pork chop? There was a touch of genius about that, I always think. If you find yourself slipping through space in a comfortable armchair at just under 500 miles an hour (this was in the days before disaster overtook the Comet), with your Anthony Eden in the rack above your head and the nearest point of the earth's surface some 40,000 feet below you, it is hard to think of anything that could make you more acutely sensible of your singular situation. But a pork chop does it. Sizzling hot from the galley they brought it to me, and I looked at its homely outlines and then out along the steady, silver wing into the deep blue dome of the sky, and I thought of the pitiless sub-sub-zero unbreathable air in which we hung and the long, long drop below—and then I looked back at my plate again and somehow, sud-

denly, the whole sweep and sublimity of man's miraculous achievements seemed to be summed up and crystallized in that ridiculous chop. What *business* had such a thing to be 8 miles up in the air?

It tasted—and I remember being surprised at that, too—much as usual.

Sooner or later, somebody will have to write a "History of Eating in Motion." I haven't time to do it myself, but I don't mind giving a hint to anyone who has. Among the ranks of huge old eighteenth-century coaches in the *Museu dos Coches* near Lisbon is one with a little round table fixed to the floor, between the seats. Of course, there aren't any crumbs or other visible evidence to support the belief, but it doesn't seem unreasonable, does it, to suppose that in that coach one is looking at the world's Mobile Dining Car No. 1?

No. 2? Well, my guess would be that thing they used to hitch on the back of the Seville-Madrid Express.



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by FRANCIS W. HATCH

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On Penobscot Bay
The New York Yacht Club's
Cruising our way?
Whiskies and gins,
The gourmet's pride,
Come bobbling in
On the rising tide—
Seldom the brands
We find on shore,
Offered at Bangor's
Liquor store;
Empties tossed
By white-coated stewards,
Empties lost
As they bobble to leeward,
Spreading the news
Around the bay,
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Passed our way;
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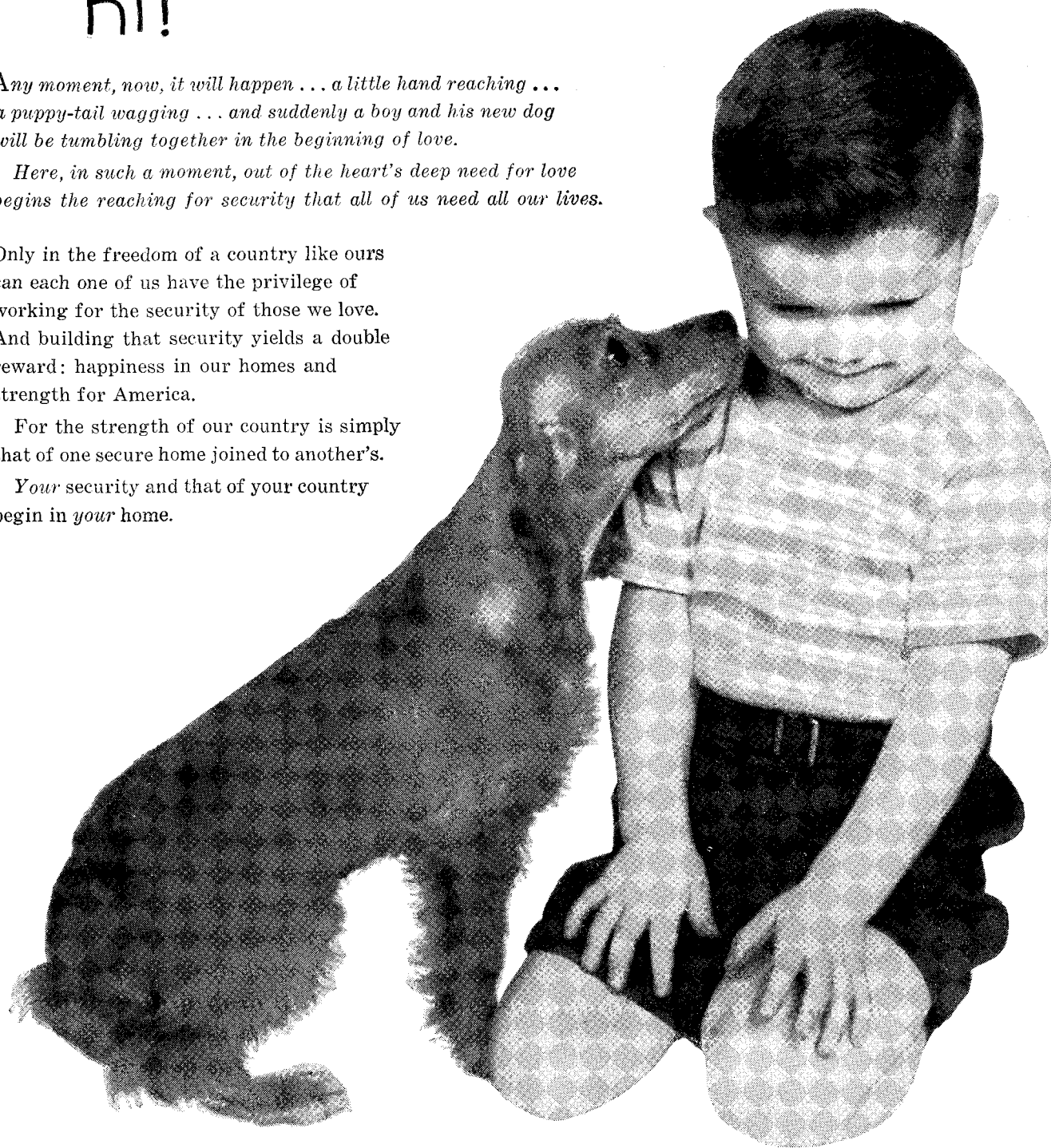
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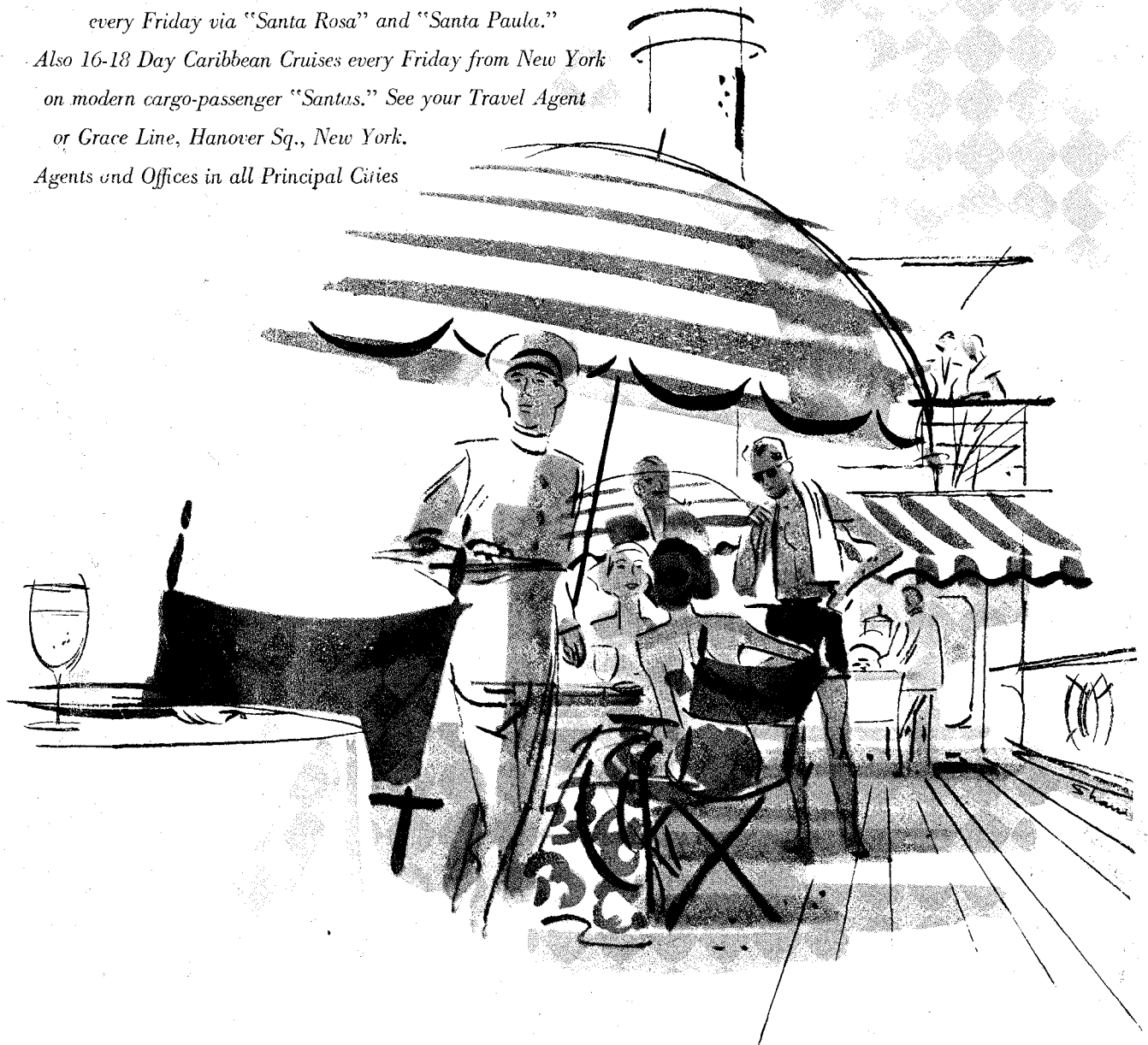
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